k Shakspeare (m.)

THE BEAUTIES OF *SHAKESPEAR:*

Regularly ſelected from each PLAY.

WITH A

GENERAL INDEX,

Digeſting them under proper HEADS.

Illuſtrated with

EXPLANATORY NOTES, and Similar Paſſages from Ancient and Modern AUTHORS.

By *WILLIAM DODD*, B. A.
Late of *Clare-Hall*, *Cambridge*.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

See *Midſummer Night's Dream* p. 94.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE HONOURABLE

Sir *George Lyttleton*,

One of the Lords-Commiſſioners of the Treaſury,

As to a PATRON, on whom

The Inimitable SHAKESPEAR wou'd moſt probably have fixed his Choice,

The following

Collection of HIS BEAUTIES,

IS,

With all due RESPECT,

AND

The Higheſt ESTEEM,

INSCRIBED AND DEDICATED

BY

HIS MOST OBEDIENT

AND

DEVOTED SERVANT,

William Dodd

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PREFACE.

I SHALL not attempt any labour'd encomiums on *Shakeſpear*, or endeavour to ſet forth his perfections, at a time when ſuch univerſal and juſt applauſe is paid him, and, when every tongue is big with his boundleſs fame. He himſelf tells us *

To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

* See p. 95. Vol. II.

To ſeek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garniſh,
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.

And waſteful and ridiculous indeed it would be, to ſay any thing in his praiſe, when preſenting the world with ſuch a collection of *Beauties*, as perhaps is no where to be met with, and, I may very ſafely affirm, cannot be parallel'd from the productions of any other ſingle author, ancient or modern. There is ſcarcely a topic, common with other writers, on which he has not excelled them all; there are many nobly peculiar to himſelf, where he ſhines unrivall'd, and, like the eagle, propereſt emblem of his daring genius, ſoars beyond the common reach, and gazes undazled on the ſun. His flights are ſometimes ſo bold, frigid criticiſm almoſt dares to diſapprove them; and thoſe narrow minds which are incapable of elevating their ideas to the ſublimity of their author's, are willing to bring them down to a level with their own. Hence many fine paſſages have been condemned in *Shakeſpear*, as *Rant* and *Fuſtian*, *intolerable bombaſt*, and *turgid Nonſenſe*, which, if read with the leaſt glow of the ſame imagination that warm'd the writer's boſom, wou'd blaze in the robes of ſublimity, and obtain the commendations of a *Longinus*. And, unleſs ſome of the ſame ſpirit that elevated the poet, elevate the reader too,

too, he muſt not preſume to talk of taſte and elegance; he will prove a languid reader, an indifferent judge, and a far more indifferent critic and commentator. I would not preſume to ſay, this is the caſe with *Shakeſpear*'s commentators; ſince many ingenious men, whoſe names are high in the learned world, are found in that liſt: yet thus much, in juſtice to the author, muſt be avow'd, that many a critic, when he has met with a paſſage not clear to his conception, and perhaps above the level of his own ideas, ſo far from attempting to explain his author, has immediately condemned the expreſſion as fooliſh and abſurd, and foiſted in ſome fanciful emendation of his own: a proceeding by no means juſtifiable; for the text of an author is a ſacred thing; 'tis dangerous to meddle with it, nor ſhould it ever be done, but in the moſt deſperate caſes. The beſt of critics will acknowledge, how frequently they have found their moſt plauſible conjectures erroneous; and readings, which once appeared to them in the darkeſt and moſt unintelligible light, afterwards clear, juſt, and genuine; which ſhould be a ſufficient warning to all dealers in ſuch gueſs-work, to abſtain from preſumption and ſelf-ſufficiency. Falſe glory prevails no leſs in the critical, than in the great world: for it is imagined, by many, a mighty deed

to find fault with an author's word, that they may introduce an emendation (as they call it) of their own: whereas there is nothing ſo eaſy as to find fault, and alter one word for another; this the very dablers in learning can do; and after all, it may be ſaid, that a lucky hit is frequently ſuperior to the moſt eleborate conjecture: there is no true fame in work of this kind: but it is real honour to elucidate the difficulties in an author's text, to ſet forth his meaning, and diſcover the ſenſe of thoſe places which are obſcure to vulgar readers, and ſtumbling-blocks to the tribe of *emending* critics; a commentator may by this ſhew his judgment and taſte, and better diſplay his knowledge of his author, than by a motley fardel of miſerable and blind conjectures. Nay, indeed, this is the principal buſineſs of every one who preſumes to enter upon the work of commenting: it is but a modern device to explain by altering, and to exchange every word in the text, improper in our *infallible* judgment, for a ſophiſticated reading of our own.

But the editors, critics, and commentators on *Shakeſpear*, have much to urge in behalf of *alteration*, and the abſolute neceſſity of it; they tell you of their author's

author's inattention to, and diſregard of his copies; how little care he took of their publication, how mangled, maimed, and incorrect his works are handed down to us. Theſe are offered as reaſons, why they ſhould ſtrike out every word they cannot comprehend; and thus would they juſtify their barbarous inhumanity of cutting into pieces an author already ſufficiently dilaniated; when one would have imagined, they ſhould have uſed all their endeavours to heal his ſlight wounds, to have amended the viſible typographical miſtakes, and numberleſs plain errors of the preſs: for theſe very plentifully abound in the firſt editions, but they are in general ſo obvious, very little ſagacity is required to diſcern and amend them: nay, indeed, much of the rubbiſh hath been clear'd away by Mr. *Theobald*, who approv'd himſelf the beſt editor of *Shakeſpear* that has yet appeared; by a cloſe attention to, and diligent ſurvey of the old editions, and by a careful amendment of thoſe ſlight faults, which evidently proceeded from the preſs, and corrupted the text. As to the many other imaginary fountains of error and confuſion, they may very juſtly be look'd upon, (moſt of them) in the ſame light, with Dr. *Bentley*'s fantaſtic editor of *Milton*, the doughty critic, if he thinks

proper, may ſupport his combat, and fight manfully, with his dagger of lath, againſt theſe ſhadowy exiſtencies; but the judicious reader will eaſily diſcover he fights only with ſhadows, and will allow him a triumph over nothing but air, unleſs he ſhould chance to baffle and conquer himſelf. The whole diſpute then ſeems to reſt here: *Shakeſpear*'s inimitable compoſitions are delivered to poſterity, full, of typographical errors, and mangled by the blundering hands of printers, (which none, who conſiders the imperfection of printing, then amongſt us, and the great diligence that even at the preſent is required to print with tolerable accuracy) will be ſurprized at; ſo that the buſineſs of an editor ſeems to be a cloſe attention to the text, and a careful emendation of thoſe errors: but he ſhould not preſume to alter, (and to place theſe alterations in the text as his author's) any paſſages, which are not really flat nonſenſe and contradiction, but only ſuch to his apprehenſion, and unintelligible ſolely to his unenliven'd imagination. Mr. *Theobald*, as I before obſerved, has been ſucceſsful enough in this, ſo far as he has gone, but he has left many paſſages untouch'd and unregarded, which were truly difficult, and called for the

the editor's aſſiſtance; and ſeems to have no notion of the further buſineſs of an editor, that of explaining obſcure paſſages: 'tis true, he has ſometimes, tho' rarely, done it.

It is plain then, much work remained for ſubſequent commentators; and ſhall we add, ſtill remains? for tho' ſucceeded by two eminent commentators, we muſt with no ſmall concern, behold this imperfect editor ſtill maintaining his ground; the beſt judges of *Shakeſpear* preferring *Theobald*'s to any modern edition. The reaſon is obvious: Sir *Thomas Hanmer* proceeds in the moſt unjuſtifiable method, foiſting into his text many alterations, without ever advertiſing his readers which are, and which are not *Shakeſpear*'s genuine words: ſo that a multitude of phraſes and expreſſions, infinitely beneath the ſublimity of this prince of poets, are thrown to his account, and his imperfections, ſo far from being diminiſh'd, number'd ten-fold upon his head. Mr. *Warburton* hath been ſomewhat more generous to us; for, tho' he has for the moſt part preferred his own criticiſms to the author's words, yet he hath always ſubjoin'd us the author's words, and his own

own reaſons for thoſe criticiſms: yet his conduct can never be juſtified for inſerting every fancy of his own, in the text, when I dare venture to ſay, his better and cooler judgment muſt condemn the greateſt part of them: what the ingenious Mr. *Edwards* ſays of him ſeems exactly juſt and true: "That there are good "notes in his edition of *Shakeſpear*, I "never did deny; but as he has had "the plundering of two dead men, it "will be difficult to know which are his "own; ſome of them I ſuppoſe may "be; and hard indeed would be his "luck, if among ſo many bold throws "he ſhould have never a winning caſt: "but I do inſiſt that there are great "numbers of ſuch ſhameful blunders as "diſparage the reſt, if they do not diſ-"credit his title to them, and make them "look rather like lucky hits, than the "reſult of judgment *."

For endeavouring to avoid all reflections on Mr. *Warburton* in this work, the

* See the *Canons of Criticiſm*, the *third edition*, (that always referred to in this work) the 11th and 12th pages of the Preface.

The reader is deſired likewiſe to obſerve, that the 2d edition of Mr. *Upton*'s *Critical Obſervations* on *Shakeſpear*, is that uſed always by the editor.

reader

reader will perhaps ſometimes condemn me: however, I had rather be blam'd on that head, than for moroſeneſs, and ſnarling ſeverity: and the good-natur'd will conſider that impartiality is the firſt ſtep to true judgment, and candor an eſſential in the dark work of criticiſm. For my own part, I cannot but read with regret the conſtant jarring and triumphant inſults, one over another, found amidſt the commentators on *Shakeſpear*: this is one of the reaſons that has greatly prevented our arrival at a thorough knowledge in his works: for ſome of the editors have not ſo much labour'd to elucidate their author, as to expoſe the follies of their brethren. How much better would it have been for *Shakeſpear*, for us, and for literature in general, how much more honour would it have reflected on themſelves, had theſe brangling critics ſociably united; and inſtead of putting themſelves in a poſture of defence one againſt another, jointly taken the field, and united all their efforts to reſcue ſo inimitable an author from the *Gothic* outrage of dull players, duller printers, and ſtill duller editors?

For my own part, in this little attempt to preſent the world with as correct a collection of the fineſt paſſages of the fineſt

fineſt poet, as I could, it has been my principal endeavour to keep myſelf clear as poſſible from the dangerous ſhelves of prejudice: and I have labour'd to the utmoſt to maintain an exact and becoming candor all thro' the work, not only becauſe I am well convinc'd, how much my own many imperfections and deficiences will claim the pardon of the reader, but becauſe it appears to me highly unbecoming a man and a ſcholar, to blacken another merely for a miſtake in judgment; and becauſe, it is in my opinion no ſmall affront to the world to peſter it with our private and inſignificant animoſities, and to ſtuff a book with *quarrelous* jargon, where information is paid for, and juſtly expected. Indeed, it has ſometimes been impoſſible for me not to take notice, and that with a little ſeverity, of ſome particular *remarks*, in juſtice to truth and my author: however, for the moſt part I have omitted any thing that might give offence, and where it would have been eaſy for me, according to the cuſtom of modern editors, to have triumph'd and inſulted, have taken no notice of the faults of others, but endeavoured, to the beſt of my judgment, to explain the paſſage. After all, there perhaps remain ſome difficulties, and I think we may venture

venture to pronounce, no ſingle man will ever be able to give the world a compleat and correct edition of *Shakeſpear:* the way is now well pav'd, and we may reaſonably, from the joint endeavours of ſome underſtanding lovers of the author expect what we are greatly in need of: thus much, I muſt declare for my own part, that in ſeveral obſcure paſſages in this work, I have received great light by the converſation and conjectures of ſome very ingenious and learned men, whoſe names, were I permitted to mention them, would do high honour to the work, and to whom I thus beg leave to return my moſt hearty and ſincere thanks.

It is ſome time ſince I firſt propoſed publiſhing this collection; for *Shakeſpear* was ever, of all modern authors, my chief favourite: and during my relaxations, from my more ſevere and neceſſary ſtudies at college, I never omitted to read and indulge myſelf in the rapturous flights of this delightful and *ſweeteſt child of fancy:* and when my imagination has been heated by the glowing ardor of his uncommon fire, have never failed to lament, that his BEAUTIES ſhould be ſo obſcur'd, and that he himſelf ſhould be

be made a kind of ſtage for bungling critics to ſhew their *clumſy activity* upon.

It was my firſt intention to have conſider'd each play critically and regularly thro' all its parts; but as this would have ſwell'd the work beyond proper bounds, I was obliged to confine myſelf ſolely to a collection of his poetical *Beauties:* and I doubt not, every reader will find ſo large a fund for obſervation, ſo much excellent and refin'd morality, that he will prize the work as it deſerves, and pay, with me, All due adoration to the Manes of *Shakeſpear*.

Longinus * tells us, that the moſt infallible teſt of the true *Sublime*, is the impreſſion a performance makes upon our minds, when read or recited. "If, ſays "he, a perſon finds, that a performance "tranſports not his ſoul, nor exalts his "thoughts; that it calls not up into his "mind ideas more enlarged than the mere "ſounds of the words convey, but on "attentive examination its dignity leſſens "and declines, he may conclude, that

* See *Longinus* on the *Sublime*, Sect. 7. The tranſlation in the text is from the learned Mr. *Smith*.

"whatever

" whatever pierces no deeper than the " ears, can never be the true Sublime. " That on the contrary, is grand and " lofty, which the more we conſider, " the greater ideas we conceive of it; " whoſe force we cannot poſſibly with- " ſtand; which immediately ſinks deep, " and makes ſuch impreſſion on the mind " as cannot eaſily be worn out or ef- " faced: in a word, you may pronounce " that ſublime, beautiful, and genuine, " which always pleaſes and takes e- " qually with all ſorts of men. For " when perſons of different humours, " ages, profeſſions, and inclinations, a- " gree in the ſame joint approbation of " any performance, then this union of " aſſent, this combination of ſo many " different judgments, ſtamps an high " and indiſputable value on that per- " formance, which meets with ſuch ge- " neral applauſe." This fine obſervation of *Longinus* is moſt remarkably verified in *Shakeſpear*; for all humours, ages, and inclinations, jointly proclaim their approbation and eſteem of him; and will, I hope, be found true, in moſt of the paſſages, which are here collected from him: I ſay, moſt, becauſe there are ſome, which I am convinc'd will not ſtand this teſt: the old, the grave, and the ſevere will

will diſapprove, perhaps, the more ſoft (and as they may call them) trifling love-tales, ſo elegantly breath'd forth, and ſo emphatically extolled by the young, the gay, and the paſſionate: while theſe will eſteem as dull, and languid, the ſober *ſaws* of morality, and the home-felt obſervations of experience. However, as it was my buſineſs to collect for readers of all taſtes, and all complexions, let me deſire none to diſapprove, what hits not with their own humour, but to turn over the page, and they will ſurely find ſomething acceptable and engaging. But I have yet another apology to make, for ſome paſſages introduced merely on account of their peculiarity, which to ſome, poſſibly, will appear neither ſublime nor beautiful, and yet deſerve attention, as indicating the vaſt ſtretch, and ſometimes particular turn of the poet's imagination. Others are inſerted on account of the quotation in the note from ſome other author, to ſhew, how fine reflections have been built on a trifling hint of our poet's, and of how much weight is even one of his bullion lines. It would have been no hard taſk for me to have multiplied quotations from *Greek*, *Latin*, and *Engliſh* writers, and to have made no ſmall diſplay of what is commonly called

led *learning*; but that I have induſtriouſly avoided; and never perplex'd the reader (or at leaſt as little as poſſible) with the learned languages, always preferring the moſt plain and literal tranſlations, much to his eaſe, tho' (according to the manner in which ſome judge) leſs to my own reputation. In the notes many extracts will be found from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, ſome, and indeed, the chief beauties of theſe celebrated authors: I have taken the liberty now and then to diſſent from the ingenious gentlemen, who have lately publiſh'd their works: and cannot but highly commend that good-nature and modeſty, with which they have conducted their remarks. One of them, Mr. *Seward*, hath given us an agreeable preface, wherein he ſets forth the merits of his authors, and ſeems very deſirous to place them in the ſame rank with *Shakeſpear*: yet alas! all his generous efforts in their cauſe, are but fruitleſs, and all his friendly labours unavailing. For we have only to read a play of each, and we ſhall not a moment heſitate in our judgment. However, ſo kind a partiality to his authors, is by no means blameable, but on the contrary highly commendable.

As

As to the other paſſages in the notes, they are in general ſuch as are not commonly known and read, which ſort it would have been eaſy to have multiplied: indeed, there appears ſo little judgment in thoſe who have made general collections from the poets, that they merit very ſmall notice, as they are already too low for cenſure.

There are many paſſages in *Shakeſpear*, ſo cloſely connected with the plot and characters, and on which their beauties ſo wholly depend, that it would have been abſurd and idle to have produced them here: hence the reader will find little of the *inimitable Falſtaff* in this work, and not one line extracted from the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, one of *Shakeſpear*'s beſt, and moſt juſtly-admired comedies: whoever reads that play, will immediately ſee, there was nothing either proper or poſſible for this work: which, ſuch as it is, I moſt ſincerely and cordially recommend to the candor and benevolence of the world: and wiſh every one that peruſes it, may feel the ſatisfaction I have frequently felt in compoſing it, and receive ſuch inſtructions and advantages from it, as it is well calculated, and well able to beſtow. For my own part, better and more important

tant things henceforth demand my attention, and I here, with no ſmall pleaſure, take leave of *Shakeſpear* and the critics; as this work was begun and finiſh'd, before I enter'd upon the ſacred function, in which I am now happily employ'd, let me truſt, this juvenile performance will prove no objection, ſince graver, and ſome very eminent members of the church, have thought it no improper employ, to comment, explain and publiſh the works of their own country poets.

Plaſtow, July 4, 1757.

W. Dodd.

P. S. I have nothing to add, but that due care has been taken to render this *ſecond Edition* as correct as poſſible; to make it more acceptable, many Paſſages omitted or paſt over in the former, are added: and the *Notes*, at the Requeſt of ſome worthy Friends, are printed in a larger Character. I hope it will meet with no leſs Favour from the Public than the former Edition hath found: To which End I am bound in Juſtice to add, that Mr. *Waller* has done his utmoſt Endeavours.

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THE BEAUTIES OF SHAKESPEAR.

All's well that ends well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ADVICE.

BE (1) thou bleſt, *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy father,
In manners as in ſhape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right. Love all; truſt a few;
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than uſe; and keep thy friend

Under

(1) *Be thou*, &c.] See the advice of *Polonius* to his ſon in *Hamlet*, Act 1. Sc. 5. *Hector*'s prayer for *Aſtyanax* is not unlike this.

Grant him like me to purchaſe juſt renown,
To guard the *Trojans* to defend the crown,
Againſt his country's foes the war to wage,
And riſe the *Hector* of the future age.

POPE's *Iliad*, B. 6. v. 606.

Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence;
But never tax'd for ſpeech. ———

SCENE II. *Too ambitious Love.*

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. (2) It were all one,
That

And in like manner *Æneas* exhorts his ſon to the imitation of his father's virtues--*Diſce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem.*

True toil and virtue, learn, my ſon, from me.
Trapp.

And *Ajax* in *Sophocles* ſays to his ſon;

May'ſt thou, my ſon, in all things, ſave his fortune,
Succeed and imitate thy father.

I cannot help remarking the excellency of *Shakeſpear*'s advice, both here from the mother, and in *Hamlet*, from the father, and how preferable it is, to that abſurd and extremely improper counſel, *Otway*, in his *Orphan*, has put into the mouth of the old and dying *Acaſto*, Act 3. p. 35.---In the fifth line in the text, *Be able*, &c.---the meaning is,---" rather be able to revenge yourſelf on your enemy in ability, than in the uſe of that ability: have it in your power to revenge, but ſhew yourſelf god-like in not uſing that power."

(2) *It were*, &c.] *i. e. Bertram* is ſo greatly ſuperior to, and ſo far above me, I might as well hope to wed any particular ſtar as him: ſo that I muſt be contented, with ſharing his radiance and reflected light, that is, his preſence, and the pleaſure of being in his company, and not hope to be comforted in his ſphere, or taken to the warmth of his embraces." *Adam* (in *Paradiſe-Loſt* B. 8. 425) ſaying man was to beget *like of his like*, adds;

———which requires
Collateral love, and deareſt amity,

which, as Dr. *Newton* obſerves, is well explained by,

To have thee *by my ſide*
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear.

And the ſon of God is ſaid, in book the 10th to riſe

From his radiant ſeat
Of high *collateral* glory.

The word *trick* in the ſubſequent lines, is frequently uſed by *Shakeſpear*, for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or geſture, which diſtinguiſhes it from any other.

That

That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it; he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf;
The hind, that wou'd be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. (3) 'Twas pretty tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relics.

A paraſitical, vain Coward.

——(4) I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind.

SCENE IV. *The Remedy of Evils generally in ourſelves.*

(5) Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heav'n; the *fated* ſky

Gives

(3) *'Twas* &c.] So the pretty *Jailor's daughter* in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, ſpeaking of *Palamon*, in the ſimplicity of her loveſick heart, ſays,

To ſit and hear him
Sing in an evening,---what a heav'n it is?
And yet his ſongs are ſad ones.---

(4) *I know*, &c.] In page the 9th, S. 6. ſee *Parolles'* own confeſſion; in another part of the play, it is ſaid of him, "the *fellow has* a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have." A good explanation of the latter lines.

(5) *Our*, &c.] Our author in this paſſage beautifully oppoſes the commonly-received notions of *fate* and *neceſſity*, by obſerving

Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.

SCENE V. *Character of a noble Courtier.*

——In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To day in our young Lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can vye their levity with his honour,
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs
Were in him: pride or ſharpneſs if there were,
His equal had awak'd them. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another race,
And bow'd his eminent tops to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.
——Such a man,
Might be a copy to theſe younger times.

" the remedies of thoſe evils generally are in ourſelves, which we falſely aſcribe to heaven, which gives us in all things freedom to act, and by no means lays us under any compulſive neceſſity." By the *fated ſky*, he means, " heaven tax'd with this imputation of fate;" which he obſerves is a falſe and miſtaken notion: 'tis no uncommon thing with *Shakeſpear* to make participles in this manner. *Milton*'s beautiful lines on this ſubject may perhaps not be unſeaſonable.

They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can juſtly accuſe
Their maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predeſtination over-rul'd
Their will, diſpos'd by abſolute decree
Or high foreknowledge: they themſelves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown,
So without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow of fate,
Or ought by me immutably foreſeen,
They treſpaſs, authors to themſelves in all
Both what they judge and what they chooſe. B.3.111.

See *King Lear*, on this head, Act 1. Sc. 8.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Honour due to perſonal Virtue, not to Birth.

(6) From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed,
Where great additions ſwell, and virtue's none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone
Is good without a name; vileneſs is ſo;
The property, by what it is, ſhou'd go,

(6) *From*, &c.] There cannot be a finer ſatire, or one written with greater force of argument, or propriety of expreſſion, than this on the falſe notions of *Honour*: the reader will do well to conſult the 8th ſatire of *Juvenal* on this occaſion, where he will find ſeveral paſſages greatly ſimilar to *Shakeſpear*. *Euripides* has a fine ſentiment in his *Electra* on this topic,

Will ye not then be wiſe, nor ever learn,
What wiſdom dictates? by their lives alone,
To eſtimate mankind, and let their deeds
Be the ſole teſt of true nobility.

The third line in the firſt folio is printed thus,

Where great *addition ſwells*, and virtue none;

whence I gather the true reading in the text.———I take the meaning of the following lines to be, "a good action, conſider'd ſimply in itſelf, and by itſelf, is and will be ever good, without the addition of any title or name to it; and a vile or bad action is, and ever will be vile and bad:" that is, it is not in the power of honours and titles to change the real merit of actions, virtue and vice being fixt and ſtedfaſt, and unalterably the ſame. She *is young, wiſe, fair*, ſo the king a little before ſays,

———All that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate,
Youth, beauty, wiſdom———

on which here again he particularly dwells, as they are the three prime ingredients in every woman; *wiſe*, undoubtedly carries the idea of *good* in it; for whoever has true wiſdom, cannot but be *good*. It would be endleſs to quote the paſſages in our beſt writers on this univerſal topic: I ſhall therefore refer my readers to their own obſervation, and only point out one little piece from *Waller*, the politeneſs of which, and ſimilarity of the arguments to theſe in *Shakeſpear*, will, I doubt not, render it agreeable. See *Fenton's Waller* (p. 102.) To *Zelinda*.

Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour; That is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word 's a ſlave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Self Accuſation of too great Love.

Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? And is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoaky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the *violent ſpeed* of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; (7) pierce the ſtill-moving air,

That

(7) *Pierce*, &c.] This in the editions before Mr. *Warburton*'s has been always read,

Move the ſtill *piercing* ear
That ſings with piercing.

I think his emendation muſt be approved.
Laodamia, in *Ovid*'s epiſtles, tells her huſband;

Remember, when for fight thou ſhalt prepare,
Thy *Laodamia* charg'd thee, have a care,
For what wounds thou receiv'ſt are given to her.

And ſhe thus intreats his enemies;

Ye gen'rous *Trojans*, turn your ſwords away
From his dear breaſt, find out a nobler prey:
Why ſhou'd you harmleſs *Laodamia* ſlay?

B

That ſings with piercing, do not touch my lord:
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it:
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere,
I met the rav'ning lion, when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere
That all the miſeries, which nature (8) owes,
Were mine at once. (9) No, come thou home, *Rouſillon*,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do it? No, no, although
The air of *Paradiſe* did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear.

SCENE VII. *A Maid's Honour.*

The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

But *Helena*, in this play, begs the enemies to ſpare her lover, not becauſe they wou'd kill her, but becauſe ſhe plung'd him into theſe dangers: how great and ſevere the reflection!

(8) *Owes.*] It may be proper once for all to obſerve, that *Shakeſpear* and the old authors frequently uſe this word in the ſenſe of *own:* as Mr. *Edwards* has obſerved the tranſlators of the bible do alſo.

And he that *oweth* the houſe ſhall come, *&c. Levit.* xiv. 35.
And ſo ſhall the *Jews* bind the man, that *oweth* this girdle.
Acts xxi. 11.

(9) *No, come*, &c.] See *Falſtaff*'s catechiſm, firſt part of *Henry* IV. Act 5. Sc. 2.

This military art
I grant to be the nobleſt of profeſſions:
And yet (I thank my ſtars for't) I was never
Inclin'd to learn it, ſince this *bubble honour*
(Which is indeed the *nothing* ſoldiers fight for,
With the loſs of limbs or life) is in my judgment,
Too dear a purchaſe. *Maſſinger*'s *Pict.* Act 1. Sc. 2.

Advice to young Girls.

(10) Beware of them, *Diana:* their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all thoſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further. But, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no farther danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Cuſtom of Seducers.

Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.

CHASTITY.

(11) Mine honour's ſuch a ring;
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th' world
In me to loſe.

SCENE III. *Life chequer'd.*

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues wou'd be proud, if our faults

(10) *Beware*, &c.] The reader will find a good explanation of, and comment on this paſſage in *Hamlet*, where *Laertes* is counſelling *Ophelia* on the love of *Hamlet*. See Act 1. Sc. 5. "*Are not the things they go under*," *they*, doubtleſs, refers to things, and then the meaning is, "theſe things (their promiſes, *&c.*) are not the real things whoſe names they go under: they are not true and ſincere, they are not what they ſeem, nor any other than appearances." Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and Mr. *Warburton*, thinking *they* referr'd to the *perſons*, not the *things*, alter'd the paſſage; the one leaving out *not*, the other changing it to *but*.

(11) *Mine*, &c.] See *Coriolanus*, Act 5. Sc. 3. and n.

whipt

whipt them not; and our crimes wou'd deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

SCENE VI. *Cowardly Braggart.*

Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat, and drink, and ſleep, as ſoft
As captain ſhall; ſimply the thing I am
Shall make me live; who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, *Parolles*, live,
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive:
There's place and means for every man alive.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Againſt Delay.

(12) Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees

(12) *Let's*, &c.] We have many beautiful paſſages on this topic in the antients, adviſing againſt delay and exhorting to the enjoyment of the preſent moment.

Sapias (ſays *Horace*) *vina liques, & ſpatio brevi*
Spem longam reſeces; dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas; carpe diem, quam minimum credula poſtero. Od. 13. l. 3.

Be wiſe, and ſee the goblet crown'd;
Let winged life's contracted round
Your mighty expectations bound!
Even while we ſpeak, time fleets away,
Too envious, and rebukes delay:
Take, take the inſtant by the top,
Nor vainly truſt the morrow's flattering hope.

In like manner *Juvenal*,

Feſtinant decurrere velox
Floſculus anguſtæ miſeræque breviſſima vitæ
Portio; dum bibimus, dum ſerta, unguenta, puellas,
Poſcimus, obrepit *non* intellecta *ſenectus.* Sat. 9. v. 126.

My full-blown youth already fades apace,
Of poor ſhort life the very ſhorteſt ſpace:

Th' *inaudible and noiſeleſs foot* of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

The Raſhneſs of Youth excuſed.

——I beſeech your majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion done, in the blaze of Youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force
O'erbares it and burns on.

Excuſe for unreaſonable Diſlike.

At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt, his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair color, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n.
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: thence it came,
That ſhe whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in my eye
The duſt that did offend it.

While melting pleaſures in our arms are found,
While lovers ſmile, and while the bowl goes round,
Old age *creeps* on us, ere we *think it nigh*. - HARVEY.

And *Perſius*,

Indulge genio, carpamus dulcia: noſtrum eſt
Quod vivis, cinis, & manes, & fabula fies:
Vive memor leti, fugit hora; *hoc quod loquor inde eſt.*
Sat. 3. V. 151.

Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For not to live at eaſe, is not to live:
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each *flying hour*
Does ſome looſe remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt: for death will make us all
A name, a nothing, but an old wife's tale. DRYDEN.

The *obrepit non intellecta ſenectus* of *Juvenal*, and the laſt line of *Perſius*, tho' both very beautiful, are nothing equal to the *inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time*, of *Shakeſpear*.

As

As you like it.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Modeſty and Courage in Youth,

I Beſeech you puniſh me not in your hard thoughts, wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd but one dead, that is willing to be ſo. I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied, when I have made it empty.

SCENE IX. *Play Fellows.*

We (1) have ſtill ſlept together;
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

SCENE X. *Beauty.*

(2) Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

Woman

(1) See in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, a beautiful paſſage on this ſubject, Act 3. Sc. 7. and the note. See alſo *Winter's Tale*, Act 1. Sc. 2.

(2) *Beauty* &c.] The ſecond brother in *Comus* largely expatiates on this thought,

But beauty, like the fair *Heſperian* tree,
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with uninchan'ed eye,
To ſave her bloſſoms and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well ſpread out the unſun'd heaps Of

Woman in a Man's Dreſs.

(3) Were't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle ax upon my thigh,
A boar ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fears there will)
We'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial out-ſide;
As many other (4) manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the Advantages of Adverſity.

Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet

Of miſer's treaſure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a ſingle, helpleſs maiden paſs
Uninjur'd——*&c.*

(3) See *Merchant of Venice*, Sc. 5. Act 3. and *Much ado about nothing*, Act 4. Sc. 3. and n.

(4) *Manniſh*, &c.] Mr. *Upton* in his *remarks on the three plays of* Ben Johnſon, (p. 92.) obſerves the word *mankind* or *manniſh*, which we meet with in old authors, has not been ſufficiently explained. *Man*, beſides its well known ſignification in the language of our forefathers, ſignified *wickedneſs*. *Somner*, *Man*, *Homo*, a man. *Item facinus*, *ſcelus*, *nefas*, *&c.* *Manful*, *nefandus*, *ſceleſtus*, *quaſi ſcelerum plenus*," Having thus ſeen its original ſignification, let us now turn to our old poets; and thus *Chaucer* uſes it in the man of *Love*'s *Tale*,

Fie, *Manniſh*, fie.

Shakeſpear, in *As you like it*,

As many other *manniſh* cowards have.

Fairfax,

See, ſee this *mankind* ſtrumpet, ſee, he cried,
This ſhameleſs whore."——

Than

Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril, than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
The ſeaſon's difference; as the icy phang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
" This is no flattery"; theſe are counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
(5) Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Reflections on a wounded Stag.

(6) Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon;
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,

Being

(5) *Sweet, &c.*] *Lucretius* tells us, *adverſity* teaches us beſt what we are, and moſt feelingly ſhews us ourſelves.

Men in adverſity moſt plain appear,
It ſhews us really what, and who they are:
Then from the lips truth undiſſembled flows,
The maſk falls off, and the juſt features ſhows. B. 3.

(6) I have never met with any thing that pleaſed me more than theſe humane reflections on the poor *native burghers* of the foreſt (as *Shakeſpear* calls them); beſide the reflections, the deſcription of the wounded ſtag is moſt admirable, and the moralizing of *Jacques* too juſt, and too true a picture of the world: I know no author that ſhews a more tender and feeling heart on ſubjects of this kind than *Thomſon*; in his *Seaſons* we have a deſcription of a hunted ſtag, which well deſerves to be compared with this:

He ſweeps the foreſt oft; and ſobbing ſees
The glades mild opening to the golden day:
Where in kind conteſt with his butting friends,
He wont to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-deſcending flood he tries

To

Being native burghers of this deſart city,
Should, in their old confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches goar'd.

1ſt Lord.

To loſe the ſcent and lave his burning ſides:
Oft ſeeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With ſelfiſh care avoid a brother's woe.
What ſhall he do? His once ſo vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant ſpirit, now no more
Inſpire the courſe: but fainting breathleſs toil
Sick, ſeizes on his heart: he ſtands at bay,
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face,
He groans in anguiſh, while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd ſides with gore.

See *Autumn*, v. 445.

Thomſon had very great maſters to follow, and indeed he ſeems to have profited from them. *Virgil* ſpeaks finely of the ſtag wounded by *Aſcanius*, which one would imagine *Shakeſpear* had in his eye.

To his lov'd home the wounded beaſt repairs;
Bloody and groaning enters his known ſtall,
Like one imploring, and with plaintive noiſe,
Fills all the houſe.-------*Trapp*'s *Virg. Æn.* 7. v. 661.

I choſe to give Dr. *Trapp*'s tranſlation, becauſe moſt literal, none of the others ſeeming to have approached near the beauty of *Virgil*. But the *author* from whom *Thomſon* ſeems moſt to have improved his deſcription, is *Vanier*, who in the laſt book of his *Prædium Ruſticum*, gives an elegant and pathetic deſcription of the death of a ſtag: he ſpeaks of his ſtanding at bay, and *putting his laſt weak refuge in deſpair:* and very tenderly deſcribes the poor beaſt, at laſt flying to the vain aſſiſtance of tears.

Æger enim, vitæ poſita ſpe, cervus inertes
Confugit ad lacrymas; & flexo poplite, frontem
Arboream demittit humi, vitamque precatus
Suppliciter, triſtes immurmurat ore querelas, &c.

Now faint and breathleſs in deſpair he tries
The aid of tears that fruitleſs ſwell his eyes:
In vain his weak and wearied knees he bends,
In vain his ſuppliant branching head deſcends;

He

1*ſt Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy *Jacques* grieves at that;
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother, that hath baniſhed you:
To day my lord of *Amiens*, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that *brawls* along this wood:
To the which place a poor ſequeſtred ſtag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,

He prays for life, with unavailing groans,
And from his burſting heart ſobs deep complaining moans.
See B. 16. p. 317.

There is a fine picture of *rural melancholy* in the *Philaſter* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, which deſerves to be compared with this. In *Jacques* we ſee a beautiful inſtance of *philoſophic tenderneſs*, in the following of *Innocence forlorn*.

--------I have a boy,
Sent by the gods I hope, to this intent,
Not yet ſeen in the court; hunting the buck
I found him ſitting by a fountain-ſide,
Of which he borrow'd ſome to quench his thirſt,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears:
A garland lay by him, made by himſelf
Of many ſeveral flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that myſtic order that the rareneſs
Delighted me: but ever, when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them, he wou'd weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing ſuch pretty, helpleſs innocence
Dwell in his face, I aſk'd him all his ſtory.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the cryſtal ſprings
Which did not ſtop their courſes: and the ſun,
Which ſtill he thank'd him, yielded him his light,
Then took he up his garland, and did ſhew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did ſignify: and how all, order'd thus,
Expreſt his grief, and to my thoughts did read
The prettieſt lecture of his country art,
That could be wiſh'd, ſo that methought, I could
Have ſtudied it.--------

Did

Did come to languiſh: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chace; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jacques*,
Stood in th'extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what ſaid *Jacques?*
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1ſt Lord. O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The flux of company: anon a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jacques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

SCENE III. *Conſpicuous Virtue expoſed to Envy.*

Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men (7)
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?

No

(7) Every reader is ſenſible of the beautiful ſimplicity of theſe ſpeeches, and the whole fine character of honeſt *Adam* in this play: I cannot give a better comment upon it than the following extract from that judicious performance the *Actor*, (p. 43.) "*Shakeſpear* has given us many inſtances in which *ſenſibility* alone will do; in which power of voice or propriety of figure are not wanting, but if the player have only *feeling* in himſelf, he will make every body elſe feel with him ſufficiently. The character of the old ſervant *Adam* is of this kind: and had not good fortune rather than judgment thrown it into the

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh! what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Gratitude in an old Servant.

But do not ſo; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,

the managers way, to give this part to Mr. *Berry*, perhaps neither they nor we had ever known, that in his proper way, he is one of the beſt players of his time. When we ſee that honeſt veteran come upon the ſtage, his low condition, and his venerable locks, give us no room to expect elocution from him: all that we require in a character like this, is nature; and its utmoſt merit is the being ſtrongly felt by the performer: we did not know how ſtrongly it was poſſible for us to be affected, only by ſeeing that an actor was ſo, till this perſon entering with his young maſter, warn'd him from the houſe of his treacherous and tyrannic brother; and told him the danger of being too meritorious in ſuch a place of wickedneſs; and added, *(Know you not, maſter,* &c.)——The poet has with great art introduced the old man's reaſon for loving this his young maſter, preferably to the elder and richer ſon, by making him call him the *memory of old Sir* Rowland. We are ſtrongly affected by the honeſty and friendſhip of this venerable ſervant, as he delivers to him, without much ornament, the cautions above-mentioned: but how are our hearts ſtruck within us, when to the deſpair of his young maſter, on the thought of his flying to miſery and want, from the tyranny of his cruel brother, he anſwers,——*But do not ſo,* &c. ——The unfeigned tears that trickled down the player's cheeks, as he delivered this generous and noble ſpeech, were accompanied with thoſe of every ſpectator: and the applauſe that ſucceeded theſe, ſhewed ſufficiently the ſenſe of the audience, and ſpoke in the ſtrongeſt terms the praiſes of that ſenſibility, that feeling, which we are ſo earneſtly recommending to every other player."

The reader will find two characters that deſerve to be compared with this of *Adam*; the one in that excellent comedy, the *Captives of Plautus*, the other in the *Funeral*, or *Grief A-la-mode*, of Sir *Richard Steele*. See particularly the third ſcene of the ſecond act of the *Captives*, and of the *Funeral*, Act 4. almoſt at the beginning, where *Truſty* comes to his lord's lodgings.

Which

Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter nurſe
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! here is the gold;
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant:
Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility:
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty but kindly; let me go with you,
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

SCENE IV. *Lover deſcrib'd.*

(8) O thou did'ſt then ne'er love ſo heartily;
If thou remembr'eſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That ever love did make thee run into:
Thou haſt not lov'd———
Or if thou haſt not ſate as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd——
Or if thou haſt not broke from company
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd.———

SCENE VII. *Deſcription of a Fool, and his Morals on the Time.*

Good morrow, fool, quoth I; no, Sir, quoth he,
(9) *Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune;*

(8) *O thou*, &c.] See the laſt paſſage of this play.

(9) *Call me*, &c.] *Fortuna favet fatuis*; *fortune favours fools*, is an old and well known ſaying: *Publius Syrus* has it,

Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, ſtultum facit.

Whom fortune favours much, ſhe makes a fool.

which has much the ſame ſatirical turn as the line quoted in our

And then he drew a dial from his poak,
And looking on it with *lack-luſtre* eye,
Says, very wiſely, it is ten o'clock:
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe;
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial——

Duke. What fool is this?

Jacques. O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier,
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biſket
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.

A Fool's Liberty of Speech.

——I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have;
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh. And, why, Sir, muſt they ſo?

our author. *Ben Johnſon*, who is ever alluding to ſome ſort of learning or other, has ſeveral paſſages like this (as Mr. *Upton* has ſhewn)

Fortune, *that favours fools*, theſe two ſhort hours
We wiſh away. *Prologue to the* Alchemiſt.

And in *Every man out of his Humour*;

Sog. Why, who am I, Sir?
Mac. One of thoſe that *fortune favours*.
Car. The periphraſis of a fool. Act 1. Sc. 2.

The

The why is plain, as way to pariſh-church;
He, whom a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomized,
Even by the ſquandering glances of a fool.

An Apology for Satire.

Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, the city woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her;
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery is not of my coſt;
Thinking, that I mean him? but therein ſutes
His folly to the metal of my ſpeech.
There then, how then? What then? Let me ſee, wherein
My tongue hath wronged him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himſelf; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild-gooſe, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

SCENE VIII. *A tender Petition.*

But whate'er you are,
That in this deſart inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
(10) Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knell'd to church;

(10) *Loſe*, &c.] *An ſecretum iter & fallentis ſemita vitæ.* Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1.

Or a ſafe private quiet, which betrays
Itſelf to eaſe, and cheats away the days. *Popley.*

If

If ever ſat at any goodman's feaſt;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
(11) And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be.——

SCENE IX. *The World compared to a Stage.*

(12) All the world's a ſtage
And all the men and women merely players;
They

(11) *And*, &c.] *Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.*
Acquainted with misfortune, I have learn'd,
To pity and to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
Trapp, Æn. 1. v. 755.

(12) *All the*, &c.] This compariſon of life, to a ſtage-play, has been no uncommon one with the poets and other authors long before *Shakeſpear*'s time; but, I believe, we may challenge all that went before him, and all that have ſucceeded him, to equal the beauties of this ſpeech. Plays before his time, were frequently divided into ſeven acts:--*Shakeſpear* has many paſſages to ridicule the falſe notions of military honour: ſee the foregoing play, p. 6. and n. 8. where *Maſſinger* has uſed his very expreſſive word---the *bubble* honour. Mr. *Warburton* obſerves upon the word *modern*, that *Shakeſpear* uſes it in the double ſenſe that the *Greeks* uſed καινος, both for *recens* and *abſurdus*; and on the word *Pantaloon*, that *Shakeſpear* alludes to that general character in the *Italian* comedy called *Il Pantalone:* who is a thin, emaciated old man, in ſlippers, and well deſigned, in that epithet, becauſe *Pantalone* is the only character that acts in ſlippers."-- In the fragments aſcribed to *Solon*, there is a paſſage, (preſerved by *Philo* and *Clemens Alexandrinus*,) where he divides the life of man into ten parts or ſtages, which being ſomething in the manner, though greatly inferior to our author, I have tranſlated from the *Greek* to oblige the reader.

Παις μεν ανηβος εων ετι νηπιος, ερχος οδοντων, &c.

The firſt ſeven years of wretched human breath
Is almoſt wholly ſpent in cutting teeth:
And after ſeven more playful, uſeleſs years,
The riſing dawn of manhood juſt appears:
In the third age our limbs to ſwell begin,
And the beard blackens on the briſtly chin:
In the fourth age, at luſty twenty-eight,
Our active pow'rs, and vigour are at height:

And

They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eyebrow. Then, a ſoldier:
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the *bubble* reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part; the ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on's noſe, and pouch on's ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

And in the fifth to marriage we incline,
Children to raiſe, and propagate our line:
The ſixth, our minds to buſineſs we apply,
And keep on worthy deeds unwearied eye:
Never is judgment ſo divinely ſtrong,
So wiſe the heart or eloquent the tongue,
As during both the ſeventh and eighth grave ſtage:
But all our powers the ninth declining age
Renders remiſs: if to the tenth, we ſave
Weak life, we then drop mellow'd to the grave.

SCENE X. *Ingratitude, A Song.*

1.

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind,
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
(13) Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Although thy breath be rude.

2.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp,
As friend remembred not. ACT

(13) *Becauſe*, &c.] The ingenious Mr. *Edwards*, in his *Canons of Criticiſm*, (p. 54. the laſt edition) obſerves, "this paſſage is certainly faulty, and perhaps it cannot be reſtored as *Shakeſpear* gave it." I am ſorry to diſſent from a man who underſtands this author ſo well, but muſt own there appears no great difficulty in the paſſage. The author is comparing ingratitude to the north-wind, which he ſays "is not ſo unkind as man's ingratitude: neither is its tooth ſo keen, [the pain given by it ſo great] as that given by the *tooth* or *bite* of ingratitude, for this reaſon, becauſe it is not ſeen, [it is not an object of our ſenſes as the miniſters of ingratitude are, which renders the pain they give us more ſenſible, as they are preſented to our view.] "Thy breath, indeed, is very rude, but the pain occaſioned by it is not ſo keen as that occaſioned by ingratitude, becauſe thou art no object of our ſenſes: you hurt us, but we ſee you not: the ungrateful man is before us, and therefore galls us the more." A very judicious gentleman, who, upon my propoſing the paſſage to him, was entirely of my opinion, afterwards ſent me the following ſhort explanation, which I the rather add, as a paſſage, which Mr. *Edwards* doubts, deſerves the exacteſt care.

"The bite of the winter-wind, ſays he, is not ſo piercing, becauſe *inviſible*, as the wounds inflicted by man's ingratitude," *q. d.* the *former* inflicts a tranſient pain on the body, but the *latter* affects the mind with laſting anguiſh---To explain it by another metaphor, a blow given by a *ſtranger*, or received from an *unſeen hand*, will not *pain* (i. e. *afflict*) me ſo much as a blow given me by a friend."

ACT III. SCENE III.

A Shepherd's Philoſophy.

—I know the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good paſture makes fat ſheep: and that a great cauſe of the night is lack of the ſun, and that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of groſs breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Character of an honeſt and ſimple Shepherd.

Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat; get that I wear, owe no man hate; envy no man's happineſs; glad of other mens good: content with my harm; and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graſe and my lambs ſuck.

SCENE VIII. *A Lover deſcrib'd.*

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable ſpirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; ——— but I pardon you for that; for ſimply your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue—then your hoſe ſhould be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbuttoned, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation; but you are no ſuch man, you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

SCENE XI. *Real Paſſion diſſembled.*

Think not, I love him, though I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy, yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he, that ſpeaks them, pleaſes thoſe that hear:

It

It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;
But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man; the beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but ſo ſo, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
A little riper, and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red and mingled damaſk.
There be ſome women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, wou'd have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remembred, ſcorn'd at me.
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The different ſorts of Melancholy.

I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambition; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all theſe.

SCENE II. *Marriage alters the Temper of both Sexes.*

Say a day, without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the ſky changes

when they are wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a Parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain; and I will do that, when you are diſpoſed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to ſleep.

Cupid *(or Love's)* Parentage.

No, that ſame wicked baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of Thought, conceiv'd of Spleen, and born of Madneſs, that blind, raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love.

SCENE VI. *A fine Deſcription of a ſleeping Man, about to be deſtroy'd by a Snake and a Lioneſs.*

(14) Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;

(14) *Under*, &c.] I don't remember ever to have met with a more excellent and picturesque deſcription than the preſent: the old oak, the wretched man, the gilded ſnake, juſt approaching the opening of his mouth, gliding away at the ſight of *Orlando*, the poſture of the Lioneſs, whoſe fury and hunger he amazingly augments by telling us, *her udders were all drawn dry*, and her lying in expectation of his waking, are all imagined and expreſſed with the greateſt ſtrength of fancy, and beauty of diction. In *Virgil*'s *Gnat* there is a charming deſcription of a ſerpent about to ſting a ſleeping man, which, as I think, *Spenſer* has a good deal heightened it, I ſhall ſubjoin in his tranſlation.——

For at his wonted time, in that ſame place,
An huge great ſerpent, all with ſpeckles pide,
To drench himſelf in mooriſh ſlime did trace,
There from the boiling heat himſelf to hide:
He, paſſing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandiſht tongue the emptie ayre did pride,
And wrapt his ſcalie boughs with fell deſpight,
That all things ſeem'd appalled at his ſight.

Now

A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back; about his neck

A green

Now more and more having himſelf unroll'd,
His glittering breaſt he lifteth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold:
His creſt above ſpotted with purple die,
On everie ſide did ſhine like ſcalie gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Did ſeem to flame out flakes of flaſhing fire,
And with ſtern looks to threaten kindled yre:

Thus wiſe long time he did himſelf diſplace
There round about, when at the laſt he ſpide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand captaine, and moſt truſtie guide:
Eftſoones more fierce in viſage and in pace
Throwing his firie eyes on everie ſide,
He cometh on, and all things in his way,
Full ſternly rends, that might his paſſage ſtay.

Much he diſdains, that any one ſhould dare,
To come into his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns and 'gins ſtraight to prepare
The weapons, which to him nature had lent;
Felly he hiſſeth, and doth fiercely ſtare,
And hath his jaws with angry ſpirits rent,
That all his track with bloodie drops is ſtained,
And all his folds are now in length outſtrained.——

The word *indented* in the text, is of the ſame derivation as *indenture*. *Indentata* (ſays *Skynner*) *ſeu denticula*, i. e. *acuminatim forma dentium inciſa*——*notched*, and going in and out like the teeth of a ſaw. *Milton*, in his fine deſcription of the ſerpent, B. 9. v. 496. applies the word in the ſame manner to the motion of the ſerpent.

——Not with *indented* wave
Prone on the ground——

I don't doubt but *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* had an eye on the latter fine lines in the text when they wrote——

——Can this *couch'd* lion,
Tho' now he licks and locks up his fell paws,
Craftily humming like a cat to cozen you,

A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth, but ſuddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh; under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir: for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead.

ACT V. SCENE III.

LOVE.

(15) Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
It is to be made all of ſighs and tears;

It

But, when ambition whets him, and time fits,
Leap to his prey, and ſeiz'd once, ſuck its heart out?
Bloody Brother, Act 2. Sc. 1.

(15) *Good*, &c.] In the 3d and 5th pages the reader will find two deſcriptions of a lover; I deferr'd taking notice of them, till I came to this paſſage, that they might all be compared together, and with what *Speed* gives us of his love-ſick maſter, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 1. and the following very pretty one, given of *Philaſter*, by his faithful *Bellario*, in the latter end of the 2d act of *Philaſter*.

—— If it be love
To forget all reſpect of his own friends,
In thinking on your face; if it be love,
To ſit croſs-arm'd and ſigh away the day,
Mingled with ſtarts, crying your name as loud
And haſtily as men i' th' ſtreets do fire;
If it be love to weep himſelf away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or kill'd, becauſe it might have been your chance:
If when he goes to reſt (which will not be)
'Twixt every pray'r he ſays, he names you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love;
Then, Madam, I dare ſwear he loves you——

The

It is to be made all of faith and ſervice;
It is to be all made of fantaſie,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes;
All adoration, duty and obſervance;
All humbleneſs, all patience and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all obſervance.

The repetition of— "*if it be love*, is not unlike that in the 3d page, *Thou haſt not lov'd.*" Neither is the deſcription unlike that well-known one in the 1ſt act of the *Eunuch* of *Terence*;

In amore hæc omnia inſunt vitia, &c.

The Comedy of Errors.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Man's Pre-eminence.

THERE's nothing ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound, in earth, in ſea, in ſky;
The beaſt, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's ſubjects, and at their controuls;
(1) Men, more divine, the maſters of all theſe,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſouls,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh and fowls,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Patience, eaſier taught than practiſed.

(2) Patience unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe;

(1) *Men*, &c.] The reader will find many paſſages in *Milton* on the ſuperiority of man over the creation.—*Adam* ſays, B. 12. v. 671.

He gave us only over beaſt, fiſh, fowl,
Dominion abſolute; that right we hold
By his donation.——

'Tis ſtrange all the editors (except the *Oxford* one) have paſſed over this paſſage, and read, *man* the *maſter*, *lord*, &c. *are maſters*, &c.—The folio's might have directed them, which read—*ſouls*, in the plural to make the paſſage grammar—the folio reads too, *wild*, *watry* ſeas—which, as it appears preferable to *wide*, repeated, in which there is no peculiar beauty, I have adopted here; the reader will excuſe my obſerving theſe things, which, tho' trifling, are nevertheleſs neceſſary, and I have endeavour'd to be as conciſe as poſſible.

(2) *Patience*, &c.] The next line explains this——"No wonder, ſays he, *patience* unaffected by any calamity, untouch'd by any grief, can pauſe for conſideration, can have leiſure to recollect herſelf, and in imagination exert her virtues;"——ſee *Much ado about nothing*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

They

They can be meek, that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we ſhould ourſelves complain.

SCENE III. *Defamation.*

(3) I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,
Will loſe his beauty; and the gold bides ſtill,
That others touch: yet often touching will
Wear gold. And ſo no man that hath a name.
But falſhood, and corruption, doth it ſhame.

SCENE V. *Jealouſy.*

Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and frown,
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldſt vow,
That never words were muſic to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thine hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd or carv'd.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SLANDER.

(4) For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.

(3) *I ſee*, &c.] Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Warburton* have corrected this paſſage very judiciouſly; I could wiſh to read in the ſecond line—*And tho'*—*tho'*, connecting the ſenſe, in my judgment, very properly—"And *tho'* gold indeed bides handling a long time, *bides ſtill, that others touch it, yet* often handling or touching will wear even gold itſelf." I find the *Oxford* editor reads *though*, which I was not aware of, before I had made the obſervation.

(4) See *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act 3. Sc. 6. and *Hamlet*, Act. 3. Sc. 2.

ACT V. SCENE III.

A Woman's Jealouſy *more deadly than Poiſon.*

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth,
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt his meat was ſawc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moodie and dull melancholy,
(5) Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures and foes to life.

SCENE V. *Deſcription of a beggarly Conjurer or a Fortune-teller.*

(6)——A hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,

(5) *Kinſman*, &c.] It is objected by the critics againſt this paſſage, that the author makes *melancholy* firſt a *male* and then a *female*; a *kinſman* here, and in the next line, he ſays, at *her* heels; Mr. *Warburton*, therefore, at all adventures, condemns it as a *fooliſh interpolation* of ſome *ignorant editor*; and Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, *akin* to grim; *Shakeſpear* ſeems to have uſed the word in a general ſenſe for *relation*, and tho' the word properly ſignifies a *male-couſin*, yet it may expreſs a *couſin* or *relation* in general, as *homo*, tho' it properly ſignifies man, is not uncommonly applied to woman alſo. See, *As you like it*, p. 11. n. 4. The paſſage may be amended another way; tho' I think there is no occaſion for it, by reading, And at *their* heels,——*i. e.* the heels of *melancholy* and *deſpair*.

(6) See the deſcription of the apothecary in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

A needy

A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth took on him as a conjuror;
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt.———

SCENE VI. *Old-Age.*

Tho' now (7) this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory;
My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes,—I cannot err,
Tell me, thou art my ſon, *Antipholis.*

(7) *This*, &c.] See the old father's reſolute ſpeech in *Much ado about nothing*, Act 4. Sc. 2.

In the two laſt lines there is no need of alteration; the old man ſays—"*all theſe old witneſſes*, (above mentioned) *(I cannot err*, or be miſtaken in them) tell me thou art, *&c.*——I cannot err, ſhould be read as in a parentheſis, and the ſenſe is clear. Some would read—*which* or *that* cannot err, to avoid, as they call it, ſo *uncouth* a parentheſis, but an attentive reader will perceive great beauty in the words ſo underſtood.

Love's Labour loſt.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Self-Denial, a Conqueſt.

BRAVE conquerors! for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires.

Vanity of Pleaſures.

Why, all delights are vain: but that moſt vain,
Which with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

On Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others books:
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
(1) Too much to know, is to know nought, but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

(1) *Too much*, &c.] *i. e.* Knowing too much only renders our knowledge ſuperficial; and a deſire after great and univerſal *knowledge*, procures us nothing more than a bare acquaintance with the *fame*, report, or outſide of things, to which, *godfather* like, we give a name, but are utter ſtrangers to every thing elſe concerning them.

F R O S T.

———An envious-ſneaping (2) froſt,
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

A conceited Courtier, or Man of Compliments.

A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſic of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like inchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny,
This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate
(3) In high-born words the worth of many a knight,
From tawny *Spain*, loſt in the world's debate.

ACT II. SCENE I.

B E A U T Y.

My beauty, tho' but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmens tongues.

A merry Man.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal.

(2) *Sneaping*] To *ſneap* is a word ſtill uſed in the North ſignifying to *ſnub*, *chide* or *rebuke*.

(3) *In high-born*, &c.] *i. e.* He ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances, and in their very ſtyle. Why he ſays *from tawny Spain*, is, becauſe theſe romances being of *Spaniſh* original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country; why he ſays, *Loſt in the world's debate* is, becauſe the ſubject of thoſe romances were the Cruſades of the *European* chriſtians againſt the *Saracens* of *Aſia* and *Africa*. *Warburton*.

His

His eye begets occaſion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite raviſh'd;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

ACT III. SCENE III.

A comical Deſcription of Cupid *or* Love.

O! and I, forſooth, in love!
I, that have been loves whip;
A very beadle to a humorous ſigh:
A critic: nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, whiting, purblind, wayward boy,
This (4) *Signior Julio*'s giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*,

Regent

(4) *Signior Junio*'s, &c.] This is the reading of the *folio's*; and Mr. *Warburton* ſays, "by this is meant *youth* in general—" As I apprehend few readers will be ſatisfied with ſuch an explanation, let us ſee what other commentators obſerve. The *Oxford* editor reads *ſenior-junior*, "a criticiſm, Mr. *Theobald* tells us, once hinted to him, and which he readily came into; it ſeeming probable, that as there was a contraſt of terms in *giant-dwarf*, ſo there ſhould be in the words immediately preceding them. This *ſenior-junior*, i. e. this *old young man*: and there is indeed afterwards in this play a deſcription of *Cupid*, which ſorts very aptly with ſuch an emendation.

That was the way to make his godhead *wax*,
For he hath been five *thouſand* years a *boy*.

Tho' Mr. *Theobald* thought this conjecture exquiſitely imagin'd, he ventured not to diſturb the text, conceiving, the author might allude to ſome tale or character in an old play, and he fancies it to be that of *Junius* in the *Bonduca* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. This ſhews, that judicious critic not to have had full conviction of the juſtneſs of the conjecture, and he ſeems to have mentioned the character of *Junius*, merely thro' want of a better. Mr. *Upton* appears

Regent of love rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed ſovereign of ſighs and groans;
Liege of all loyterers and malecontents;
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting parators: (O my little heart)
And I to be a corporal of his file *,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, ſtoop *!
What? I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A woman, that is like a *German* clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going right, being a watch;
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right!

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

A Sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument)
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment:
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthy, thou a heavenly love:
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.

appears to have hit upon what he wanted: one ſtroke of the pen (ſays he, *Obſervations on Shakeſpear*, p. 231) will ſet to rights this intricate paſſage.

This ſignior *Julio*'s giant-dwarf, dan *Cupid.*

Perhaps this place, and ſome few others of this play, were touch'd by *Shakeſpear*'s hand; for I cannot perſuade myſelf the play is altogether his own; and he intended to compliment *Signior Julio Romano*, *Raphael*'s moſt renown'd ſcholar, who drew *Cupid* in the character of a giant-dwarf. This great artiſt our poet mentions in the *Winter's Tale*, Act 5.——"That rare *Italian* maſter *Julio Romano*——who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breathe into his works, would beguile nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape."—— This obſervation ſeems to carry full conviction.

* *File and ſtoop.* Mr. *Warburton*——Vulg. *Field and hoop.*

Vows

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
(5) Exhal'ſt this vapour-vow; in thee it is
If broken then; it is no fault of mine
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe,
To loſe an oath to win a paradiſe?

Another.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whoſe month is ever *May*,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow
Air, wou'd I might triumph ſo;
But, alack? my hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
(6) Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.

Do

(5) *Exhal'ſt*, &c.] I have made a ſlight reformation in the pointing here, which ſeems to give good ſenſe to the paſſage, otherwiſe not quite intelligible. It is commonly read,

Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine.

(6) *Vow*, &c.] *Spenſer* ſpeaking of the impoſſibility of *youth's* avoiding love, ſays very beautifully,

For this ſhe gave him warning ev'ry day
The love of women not to entertain;
A leſſon too too hard for living clay,
From love in courſe of nature to refrain.

B. 3. c 4. S. 26.

And in *Paſtor Fido*, *Lineo* tells the young ſhepherd, that young men, averſe to love, oppoſe the dictates of nature,

Il ciel u' ha dato, &c.

The

Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou, for whom ev'n *Jove* wou'd ſwear
Juno but an *Ethiope* were;
And deny himſelf for *Jove*,
Turning mortal for thy love.

The Power of Love.

But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every pow'r;
And gives to every pow'r a double pow'r,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind,
A lover's ears will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.
Love's feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails.
Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* groſs in taſte;
For valour, is not love a *Hercules*,
Still climbing trees in the *Heſperides?*
Subtle as *Sphinx*; as ſweet and muſical
As bright *Apollo*'s lute, ſtrung with his hair:
(7) And when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes

The all-diſpoſing heav'n
To every age hath proper humours giv'n;
And as in old men love abſurdly ſhews,
So young men enemies to love, oppoſe
Nature and heav'n———

Sir *R. Fanſhaw*, Act 1. Sc. 1.

(7) *And when*, &c.] *Theobald* and *Warburton* have ſo much confus'd this paſſage, by endeavouring to explain what they did not underſtand, that almoſt every one who reads their comment on it, will be equally perplex'd with themſelves. A very judi-

cious

Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony;
Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

Womens Eyes.

From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right *Promethean* fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe none at all in aught proves excellent.

ACT V. SCENE X.

Jeſt and Jeſter.

Your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T'enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death,
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.

Roſ. Why, that's the ways to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

cious gentleman of my acquaintance favour'd me with this clear and excellent explication of it.

I read the lines in queſtion,

" And when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
" Makes heaven drouſy with the harmony."

Could the poet pay a finer compliment to love than to ſay, that " when he talk'd, all the reſt of the gods ſeem'd to ſpeak " ſuch nonſenſe as was enough to make heaven drouſy?" There is, I grant you, a critical inaccuracy in the lines, but it is ſuch as is characteriſtical of your author, it is a *Shakeſpeariſm.*

Spring.

Spring. A Song.

When daiſies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
(8) And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The cuckow then on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

Winter. A Song.

When iſicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the ſhepherd blows his nail;
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! to-whoo!
A merry note,
While greaſy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

(8) *And cuckow-buds*] The ſame gentleman mention'd in the foregoing page, was ſo kind as to oblige me with the following explanation of *Cuckow* or *Cocou-flower*, which is the "*Fragaria ſterilis*, a kind of flower reſembling the ſtrawberry before it ripens, and is of a *yellow hue*, but never bears fruit."

When

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And *Marian*'s noſe looks red and raw;
When roaſted (9) crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! to whoo!
A merry note,
While greaſy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

(9) *Crabs,*] See *Midſummer Night's Dream*, note 5. In very likeneſs of a *roaſted crab*.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Virtue given to be exerted.

HEav'n (1) doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines

(1) *Heaven*, &c.] See *Matt.* c. v. 14, 16. So in *Paſtor Fido*, our virtues are ſaid to be derived from, and given us by heaven.

Queſta parte di noi, chi intende, e vede,
Non é noſtra virtú, ma vien dal cielo:
Eſſo la dà come a lui piace, e togli.

That part of us, by which we ſee and know,
Is not *our* virtue, but deriv'd from heav'n,
That gives it, and can take what it hath given.
Sir *R. Fanſhawe.*

Horace tells us, virtue concealed is of little conſequence,

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus.

And *Perſius* ſays the ſame of knowledge, in that well known quaint line,

Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi te ſcire hoc ſciat alter.

Science is not ſcience till reveal'd. DRYDEN.

Drayton in his epiſtles (that of king *John* to *Matilda*) has a thought not unlike the latter part of this paſſage.

Fie, peeviſh girl, ingrateful unto nature,
Did ſhe to this end frame thee ſuch a creature,
That thou her glory ſhould'ſt encreaſe thereby?
And thou alone doſt ſcorn ſociety?

Herſelf

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And *Marian*'s noſe looks red and raw;
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But to fine iſſues: nor nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines

(1) *Heaven*, &c.] See *Matt.* c. v. 14, 16. So in *Paſtor Fido*, our virtues are ſaid to be derived from, and given us by heaven.

Queſta parte di noi, chi intende, e vede,
Non é noſtra virtú, ma vien dal cielo:
Eſſo la dà come a lui piace, e togli.

That part of us, by which we ſee and know,
Is not *our* virtue, but deriv'd from heav'n,
That gives it, and can take what it hath given.
Sir *R. Fanſhawe.*

Horace tells us, virtue concealed is of little conſequence,

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus.

And *Perſius* ſays the ſame of knowledge, in that well known quaint line,

Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi te ſcire hoc ſciat alter.

Science is not ſcience till reveal'd. DRYDEN.

Drayton in his epiſtles (that of king *John* to *Matilda*) has a thought not unlike the latter part of this paſſage.

Fie, peeviſh girl, ingrateful unto nature,
Did ſhe to this end frame thee ſuch a creature,
That thou her glory ſhould'ſt encreaſe thereby?
And thou alone doſt ſcorn ſociety?

Herſelf

Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe.

SCENE VI. *The Conſequence of Liberty indulged.*

As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turns to reſtraint. Our natures do purſue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil, and when we drink we die.

Eloquence and Beauty.

——— In her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men; beſides ſhe hath a proſp'rous art
When ſhe wou'd play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

SCENE VII. *Pardon, the Sanction of Wickedneſs.*

For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment.

A ſevere ſaint-like Governor.

(2) Lord *Angelo* is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy: ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee,
If pow'r change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be.

SCENE VIII. *Reſolution.*

(3) Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

The

(2) *Lord*, &c. See *Angelo*'s character again, p. 6.
(3) *Our*, &c.] So, in favour of fortitude and reſolution, *Medea* (in the tragedy of *Seneca*, ſo called) ſays,

Fortuna fortes metuit, ignavos premit.

Nut. *Tunc*

The Prayers of Maidens effectual.

Go to lord *Angelo*,
(4) And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like gods! but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themſelves would owe them.

ACT II. SCENE I.

All Men frail.

(5) Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,

Nut. *Tunc eſt probanda, ſi locum* virtus *habet.*
Med. *Nunquam poteſt non eſſe virtuti locus.* Act 2.

———Fortune dreads the brave,
And triumphs o'er the coward.
N. She is then
Moſt aptly to be tried, when there is room
For reſolution.
M. There never can want room and opportunity
For reſolution to exert itſelf.

(4) *And*, &c.]———Lift her from the earth;
Why do you let her kneel ſo long? Alas!
Madam, your beauty uſes to command,
And not to beg. *A King and no King*, Act 3.

(5) *Let*, &c.] This is a fine remark, and worthy the attention of all thoſe who reflect vehemently on the offences of others, and never remember the frailty and imperfection of their own nature: like thoſe ſo ſeverely condemned by our bleſſed Saviour, who could obſerve the mote in their brother's eye, but perceived not the beam in their own. Our excellent author well knowing, that notwithſtanding this, the offences of others were no juſtification of our own, has added a fine anſwer to this ſpeech, to obviate that objection.

The *Oxford* editor reads the laſt line in the text,

Err'd in this point, you cenſure now in him.

But *Shakeſpear* very frequently omits the ſmaller particles, as here,——I not deny, for I do not deny. In *Julius Cæſar*,

And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things, for to *great things*.

and here *you cenſure him*, for *in* him, beſides a thouſand more inſtances. That,

That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing;
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

The Faults of others no Juſtification of our own.

(6) 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the pris'ner's life,
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence;
For I have had ſuch faults: but rather tell me,
When I that cenſure him do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

SCENE V. *Mercy frequently miſtaken.*

Mercy is not itſelf that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe.

(6) *'Tis one thing*, &c.] So *Horace*,

But have you, Sir, no vices of your own?
That I have vices, frankly I confeſs,
But of a different kind, and ſomewhat leſs.
Mænius on abſent *Nevius* vents his ſpleen;
And do you think your follies are unſeen?
Another anſwers, ——No. I well perceive,
Quoth *Mænius*, but a kind indulgence give
To my own faults. This is a fooliſh love,
And vitious; which our cenſure ſhould reprove:
For wherefore, while you careleſsly paſs by
Your own worſt vices with unheeding eye,
Why ſo ſharp-ſighted in another's fame,
Strong as an eagle's ken, or dragon's beam?

Francis, Sat. 3. B. 1.

SCENE VII. *Mercy in Governors commended.*

(7) No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does.

The Duty of mutual Forgiveneſs.

——Alas! alas!
(8) Why, all the ſouls that are, were forfeit once.
And he, that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Juſtice.

Iſab. (9) Yet ſhew ſome pity.
Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe I do not know;

(7) See *Merchant of Venice*, Act 4. Sc. 2. and n.

(8) *Why, all,* &c.] There is a paſſage in the *Bloody Brother* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* like this, from the mouth of a young lady too.

——You are a god above us,
Be as a god then, full of ſaving mercy;
Mercy, Oh mercy, Sir, for his ſake mercy,
That when your ſtout heart weeps, ſhall give you pity.
Act 2.

And a little further it is ſaid, (as in the foregoing paſſage from *Shakeſpear*) *Mercy becomes a prince and guards him beſt.*

(9) *Yet,* &c.] I remember a paſſage in ſome of the ancients, but cannot recollect where, very like this.

——*Plus ſæpe nocet patientia regis,*
Quam rigor; ille nocet paucis, hæc incitat omnes,
Dum ſe ferre ſuos ſperant impune reatus.
Of greater evils mercy's oft the cauſe,
Than rigorous execution of the laws,
Which only harms the wretches that offend:
While all, when guilt no puniſhments attend,
Are loudly call'd and ſummoned to ſin.——

Which

Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gaul:
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another.

The Abuſe of Authority.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
To uſe it like a giant.

Great Mens Abuſe of Power.

Could great men thunder,
As *Jove* himſelf does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would uſe his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
(10) Thou rather with thy ſharp, and ſulph'rous, bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgable and (11) gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Dreſt in a little brief authority,

(10) *Thou rather*, &c.] Biſhop *Hall*, in his *Defiance to Envy*, before his book of *Satires*, begins,

Nay, let the prouder pines of *Ida* fear,
The ſudden fires of heaven, and decline
Their yielding tops, that dar'd the ſkies while-ere:
And ſhake your ſturdy trunks, ye prouder pines,
Whoſe ſwelling grains are like be gal'd alone,
With the deep furrowes of the thunder-ſtone.
Stand ye ſecure, ye ſafer ſhrubs below,
In humble dales, whom heavens do not deſpight:
Nor angry clouds conſpire your overthrow,
Envying at your too diſdainful height.

(11) *Gnarled.*] i. e. knotty. The author in the laſt line ſeems to conſider *laughter*, as a merely mortal paſſion, and an unworthy one: he ſuppoſes the angels without that ſpleen, or inclination to ill-natured laughter, ſo ſtrong in man; and adds, if they had it, they would find ſo great cauſe to exert it, from the fantaſtic tricks men daily play, that they would laugh themſelves out of their immortality; a phraſe of the ſame import as ours, "*I ſhall laugh myſelf to death*," God is ſaid, in the ſcripture, figuratively, *to laugh his enemies to ſcorn.*

Mo

Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep: who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

The Privilege of Authority.

Great men may jeſt with ſaints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Honeſt Bribery.

Iſab. Hark how I'll bribe you!
Ang. How? bribe me?
Iſab. Not with fond ſhekles of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones whoſe rate is either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers
That ſhall be up at heaven and enter there
E're the ſun riſe: prayers from preſerved ſouls,
From faſting maids whoſe minds are dedicated
To nothing temporal.

SCENE VIII. *The Power of virtuous Beauty.*

Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
Than woman's lightneſs? Having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? Or, what art thou, *Angelo?*
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live;
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What! do I love her,

That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! Moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: ne'er could the ſtrumpet
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:——

SCENE X. *Love in a grave, ſevere Governor.*

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſev'ral ſubjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilſt my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel.* Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart, the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown (10) fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. (11) Oh, place! oh, form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming!

SCENE XI. *Fornication and Murder equal'd.*

——*Ang.* 'Twere as good
To pardon him that hath from nature ſtol'n,
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſaucy lewdneſs, that do coin heav'ns image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as juſt
Falſely to take away a life true made,

(10) *Fear'd*] Fear'd in this place will bear the two ſenſes of either *dreaded* or *diſlik'd*; if the former, particular emphaſis is to be laid on *good*, and indeed that ſeems the beſt ſenſe.

(11) *Oh, place*, &c.] The reader is deſired to compare this paſſage on the deceit of place and form, with that fine one on *ornament*, in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act 3. Sc. 2.

As

As to put mettle in reſtrained means
To make a falſe one.

A Simile on the Preſence of the beloved Object.

———Oh heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both That unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive; and even ſo
The gen'ral ſubjects to a well-wiſht king
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence.

SCENE XI. *Lowlineſs of Mind.*

Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf.

Temporal far better than eternal Death.

(12)———Better it were, a brother dy'd at once,
That that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

(12) *Better*, &c.] *Iſabella* makes this fine ſpeech to the governor, who for her chaſtity would have given her her brother's life: ſhe afterwards tells her brother-----" There was no remedy to ſave his life, but ſuch, as to ſave a head would rent a heart in twain"---In *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *King and no King*, there is an excellent ſimilar paſſage.

Thou wilt bluſh for me,
And hang thy head down like a violet
Full of the morning dew: there is a way
To gain thy freedom, but 'tis ſuch a one,
As puts thee in worſe bondage, and I know
Thou wou'dſt encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it.-------

Act 4. (latter end.)

Womens Frailty.

Ang.——Nay, Women are frail too.

Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
(13) Which are as eaſy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heaven! men their creation mar,
In profiting by them; nay, call us ten times frail:
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints,

ACT III. SCENE I.

HOPE.

(14) The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only Hope.

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Reaſon thus with life;
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools (15) would keep; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the ſkiey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict; merely thou art death's fool: (16)
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,

(13) *Which*, &c.] See *Cymbeline*, Act 2. Sc. 7, and n.

(14) *The*, &c.] The reader will find a good ode to *Hope*, in *Cowley*'s *Miſtreſs*, p. 43. ed. 1678. *Tibullus* ſays,

Jam mala finiſſem letho, ſed credula vitam
Spes fovet, & melius cras fore ſemper ait.

Death long ago had ta'en my grief away,
But flattering *hope* ſtill urges on delay,
And ſays, to-morrow'll bring a better day.
Dart.

(15) *Wou'd keep*, &c.] *i. e.* Wou'd *wiſh* to *keep*; *wou'd*, in this place, conveying that idea; it being no uncommon thing in *Shakeſpear*, to underſtand *intention*, *willingneſs* and *deſire*, in his uſe of verbs; a cuſtom very familiar in the *Greek* language. I cannot entirely approve *keep'ſt* again in the 3d line following, and could wiſh I had any authority for a better word.

(16) By *Death's Fool*, he means the *fool* that was introduced in the old *farces* on the ſtage, where *death* or *fate* was another figure, from whom the *fool* uſed to endeavour to fly by all the ſtratagems he could, which notwithſtanding at every turn brought him more immediately into the jaws of death.

(17) The

And yet run'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. (17) Thou art not noble;
For all th'accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. (18) Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get,
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee ſire;
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo, and the rheum,

(17) The next lines are thus judiciouſly explained by Mr. *Edwards*: "*Shakeſpear* is not here conſidering man as a moral agent, but is ſpeaking of animal life, the *accommodations* [conveniences] of which, he ſays, are *nurs'd* [ſupplied and ſupported by *baſeneſs*, [thoſe that are eſteemed the lower and meaner part, of the creation, ſuch as wool, ſilk, the excrements of beaſts, and inſects, *&c.* or by the labour and ſervice of the meaneſt people.] King *Lear* fell into the ſame reflection on ſeeing the naked beggar, "Conſider him well. Thou oweſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated; thou art the thing itſelf: *unaccommodated*, man is no more, but ſuch a poor bare-forked animal as thou art. *Lear*, Act 3 Sc. 5. See *Can. of Criticiſm*, p. 99.

(18) *Thy beſt*, &c.] *Habes ſomnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin ſenſus in morte nullus ſit, cum in ejus ſimulachro videas eſſe nullum ſenſum.* You have ſleep, the image of death, which every day you ſubmit to, and yet doubt, whether there be any ſenſation in death, when you find none at all in that great reſemblance of it. *Cicero.* Mr. *Warburton* obſerves, *Shakeſpear* has with great judgment omitted the Epicurean inſinuation in imitating this paſſage.

For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth nor age
But as it were an after dinner's ſleep,
(19) Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth

(19) *Dreaming*, &c.] *Shakeſpear* is here endeavouring to ſhew that we have no real enjoyment in life, either in *youth* or *age*; and this he does very properly by obſerving, "that our *bleſſed* youth [the time that ſhould be bleſſed and happy] is eaten up with the care and canker of age, and thro' our deſire of heaping up ſomething for the future becomes a *very* old-age, of which it does, as it were, *beg alms* by intruding on its concerns, aſking after its caution and ſedulity, requeſting its ſtaidneſs, and ſharing all its anxieties: thus ſtudious for the future, our happy days of youth are like old-age, and become joyleſs: and when real old-age comes on, the time we have in our youth labour'd and expected to enjoy, the infirmities of it deſtroy all power of enjoyment, tho' we have the poſſeſſions we wiſh'd for, and became *old* in our *youth* to acquire; we have neither ſoul nor deſire to uſe 'em, we have neither ſtrength nor grace of body to make them and ourſelves pleaſant, and are utterly incapacitated for all the endearments, delights and ſatisfactions of life. *Horace* obſerves, 'tis the pretence all men uſe for their labours, that they may retire at laſt; and for this they give up all the joys of youth, and *become as aged*.

Profeſs, their various labours they ſuſtain,
A decent competence for age to raiſe,
And then retire with indolence and eaſe:
Francis's *Hor.* Sat. 1. l. 1.

And *Lucretius* obſerves, our cares for things future, and neglect of the preſent, rob us entirely of all the comforts of life.

But yet becauſe thou ſtill did'ſt ſtrive to meet
The abſent, and contemn'dſt the preſent ſweet,
Death ſeems unwelcome, and thy race half run;
Thy courſe of life ſeems ended, when begun:
And unexpected haſty death deſtroys,
Before thy greedy mind is full of joys.

And a little before, he obſerves,

Then why fond mortal doſt thou aſk for more,
Why ſtill deſire t'increaſe thy wretched ſtore,
And wiſh for what muſt waſte like thoſe before?
Not rather free thyſelf from pains and fear,
And end this life and neceſſary care? &c.

See *Creech*, B. 3. l. 930.

I don't conceive how Mr. *Warburton* can make *beg the alms* of *palſied eld* ſignify—— "*thou immediately contracteſt the infirmities of* old-age, as particularly the palſy, &c.——"

Be-

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

SCENE II. *The Terrors of Death moſt in Apprehenſion.*

Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Leſt thou a fev'rous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral ſufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

Reſolution from a Senſe of Honour.

Claud.—Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you I want a reſolution fetch'd
From flow'ry tenderneſs? If I muſt die
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in my arms.

An outwardly pious Governor.

(20) There my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice.

Yes,

(20) *There*, &c.] There cannot be a nobler or more bold expreſſion than this: in the *Tempeſt*, Act 5. Sc. 2. with peculiar grandeur, he ſays,

Graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers.

Nor is ſuch a manner of ſpeaking uncommon with him, in *Hamlet*, we find, when mention is made of the ghoſt,

In which the *majeſty* of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometime march.

Yes, thou muſt die,
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward ſainted deputy,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th'head, and follies doth emmew
As falconer doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

The Terrors of Death.

Claud.——Death's a fearful thing.
Iſabel. And ſhamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the (21) delighted ſpirit

To

The word *emmew* in the ſubſequent lines ſignifies,—to *coop*, or *mew up*, to *confine*; which plainly directs to the true reading in the next line; it has hitherto been printed in all the editions, *falcon*; how abſurdly I need not ſay: the alteration is eaſy and ſelf-evident. Mr. *Upton* would tranſpoſe *filth* and *pond*, and read,

His *pond* within being caſt——&c.
A *filth* as deep as hell.

Either reading makes very good ſenſe; the reader will prefer which moſt pleaſes him.

(21) *Delighted*, &c.] This alludes not to any actual delight, but either the former *delight* and *eaſe* the ſpirit had enjoy'd here, or its preſent capacity for *delight*, which might aggravate its tortures: I think the firſt the preferable ſenſe——the delighted ſpirit, or the ſpirit that while on earth was delighted and fed with enjoyments and eaſe. The once *delighted ſpirit*—ſo it is ſaid of *Dives*, remember that thou in thy life time receiv'dſt *thy good things*, *Luke* xv. 25. *Virgil* has aſſigned nearly the ſame puniſhment to the damned, that *Shakeſpear* and *Milton* have.

Ergo exercentur pœnis veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt. Aliæ panduntur inanes
Suſpenſæ ad ventos: *aliis ſub gurgite vaſto*
Infectum eluitur ſcelus, aut exuritur igni.

To

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice;

To

Therefore with puniſhment they are explor'd,
And pay due penance for their former crimes.
Some hang expanded to the empty winds;
The guilt ingrain'd of others in th' abyſs
Of ſeas is waſh'd; or burnt away with fire.
Trapp, Æn. 6. v. 729.

I rather chuſe to give the reader a literal tranſlation of the words, however unpoetical, than a poetical one, that ridicules the author. *Dryden hangs* the poor ghoſts *upon the wind to bleach* (line 1003) and *Pitt*, his faithful, tho' unequal follower, does them the ſame honour.

And hang on high to *whiten* in the wind. 1033.

In *Milton*, the horrors of the damn'd are thus deſcrib'd;

While we perhaps,
Caught in a fiery tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his rock tranſfix'd, the ſport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds: or for ever ſunk
Under the boiling ocean, wrapt in chains, &c.——

And again,

Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to ſtarve in ice
Their ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
B. 2. 180, & 596.

Dr. *Newton* obſerves, "*Shakeſpear* has not made theſe extremes of heat and cold alternate, as *Milton* has deſcrib'd them, and thereby greatly refined and improved the thought." But tho' doubtleſs there is great excellence in *Milton*'s ſuppoſing the damn'd to ſuffer theſe extremes interchangeably and by turns, yet it is plain from the text, *Shakeſpear* meant the very ſame, tho' he has not ſo ſtrongly expreſt it, as indeed there was no occaſion. The ſpirit was either to bathe in *fiery floods*, or if releaſed from them, to reſide in *thrilling* regions of *thick-ribbed ice*, or, if releaſed from this torture, he was to be impriſoned in the *viewleſs winds*, and blown with *reſtleſs violence* round

To be impriſoned in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
(22) The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, impriſonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

about the *pendant world* (lines unequal'd by *Virgil*'s and *Milton*'s *inanes ſuſpenſæ ad ventos, and the ſport and prey of wracking whirlwinds)* or, unacquainted with the variety and extremes of torture to be afflicted, he feared being puniſh'd with ſeverer ſufferings than the devil and his rebellious crew; being worſe tormented than the very worſt of thoſe, whom, lawleſs and incertain thoughts [the thoughts of the lawleſs or impious, which are ever incertain and doubtful, and on account of thoſe doubts, more dreadful] imagine to be howling. See *Upton*'s obſervations on *Shakeſpear*, p. 218.

(22) *The*, &c. That ſcandalous and unbecoming wiſh of *Mecænas*, which we find in the 101ſt epiſtle of *Seneca*, is not unlike this mean fear of death betray'd in *Claudio*'s ſpeech;

Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede, coxa,
Tuber adſtrue gibberum,
Lubricos quate dentes;
Vita, dum ſupereſt, bene eſt.
Hanc mihi vel acutam
Si des, ſuſtineo crucem.

Uſe of every limb deſtroy,
Hand and foot, and leg and thigh,
Pluck out my teeth, and cover o'er
My body with each ulcerous ſore;
Let but life and breath remain,
Very gladly I'd ſuſtain
Even, the torturing croſs's pain.

And in that fine play of *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, *Lycon*, praying for life, ſays,

Oh, chain me? whip me! let me be the ſcorn
Of ſordid rabbles, and inſulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life moſt wretched.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Virtue and Goodneſs.*

Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful.

SCENE IV. *A Bawd.*

The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice? Say to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf and live,
Can'ſt thou believe thy living is a life
So ſtinkingly depending? Go mend, mend.

SCENE VI. *Calumny unavoidable.*

No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure ſcape: back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?

ACT IV. SCENE III.

A beautiful Song.

I.

Take, Oh, take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn;
But my kiſſes bring again
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

II.

Hide, oh hide, thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that *April* wears;
But my poor heart, firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.

N. B. *The ſecond ſtanza is added from* Shakſpear's *poems.*

Great

Greatneſs ſubject to Cenſure.

O, place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee; volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies.

SCENE VI. *Sound Sleep.*

As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies (23) ſtarkly in the traveller's bones.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Character of an arch Hypocrite.

O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'ſt,
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs: make not impoſſible
That which but ſeems unlike; 'tis not impoſſible
But one the wickedſt caitiff on the ground
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute
As *Angelo*; e'ven ſo may *Angelo*,
With all his dreſſings, carats, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: truſt me, royal prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing: but he's more
Had I more names for badneſs.

(23) *Starkly.*] *i. e.* Stiffly, wearily, ſoundly.

The Merchant of Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mirth and Melancholy.

NOW by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And others of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

The Imprudence of ſetting too great a Value upon the World.

You have too much reſpect upon the world;
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.

The true Value of the World.

I hold the world, but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where every man muſt play his part.

CHEARFULNESS.

(1) Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And

(1) *Let*, &c.] The author carries on the compariſon of the ſtage, and alludes to the known character of the *fool*, in the ancient

And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans,
Why ſhould a man whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh?

Affected Gravity.

(2) I tell thee what, *Antonio*,
There are a ſort of men whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhou'd ſay, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
O, my *Antonio*, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing. ———

cient dramatic pieces; this ſpeech is quite in the ſpirit of *Anacreon* and *Horace*; ſee the 4th, 11th, and 15th odes of *Anacreon*; and the 11th of the 2d book of *Horace*, &c. *Manilius* ſays,

Quid tam ſollicitis vitam, &c.

Why ſhou'd our time run out in uſeleſs years,
Of anxious troubles and tormenting fears;
With no ſucceſs and no advantage crown'd,
Why ſhou'd we ſtill tread an unfiniſh'd round?
Why ſhou'd deluding hopes diſturb our eaſe,
Vain to purſue yet eager to poſſeſs?
Grown grey in hairs how ſenſeleſs is the ſtrife;
In ſeeking how to live we waſte a life:
The more we have, the meaner is our ſtore.
Whilſt what we have we loſe, and only crave for more.
B. 4. *Creech.*

(2) *I tell*, &c.] This fine paſſage always puts me in mind of a remark made by *Dryden*; "There are, who wanting *wit*, affect gravity, and go by the name of *ſolid men*, and a ſolid man is in plain *Engliſh*, a ſolid, ſolemn fool."

L O-

LOQUACITY.

Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice:* his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff: you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find 'em, and when you have them they are not worth the ſearch.——

SCENE II. *Mediocrity.*

(3) For aught I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happineſs to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Speculation more eaſy than Practice.

If to do, were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages

(3) *For,* &c.] *Horace* ſays beautifully,

Multa petentibus
Deſunt multa: bene eſt cui deus obtulit
Parcâ, quod ſatis eſt, manu.

——Much will always wanting be
To thoſe who much deſire; thrice happy he
To whom the wiſe indulgency of heav'n,
With ſparing hand, but juſt enough has giv'n.
Cowley, B. 3, O. 24.

And in his epiſtles, B. 1. E. 14. he obſerves,

At bona pars hominum, &c.——

Moſt by their own falſe hopes deceiv'd, cry out,
They have not yet enough.——
——My friend, complain no more;
He that hath needful things can ne'er be poor:
If with ſound food and cloathing you are ſtor'd,
Not more than this can kingly wealth afford.
Creech.

princes

princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions; (4) I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel, the cripple.

A JEW's Malice.

Baſſ. This is Signior *Antonio.*

Shylock. How like a fawning publican he looks [*Aſide.*
I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian,
But more for that in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of uſance here in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the antient grudge I bear him,
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails
Ev'n then where merchants moſt do congregate
On me, my bargains, and my well won thrift,
Which he calls, intereſt. Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him.

The JEW's Expoſtulation.

Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft,
In the Ryalto you have rated me
About my monies and my uſances.
Still have I born it with a patient ſhrug,
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me miſbeliever, cut throat Dog,

(4) *I can*, &c.] Αλλῳ πονηρῳ ραδιον παραινεσαι
Εϛιν ποιησαι δ'αυτον ουχι ραδιον.
Philemon.

'Tis eaſier to adviſe another in diſtreſs,
Than follow in like circumſtances our own
Teaching——

And

And ſpit upon my *Jewiſh* Gabardine:
And all for uſe of that, which is my own:
Well then it now appears you need my help—
Go to then—you come to me and ſay,
Shylock, we wou'd have monies—you ſay ſo,
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold—Money is your ſuit——
What ſhould I ſay to you?—Should I not ſay
Hath a dog money?—Is it poſſible
A Cur can lend three thouſand ducats, or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this, Fair Sir, you ſpit on me laſt *Wedneſday*
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day. Another time
You call'd me dog, and for theſe courteſies,
I'll lend you thus much monies.

HYPOCRISY.

(5) Mark you this, *Baſſanio*,

(5) *Mark you*] The devil, in *Paradiſe Loſt*, (B. 4. v. 12) is ſaid to be the firſt who practiſed this kind of hypocriſy.

——And was the firſt
That practis'd falſhood under ſaintly ſhew,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.

We have a fine moral ſentence, in the form of an allegory, on hypocriſy, in *Milton*, which by ſome is cenſured as a digreſſion; but every reader, I imagine, will gladly excuſe a poet, for ſuch digreſſions and ſuch noble ſentiments;

For neither man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will through heav'n and earth:
And oft though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while wiſdom thinks no ill,
Where no ill ſeems,—— B. 3. v. 683.

Spenſer's fine allegorical deſcription of *hypocriſy*, will be a good comment on *Shakeſpear*.

At

The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe;
An evil ſoul producing holy witneſs,

At length they chanc't to meet upon the way,
An aged ſire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary graie,
And by his belt his book he hanging had:
Sober he ſeem'd and very ſagely ſad:
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in ſhewe, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he praied, as he went,
And often knockt his breaſt as one that did repent—

The excellent author of *Telamachus*, nobly ſatyrizes this vice, in his 18th book, (where his heroe deſcends to the realms below;) which permit me thus to verſify;

Numbers of hypocrites in theſe abodes,
The curſe of mortals and the hate of gods,
He ſaw, religion's ſpecious garb who wore,
To cloak their crimes, and gild their vices o'er:
To god-born virtue who the lie had given,
And not abus'd mankind alone, but heav'n:
Theſe 'midſt the damn'd ſevereſt ſufferings find,
As the moſt mean and abject of mankind:
Children, whoſe impious hands their parents ſlew,
And wives, whoſe hate the blood of huſbands drew,
Traitors, who perjury's black guilt deſpis'd,
And ſolemnly their country ſacrific'd:
All, as leſs guilty, leſs ſeverely feel
The torturing horrors of avenging hell:
And juſt the ſentence, righteous the decrees,
By the infernal judges paſt on theſe:
Since to be impious not enough they deem,
Unlike the wicked, they wou'd virtuous ſeem:
And thus deceiving in fair virtue's ſhew,
They render virtue's ſelf-ſuſpected too.

I am not greatly ſatisfied with *goodly*, repeated in the two laſt lines of the text, but find no authority to alter it.

In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, *Iſabel* ſays,

Oh 'tis the cunning'ſt livery of hell,
The damnedſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards.——

We may obſerve in the folio it is printed, *In prenzie gardes*; which ſufficiently ſhews, there wants ſome alteration. Mr. *Warburton*, for *princely*, has given us *prieſtly*, and I believe very properly; but tho' *guards* ſignifies *lace*, &c. I imagine the true word to be *garbs*. *In prieſtly garbs.*

Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart,
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath!

ACT II. SCENE III.

Gravity aſſumed.

——Signior *Baſſanio*, hear me.
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more while grace is ſaying, hold mine eyes,
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam: never truſt me more.

SCENE VI. *The Jew's commands to his Daughter.*

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then.
Nor thruſt your head into the public ſtreet,
To gaze on chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces;
But ſtop my houſe's ears; I mean my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.

SCENE VII. *Fruition more languid than Expectation.*

O, ten times faſter, *Venus'* pigeons fly
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.
——Who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with th'unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,

Are

Are with more pleaſure chaſed than enjoyed.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The ſcarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet-wind?
How like the prodigal doth ſhe return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet-wind!

SCENE IX. Portia's *Suitors.*

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
Th' *Hyrcanian* deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wild *Arabia*, are as thorough-fares
Now, for princes to come view fair *Portia.*
The wat'ry kingdom whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair *Portia.*

The Parting of Friends.

I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Antonio* part,
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwered, do not ſo;
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love,
Be merry and (6) employ your chiefeſt thoughts

To

(6) *Employ*, &c.] The ſenſe ſeems here evidently to require we ſhould read *apply*. There is ſomething extremely tender and pathetic in this deſcription: there is a fine paſſage in *Virgil*, the 8th *Æneid*, where the good old *Evander* parts with his beloved ſon, *Pallas*; we can ſcarcely read it without tears;

Then old *Evander* with a cloſe embrace,
Strain'd his departing ſon, while tears o'erflow'd his face;
Wou'd Heaven, ſaid he, my ſtrength and youth recal,
Such as I was beneath *Præneſte*'s wall;

Such

To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love,
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection, wond'rous ſenſible,
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.

SCENE X. *Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only.*

For who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
(7) O, that eſtates, degrees and offices,

Were

Such if I ſtood renew'd, not theſe alarms,
Nor death ſhould rend me from my *Pallas*' arms:
Ye gods, and mighty *Jove*, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king.
If fate and you reſerve theſe eyes to ſee
My ſon return with joyful victory;
If the lov'd boy ſhould bleſs his father's ſight,
If we ſhall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length; let me ſuſtain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worſt of pain.
But if your hard decrees,—which—oh---I dread,
Have doom'd to death his undeſerving head:
This, O, this very moment let me die,
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie:
While yet poſſeſs'd of all his youthful charms,
I ſtrain him cloſe within theſe aged arms;
Before that fatal news my ſoul ſhall wound!
He ſaid, and ſwooning, ſunk upon the ground;
His ſervants bore him off, and ſoftly laid
His languiſh'd limbs upon his homely bed.

Dryden, v. 740.

(7) *O, that*, &c.] *Euripides*, in his *Hecuba*, has a fine reflection of this ſort;

Εν τωδε γαρ καμνουσιν αι πολλαι πολεις,
Οταν τις ισθλος, κ᾽ προθυμος ων ανηρ,
Μηδεν φερηται των κακιονων πλεον.

Many

Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhou'd cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low peaſantry wou'd then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour? How much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſhed?

Love-Meſſenger compar'd to an April-Day.

I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſador of love;
A day in *April* never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Jew's Revenge.

If it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindered me of half a million, laugh'd at my loſſes, mock'd at my gains, ſcorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes! Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? Fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poiſon us, do

——Many ſtates in this have err'd;
When with rank cowards levelling the brave,
They pocketed the claim of patient merit. *T. M.*

And the king, in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *King and no King*, juſtly obſerves,

Where there is no difference in mens worth,
Titles are jeſts.——

we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? If we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhou'd his ſufferance be by chriſtian example? Why revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall go hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Scene II. *MUSIC.*

Let muſic ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſic.—That the compariſon
May ſtand more juſt, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſic then? Then muſic is,
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow
To a new crowned monarch: ſuch it is
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ears,
And ſummon him to marriage.
————Now he goes
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice:
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared viſage, coming forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit.

The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.

The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?

There

There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee, 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt, that wear moſt of it.
So are thoſe criſped, ſnaky, golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſkull that bred them, in the ſepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
T'entrap the wiſeſt.—

(8) Portia's *Picture.*

What find I here?
Fair *Portia*'s counterfeit? What demy-god

Hath

(8) Lord *Lanſdown* has alter'd this play, and perhaps ſucceeded beſt of thoſe who have made that bold attempt: but an attentive reader will eaſily obſerve, how very much he has flatten'd many of the fineſt paſſages, where he has offer'd to amend, add or take from them: I choſe the preſent, as an inſtance; becauſe there are ſome, who imagine *Shakeſpear*'s original ſpeech inferior to the corrected one.

What find I here?
The *portraiture of Portia?*
What demi-god has come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or whether riding on the balls of mine,

Seem

Hath come ſo near creation? move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath: ſo ſweet a bar
Shou'd ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes!
How cou'd he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfiniſhed.

Succeſsful Lover compared to a Conqueror.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill about,
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe, be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I——

—His Thoughts to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd.

There is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt.——

Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with *ſweeteſt* breath: *the very odour*
Seems there expreſt, and thus invites the taſte;
And *here again, here* in her *lovely* hair, [*kiſſing the picture.*
The painter plays the ſpider, and has woven
A golden *ſnare to catch* the hearts of men;
But then her eyes?
How cou'd he gaze undazzled upon them,
And ſee to imitate?

There needs no commenting on theſe paſſages to ſhew how greatly his lordſhip falls ſhort of his inimitable original.

SCENE IV. *Implacable Revenge.*

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more;
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh and yield
To chriſtian interceſſions.

SCENE V. *A pert, bragging Youth.*

(9) I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd.
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them,
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell;
That men ſhall ſwear, I've diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelve month.——

SCENE VI. *Affectation in Words.*

(10) O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited?
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools that ſtand in better place,

(9) See *Much ado about nothing*, Act 4. Sc. 2. and n.

(10) *O dear*, &c.] The reader will beſt underſtand the ſatire contained in theſe lines, by the words which occaſioned them. *Launcelot* ſays, "For the table, Sir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the meat, Sir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern." Upon which, *Lorenzo* obſerves, *O, dear*, &c.

Gar-

Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſie word
Defy the matter.——

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Jew's Reaſon for his Revenge.

You aſk me why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats? I'll now anſwer that
By ſaying 'tis my humour; Is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you anſwer'd yet;
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others when the bag pipe ſings i'th' noſe,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Maſterleſs paſſion ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your anſwer;
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he a harmleſs neceſſary cat:
Why he a woolen bag-pipe; but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame
As to offend, himſelf being offended:
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear *Antonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?

SCENE II. *MERCY.*

The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſſed;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:

His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and maieſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
(11) It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.——

FORTUNE.

For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind,
Than is her cuſtom.——It is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty.——

ACT V. SCENE I.

Deſcription of a Moon-light Night.

How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, (12) and let the ſounds of muſic

Creep

(11) *It is*, &c.] ——In mercy and juſtice both
'Thro' heav'n and earth, ſo ſhall my glory excel;
But mercy firſt and laſt, ſhall brigheſt ſhine.
Part of the almighty's ſpeech in the 3d book of Paradiſe Loſt.
I cannot omit this noble paſſage from *Dryden*'s *All for Love*.

Heav'n has but
Our ſorrows for our ſins, and then delights
To pardon erring man: ſweet *mercy* ſeems
Its darling attribute, which limits juſtice,
As if there were degrees in infinite,
And infinite wou'd rather want perfection
Than puniſh to extent.

See *Titus Andronicus*, Act 1. Sc. 2. and *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act 2. Sc. 7.

(12) *And let*, &c.] In the *Double Falſhood*, which was publiſhed by Mr. *Theobald*, and ſaid to be written originally by *Shakeſpear*, there are ſome extreme fine lines on muſic.

Strike

Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs and the night
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, *Jeſica:* look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold;
(13) There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion, like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls! *
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe us in, we cannot hear it.

M U S I C.

Jeſſ. I'm never merry when I hear ſweet muſic.
Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,

Strike up, my maſters;
But touch the ſtrings with a religious ſoftneſs:
Teach ſound to languiſh thro' the night's dull ear,
Till melancholy ſtart from her lazy couch,
And careleſſneſs grow convert to attention.

Act 1. Sc. 3.

A gentleman of great judgment happening to commend theſe lines to Mr. *Theobald*, he aſſured him, he wrote them himſelf, and only them, in the whole play; if this be true, they are the beſt lines Mr. *Theobald* ever wrote in his life.

(13) *There's*, &c.] Mr. *Addiſon*'s well-known hymn may be no bad comment on our author;

The glorious firmament on high, *&c.*

* *Sounds*, ſome read, alluding to the harmony of the *ſpheres* as it is vulgarly called.

By the ſweet power of muſic. (14) Therefore the poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard and full of rage,
But muſic for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus:*
Let no ſuch man be truſted.

A good Deed compar'd to a Candle.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Moon light-Night.

This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

Nothing good out of Seaſon.

The crow does ſing as ſweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The *Nightingale*, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every *Gooſe* is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the *Wren*.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe and true perfection?
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

(14) *Therefore*, &c.] See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3. Sc. 5.

A

*A Midſummer * Night's Dream.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Father's Authority.

TO you your father ſhould be as a god,
One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To (1) leave the figure, or disfigure it.

N U N.

* *Midſummer*, &c.] *Fletcher* in his *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, ſeem'd deſirous of trying his ſtrength with *Shakeſpear*: there are doubtleſs many beauties in that performance, but ſuch as are viſibly copied from this exalted effort of the ſublimeſt imagination. The ſcene in the wood at night, and *Amoret* and *Perigot*'s quarrel, are exact copies; and the character of the ſatyr is a compound of *Ariel*, in the *Tempeſt*, and *Puck*, in this play. *Milton*'s fine maſque, ſufficiently ſhews how great an opinion that admirable poet had, both of the *Midſummer Night*'s *Dream* and the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*.

(1) *Leave*, &c.] The meaning of, to *leave* the *figure*, is no more than this—"That the child being but as a form imprinted in wax by the father, has as abſolute authority over it, to kill or ſave it, as he has over the waxen image, to *leave* the figure [to let it remain as he has form'd it] or entirely to disfigure [deſtroy, or melt it down again] and this is well explained by what the father ſays juſt before:

I beg the antient privilege of *Athens*,
As ſhe is mine I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that caſe.

His eye begets occaſion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite raviſh'd;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

ACT III. SCENE III.

A comical Deſcription of Cupid *or* Love.

O! and I, forſooth, in love!
I, that have been loves whip;
A very beadle to a humorous ſigh:
A critic: nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, whiting, purblind, wayward boy,
This (4) *Signior Julio*'s giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*,
Regent

(4) *Signior Junio*'s, &c.] This is the reading of the *folio's*; and Mr. *Warburton* ſays, "by this is meant *youth* in general—" As I apprehend few readers will be ſatisfied with ſuch an explanation, let us ſee what other commentators obſerve. The *Oxford* editor reads *ſenior-junior*, "a criticiſm, Mr. *Theobald* tells us, once hinted to him, and which he readily came into; it ſeeming probable, that as there was a contraſt of terms in *giant-dwarf*, ſo there ſhould be in the words immediately preceding them. This *ſenior-junior*, i. e. this *old young man*: and there is indeed afterwards in this play a deſcription of *Cupid*, which ſorts very aptly with ſuch an emendation.

That was the way to make his godhead *wax*,
For he hath been five *thouſand* years a *boy*.

Tho' Mr. *Theobald* thought this conjecture exquiſitely imagin'd, he ventured not to diſturb the text, conceiving, the author might allude to ſome tale or character in an old play, and he fancies it to be that of *Junius* in the *Bonduca* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. This ſhews, that judicious critic not to have had full conviction of the juſtneſs of the conjecture, and he ſeems to have mentioned the character of *Junius*, merely thro' want of a better. Mr. *Upton*
appears

Regent of love rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed ſovereign of ſighs and groans;
Liege of all loyterers and malecontents;
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting parators: (O my little heart)
And I to be a corporal of his file *,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, ſtoop *!
What? I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A woman, that is like a *German* clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going right, being a watch;
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right!

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

A Sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument)
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment:
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthy, thou a heavenly love:
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.

appears to have hit upon what he wanted: one ſtroke of the pen (ſays he, *Obſervations on Shakeſpear*, p. 231) will ſet to rights this intricate paſſage.

This ſignior *Julio*'s giant-dwarf, dan *Cupid.*

Perhaps this place, and ſome few others of this play, were touch'd by *Shakeſpear*'s hand; for I cannot perſuade myſelf the play is altogether his own; and he intended to compliment *Signior Julio Romano*, *Raphael*'s moſt renown'd ſcholar, who drew *Cupid* in the character of a giant-dwarf. This great artiſt our poet mentions in the *Winter's Tale*, Act 5.——"That rare *Italian* maſter *Julio Romano*——who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breathe into his works, would beguile nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape." —— This obſervation ſeems to carry full conviction.

* *File and ſtoop.* Mr. *Warburton*——Vulg. *Field and hoop.*

Vows

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
(5) Exhal'ſt this vapour-vow; in thee it is
If broken then; it is no fault of mine
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe,
To loſe an oath to win a paradiſe?

Another.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whoſe month is ever *May*,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow
Air, wou'd I might triumph ſo;
But, alack? my hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
(6) Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.

Do

(5) *Exhal'ſt*, &c.] I have made a ſlight reformation in the pointing here, which ſeems to give good ſenſe to the paſſage, otherwiſe not quite intelligible. It is commonly read,

Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine.

(6) *Vow*, &c.] *Spenſer* ſpeaking of the impoſſibility of *youth's* avoiding love, ſays very beautifully,

For this ſhe gave him warning ev'ry day
The love of women not to entertain;
A leſſon too too hard for living clay,
From love in courſe of nature to refrain.

B. 3. c 4. S. 26.

And in *Paſtor Fido*, *Lineo* tells the young ſhepherd, that young men, averſe to love, oppoſe the dictates of nature,

Il ciel n' ha dato, &c.

The

Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou, for whom ev'n *Jove* wou'd ſwear
Juno but an *Ethiope* were;
And deny himſelf for *Jove*,
Turning mortal for thy love.

The Power of Love.

But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every pow'r;
And gives to every pow'r a double pow'r,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind,
A lover's ears will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.
Love's feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails.
Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* groſs in taſte;
For valour, is not love a *Hercules*,
Still climbing trees in the *Heſperides?*
Subtle as *Sphinx*; as ſweet and muſical
As bright *Apollo*'s lute, ſtrung with his hair:
(7) And when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes

The all-diſpoſing heav'n
To every age hath proper humours giv'n;
And as in old men love abſurdly ſhews,
So young men enemies to love, oppoſe
Nature and heav'n———

Sir *R. Fanſhaw*, Act 1. Sc. 1.

(7) *And when*, &c.] *Theobald* and *Warburton* have ſo much confus'd this paſſage, by endeavouring to explain what they did not underſtand, that almoſt every one who reads their comment on it, will be equally perplex'd with themſelves. A very judicious

Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony;
Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

Womens Eyes.

From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right *Promethean* fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe none at all in aught proves excellent.

ACT V. SCENE X.

Jeſt and Jeſter.

Your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T'enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death,
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.

Roſ. Why, that's the ways to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

cious gentleman of my acquaintance favour'd me with this clear and excellent explication of it.

I read the lines in queſtion,

> " And when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
> " Makes heaven drouſy with the harmony."

Could the poet pay a finer compliment to love than to ſay, that " when he talk'd, all the reſt of the gods ſeem'd to ſpeak " ſuch nonſenſe as was enough to make heaven drouſy?" There is, I grant you, a critical inaccuracy in the lines, but it is ſuch as is characteriſtical of your author, it is a *Shakeſpeariſm*.

Spring.

Spring. A Song.

When daiſies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
(8) And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The cuckow then on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

Winter. A Song.

When iſicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the ſhepherd blows his nail;
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! to-whoo!
A merry note,
While greaſy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

(8) *And cuckow-buds*] The ſame gentleman mention'd in the foregoing page, was ſo kind as to oblige me with the following explanation of *Cuckow* or *Cocou-flower*, which is the "*Fragaria ſterilis*, a kind of flower reſembling the ſtrawberry before it ripens, and is of a *yellow hue*, but never bears fruit."

When

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And *Marian*'s noſe looks red and raw;
When roaſted (9) crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! to whoo!
A merry note,
While greaſy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

(9) *Crabs*,] See *Midſummer Night's Dream*, note 5. In very likeneſs of a *roaſted crab*.

Meaſure

Meaſure for Meaſure.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Virtue given to be exerted.

HEav'n (1) doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines

(1) *Heaven*, &c.] See *Matt.* c. v. 14, 16. So in *Paſtor Fido*, our virtues are ſaid to be derived from, and given us by heaven.

Queſta parte di noi, chi intende, e vede,
Non é noſtra virtú, ma vien dal cielo:
Eſſo la dà come a lui piace, e togli.

That part of us, by which we ſee and know,
Is not *our* virtue, but deriv'd from heav'n,
That gives it, and can take what it hath given.
Sir *R. Fanſhawe.*

Horace tells us, virtue concealed is of little conſequence,

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus.

And *Perſius* ſays the ſame of knowledge, in that well known quaint line,

Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi te ſcire hoc ſciat alter.

Science is not ſcience till reveal'd. DRYDEN.

Drayton in his epiſtles (that of king *John* to *Matilda*) has a thought not unlike the latter part of this paſſage.

Fie, peeviſh girl, ingrateful unto nature,
Did ſhe to this end frame thee ſuch a creature,
That thou her glory ſhould'ſt encreaſe thereby?
And thou alone doſt ſcorn ſociety?

Herſelf

Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe.

SCENE VI. *The Conſequence of Liberty indulged.*

As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turns to reſtraint. Our natures do purſue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil, and when we drink we die.

Eloquence and Beauty.

——— In her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men; beſides ſhe hath a proſp'rous art
When ſhe wou'd play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

SCENE VII. *Pardon, the Sanction of Wickedneſs.*

For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment.

A ſevere ſaint-like Governor.

(2) Lord *Angelo* is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy: ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee,
If pow'r change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be.

SCENE VIII. *Reſolution.*

(3) Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

The

(2) *Lord*, &c. See *Angelo*'s character again, p. 6.
(3) *Our*, &c.] So, in favour of fortitude and reſolution, *Medea* (in the tragedy of *Seneca*, ſo called) ſays,

Fortuna fortes metuit, ignavos premit.

Nut. *Tunc*

The Prayers of Maidens effectual.

Go to lord *Angelo*,
(4) And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like gods! but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themſelves would owe them.

ACT II. SCENE I.

All Men frail.

(5) Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,

Nut. *Tunc eſt probanda, ſi locum* virtus *habet.*
Med. *Nunquam poteſt non eſſe virtuti locus.* Act 2.

———Fortune dreads the brave,
And triumphs o'er the coward.
N. She is then
Moſt aptly to be tried, when there is room
For reſolution.
M. There never can want room and opportunity
For reſolution to exert itſelf.

(4) *And*, &c.]———Lift her from the earth;
Why do you let her kneel ſo long? Alas!
Madam, your beauty uſes to command,
And not to beg. *A King and no King*, Act 3.

(5) *Let*, &c.] This is a fine remark, and worthy the attention of all thoſe who reflect vehemently on the offences of others, and never remember the frailty and imperfection of their own nature: like thoſe ſo ſeverely condemned by our bleſſed Saviour, who could obſerve the mote in their brother's eye, but perceived not the beam in their own. Our excellent author well knowing, that notwithſtanding this, the offences of others were no juſtification of our own, has added a fine anſwer to this ſpeech, to obviate that objection.

The *Oxford* editor reads the laſt line in the text,

Err'd in this point, you cenſure now in him.

But *Shakeſpear* very frequently omits the ſmaller particles, as above,——I not deny, for I do not deny. In *Julius Cæſar*,

And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things, for to *great things*.

and here *you cenſure him*, for *in* him, beſides a thouſand more paſſages. That,

That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing;
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

The Faults of others no Juſtification of our own.

(6) 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the pris'ner's life,
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence;
For I have had ſuch faults: but rather tell me,
When I that cenſure him do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

SCENE V. *Mercy frequently miſtaken.*

Mercy is not itſelf that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe.

(6) *'Tis one thing*, &c.] So *Horace*,

But have you, Sir, no vices of your own?
That I have vices, frankly I confeſs,
But of a different kind, and ſomewhat leſs.
Mænius on abſent *Nevius* vents his ſpleen;
And do you think your follies are unſeen?
Another anſwers, ——No. I well perceive,
Quoth *Mænius*, but a kind indulgence give
To my own faults. This is a fooliſh love,
And vitious; which our cenſure ſhould reprove:
For wherefore, while you careleſsly paſs by
Your own worſt vices with unheeding eye,
Why ſo ſharp-ſighted in another's fame,
Strong as an eagle's ken, or dragon's beam?

Francis, Sat. 3. B. 1. v.

Sce

SCENE VII. *Mercy in Governors commended.*

(7) No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does.

The Duty of mutual Forgiveneſs.

——Alas! alas!
(8) Why, all the ſouls that are, were forfeit once.
And he, that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Juſtice.

Iſab. (9) Yet ſhew ſome pity.
Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe I do not know;

(7) See *Merchant of Venice*, Act 4. Sc. 2. and n.

(8) *Why, all*, &c.] There is a paſſage in the *Bloody Brother* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* like this, from the mouth of a young lady too.

——You are a god above us,
Be as a god then, full of ſaving mercy;
Mercy, Oh mercy, Sir, for his ſake mercy,
That when your ſtout heart weeps, ſhall give you pity.
Act 2.

And a little further it is ſaid, (as in the foregoing paſſage from *Shakeſpear*) *Mercy becomes a prince and guards him beſt.*

(9) *Yet*, &c.] I remember a paſſage in ſome of the ancients, but cannot recollect where, very like this.

——*Plus ſæpe nocet patientia regis,*
Quam rigor; ille nocet paucis, hæc incitat omnes,
Dum ſe ferre ſuos ſperant impune reatus.
Of greater evils mercy's oft the cauſe,
Than rigorous execution of the laws,
Which only harms the wretches that offend:
While all, when guilt no puniſhments attend,
Are loudly call'd and ſummoned to ſin.——

Which

Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gaul:
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another.

The Abuſe of Authority.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
To uſe it like a giant.

Great Mens Abuſe of Power.

Could great men thunder,
As *Jove* himſelf does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would uſe his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
(10) Thou rather with thy ſharp, and ſulph'rous, bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgable and (11) gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Dreſt in a little brief authority,

(10) *Thou rather*, &c.] Biſhop *Hall*, in his *Defiance to Envy*, before his book of *Satires*, begins,

Nay, let the prouder pines of *Ida* fear,
The ſudden fires of heaven, and decline
Their yielding tops, that dar'd the ſkies while-ere:
And ſhake your ſturdy trunks, ye prouder pines,
Whoſe ſwelling grains are like be gal'd alone,
With the deep furrowes of the thunder-ſtone.
Stand ye ſecure, ye ſafer ſhrubs below,
In humble dales, whom heavens do not deſpight:
Nor angry clouds conſpire your overthrow,
Envying at your too diſdainful height.

(11) *Gnarled.*] i. e. knotty. The author in the laſt lines ſeems to conſider *laughter*, as a merely mortal paſſion, and an unworthy one: he ſuppoſes the angels without that ſpleen, or inclination to ill-natured laughter, ſo ſtrong in man; and adds, if they had it, they would find ſo great cauſe to exert it, from the fantaſtic tricks men daily play, that they would laugh themſelves out of their immortality; a phraſe of the ſame import as ours, "*I ſhall laugh myſelf to death*," God is ſaid, in the ſcripture, figuratively, *to laugh his enemies to ſcorn.*

Moſt

Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep: who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

The Privilege of Authority.

Great men may jeſt with ſaints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Honeſt Bribery.

Iſab. Hark how I'll bribe you!
Ang. How? bribe me?
Iſab. Not with fond ſhekles of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones whoſe rate is either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers
That ſhall be up at heaven and enter there
E're the ſun riſe: prayers from preſerved ſouls,
From faſting maids whoſe minds are dedicated
To nothing temporal.

SCENE VIII. *The Power of virtuous Beauty.*

Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
Than woman's lightneſs? Having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? Or, what art thou, *Angelo?*
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live;
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What! do I love her,

That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! Moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: ne'er could the ſtrumpet
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:——

SCENE X. *Love in a grave, ſevere Governor.*

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſev'ral ſubjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilſt my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel.* Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart, the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown (10) fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. (11) Oh, place! oh, form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming!

SCENE XI. *Fornication and Murder equal'd.*

——*Ang.* 'Twere as good
To pardon him that hath from nature ſtol'n,
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſaucy lewdneſs, that do coin heav'ns image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as juſt
Falſely to take away a life true made,

(10) *Fear'd*] Fear'd in this place will bear the two ſenſes of either *dreaded* or *diſlik'd*; if the former, particular emphaſis is to be laid on *good*, and indeed that ſeems the beſt ſenſe.

(11) *Oh, place*, &c.] The reader is deſired to compare this paſſage on the deceit of place and form, with that fine one on *ornament*, in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act 3. Sc. 2.

As

As to put mettle in reſtrained means
To make a falſe one.

A Simile on the Preſence of the beloved Object.

———Oh heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both That unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive; and even ſo
The gen'ral ſubjects to a well-wiſht king
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence.

SCENE XI. *Lowlineſs of Mind.*

Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf.

Temporal far better than eternal Death.

(12)———Better it were, a brother dy'd at once,
That that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

(12) *Better*, &c.] *Iſabella* makes this fine ſpeech to the governor, who for her chaſtity would have given her her brother's life: ſhe afterwards tells her brother-----" There was no remedy to ſave his life, but ſuch, as to ſave a head would rent a heart in twain"---In *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *King and no King*, there is an excellent ſimilar paſſage.

Thou wilt bluſh for me,
And hang thy head down like a violet
Full of the morning dew: there is a way
To gain thy freedom, but 'tis ſuch a one,
As puts thee in worſe bondage, and I know
Thou wou'dſt encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it.-------

Act 4. (latter end.)

Womens Frailty.

Ang.——Nay, Women are frail too.

Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
(13) Which are as eaſy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heaven! men their creation mar,
In profiting by them; nay, call us ten times frail:
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints,

ACT III. SCENE I.

HOPE.

(14) The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only Hope.

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Reaſon thus with life;
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools (15) would keep; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the ſkiey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict; merely thou art death's fool: (16)
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,

(13) *Which*, &c.] See *Cymbeline*, Act 2. Sc. 7, and n.

(14) *The*, &c.] The reader will find a good ode to *Hope*, in *Cowley*'s *Miſtreſs*, p. 43. ed. 1678. *Tibullus* ſays,

Jam mala finiſſem letho, ſed credula vitam
Spes fovet, & melius cras fore ſemper ait.

Death long ago had ta'en my grief away,
But flattering *hope* ſtill urges on delay,
And ſays, to-morrow'll bring a better day.
Dart.

(15) *Wou'd keep*, &c.] *i. e.* Wou'd *wiſh* to *keep*; *wou'd*, in this place, conveying that idea; it being no uncommon thing in *Shakeſpear*, to underſtand *intention*, *willingneſs* and *deſire*, in his uſe of verbs; a cuſtom very familiar in the *Greek* language. I cannot entirely approve *keep'ſt* again in the 3d line following, and could wiſh I had any authority for a better word.

(16) By *Death's Fool*, he means the *fool* that was introduced in the old *farces* on the ſtage, where *death* or *fate* was another figure, from whom the *fool* uſed to endeavour to fly by all the ſtratagems he could, which notwithſtanding at every turn brought him more immediately into the jaws of death.

(17) The

And yet run'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. (17) Thou art not noble;
For all th'accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. (18) Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get,
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee ſire;
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo, and the rheum,

(17) The next lines are thus judiciouſly explained by Mr. *Edwards*: "*Shakeſpear* is not here conſidering man as a moral agent, but is ſpeaking of animal life, the *accommodations* [conveniences] of which, he ſays, are *nurs'd* [ſupplied and ſupported by *baſeneſs*, [thoſe that are eſteemed the lower and meaner part, of the creation, ſuch as wool, ſilk, the excrements of beaſts, and inſects, *&c.* or by the labour and ſervice of the meaneſt people.] King *Lear* fell into the ſame reflection on ſeeing the naked beggar, "Conſider him well. Thou oweſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated; thou art the thing itſelf: *unaccommodated*, man is no more, but ſuch a poor bare-forked animal as thou art. *Lear*, Act 3 Sc. 5. See *Can. of Criticiſm*, p. 99.

(18) *Thy beſt*, &c.] *Habes ſomnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin ſenſus in morte nullus ſit, cum in ejus ſimulachro videas eſſe nullum ſenſum.* You have ſleep, the image of death, which every day you ſubmit to, and yet doubt, whether there be any ſenſation in death, when you find none at all in that great reſemblance of it. *Cicero.* Mr. *Warburton* obſerves, *Shakeſpear* has with great judgment omitted the Epicurean inſinuation in imitating this paſſage.

For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth nor age
But as it were an after dinner's ſleep,
(19) Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth

(19) *Dreaming*, &c.] *Shakeſpear* is here endeavouring to ſhew that we have no real enjoyment in life, either in *youth* or *age*; and this he does very properly by obſerving, "that our *bleſſed* youth [the time that ſhould be bleſſed and happy] is eaten up with the care and canker of age, and thro' our deſire of heaping up ſomething for the future becomes a *very* old-age, of which it does, as it were, *beg alms* by intruding on its concerns, aſking after its caution and ſedulity, requeſting its ſtaidneſs, and ſharing all its anxieties: thus ſtudious for the future, our happy days of youth are like old-age, and become joyleſs: and when real old-age comes on, the time we have in our youth labour'd and expected to enjoy, the infirmities of it deſtroy all power of enjoyment, tho' we have the poſſeſſions we wiſh'd for, and became *old* in our *youth* to acquire; we have neither ſoul nor deſire to uſe 'em, we have neither ſtrength nor grace of body to make them and ourſelves pleaſant, and are utterly incapacitated for all the endearments, delights and ſatisfactions of life. *Horace* obſerves, 'tis the pretence all men uſe for their labours, that they may retire at laſt; and for this they give up all the joys of youth, and *become as aged.*

Profeſs, their various labours they ſuſtain,
A decent competence for age to raiſe,
And then retire with indolence and eaſe:
Francis's Hor. Sat. 1. I. 1.

And *Lucretius* obſerves, our cares for things future, and neglect of the preſent, rob us entirely of all the comforts of life.

But yet becauſe thou ſtill did'ſt ſtrive to meet
The abſent, and contemn'dſt the preſent ſweet,
Death ſeems unwelcome, and thy race half run;
Thy courſe of life ſeems ended, when begun:
And unexpected haſty death deſtroys,
Before thy greedy mind is full of joys.

And a little before, he obſerves,

Then why fond mortal doſt thou aſk for more,
Why ſtill deſire t'increaſe thy wretched ſtore,
And wiſh for what muſt waſte like thoſe before?
Not rather free thyſelf from pains and fear,
And end this life and neceſſary care? *&c.*

See *Creech*, B. 3. l. 930.

I don't conceive how Mr. *Warburton* can make *beg the alms* of *palſied eld* ſignify——"*thou immediately contracteſt the infirmities of* old-age, as particularly the palſy, *&c.*——"

Be-

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

SCENE II. *The Terrors of Death moſt in Apprehenſion.*

Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Leſt thou a fev'rous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral ſufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

Reſolution from a Senſe of Honour.

Claud.——Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you I want a reſolution fetch'd
From flow'ry tenderneſs? If I muſt die
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in my arms.

An outwardly pious Governor.

(20) There my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice.

Yes,

(20) *There*, &c.] There cannot be a nobler or more bold expreſſion than this: in the *Tempeſt*, Act 5. Sc. 2. with peculiar grandeur, he ſays,

Graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers.

Nor is ſuch a manner of ſpeaking uncommon with him, in *Hamlet*, we find, when mention is made of the ghoſt,

In which the *majeſty* of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometime march.

Yes, thou muſt die,
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward ſainted deputy,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th'head, and follies doth emmew
As falconer doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

The Terrors of Death.

Claud.——Death's a fearful thing.
Iſabel. And ſhamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the (21) delighted ſpirit

To

The word *emmew* in the ſubſequent lines ſignifies,—to *coop*, or *mew up*, to *confine*; which plainly directs to the true reading in the next line; it has hitherto been printed in all the editions, *falcon*; how abſurdly I need not ſay: the alteration is eaſy and ſelf-evident. Mr. *Upton* would tranſpoſe *filth* and *pond*, and read,

His *pond* within being caſt——&c.
A *filth* as deep as hell.

Either reading makes very good ſenſe; the reader will prefer which moſt pleaſes him.

(21) *Delighted*, &c.] This alludes not to any actual delight, but either the former *delight* and *eaſe* the ſpirit had enjoy'd here, or its preſent capacity for *delight*, which might aggravate its tortures: I think the firſt the preferable ſenſe——the delighted ſpirit, or the ſpirit that while on earth was delighted and fed with enjoyments and eaſe. The once *delighted ſpirit*—ſo it is ſaid of *Dives*, remember that thou in thy life time receiv'dſt *thy good things*, *Luke* xv. 25. *Virgil* has aſſigned nearly the ſame puniſhment to the damned, that *Shakeſpear* and *Milton* have.

Ergo exercentur pœnis veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt. Aliæ panduntur inanes
Suſpenſæ ad ventos: *aliis ſub gurgite vaſto*
Infectum eluitur ſcelus, aut exuritur igni.

To

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice;

To

Therefore with puniſhment they are explor'd,
And pay due penance for their former crimes.
Some hang expanded to the empty winds;
The guilt ingrain'd of others in th' abyſs
Of ſeas is waſh'd; or burnt away with fire.
Trapp, Æn. 6. v. 729.

I rather chuſe to give the reader a literal tranſlation of the words, however unpoetical, than a poetical one, that ridicules the author. *Dryden hangs* the poor ghoſts *upon the wind to bleach* (line 1003) and *Pitt*, his faithful, tho' unequal follower, does them the ſame honour.

And hang on high to *whiten* in the wind. 1033.

In *Milton*, the horrors of the damn'd are thus deſcrib'd;

While we perhaps,
Caught in a fiery tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the ſport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds: or for ever ſunk
Under the boiling ocean, wrapt in chains, &c.——

And again,

Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to ſtarve in ice
Their ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
B. 2. 180, & 596.

Dr. *Newton* obſerves, "*Shakeſpear* has not made theſe extremes of heat and cold alternate, as *Milton* has deſcrib'd them, and thereby greatly refined and improved the thought." But tho' doubtleſs there is great excellence in *Milton*'s ſuppoſing the damn'd to ſuffer theſe extremes interchangeably and by turns, yet it is plain from the text, *Shakeſpear* meant the very ſame, tho' he has not ſo ſtrongly expreſt it, as indeed there was no occaſion. The ſpirit was either to bathe in *fiery floods*, or if releaſed from them, to reſide in *thrilling* regions of *thick-ribbed ice*, or, if releaſed from this torture, he was to be impriſoned in the *viewleſs winds*, and blown with *reſtleſs violence* round

To be impriſoned in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
(22) The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, impriſonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

about the *pendant world* (lines unequal'd by *Virgil*'s and *Milton*'s *inanes ſuſpenſæ ad ventos, and the ſport and prey of wracking whirlwinds*) or, unacquainted with the variety and extremes of torture to be afflicted, he feared being puniſh'd with ſeverer ſufferings than the devil and his rebellious crew; being worſe tormented than the very worſt of thoſe, whom, lawleſs and incertain thoughts [the thoughts of the lawleſs or impious, which are ever incertain and doubtful, and on account of thoſe doubts, more dreadful] imagine to be howling. See *Upton*'s obſervations on *Shakeſpear*, p. 218.

(22) *The*, &c. That ſcandalous and unbecoming wiſh of *Mecænas*, which we find in the 101ſt epiſtle of *Seneca*, is not unlike this mean fear of death betray'd in *Claudio*'s ſpeech;

Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede, coxa,
Tuber adſtrue gibberum,
Lubricos quate dentes;
Vita, dum ſupereſt, bene eſt.
Hanc mihi vel acutam
Si des, ſuſtineo crucem.

Uſe of every limb deſtroy,
Hand and foot, and leg and thigh,
Pluck out my teeth, and cover o'er
My body with each ulcerous ſore;
Let but life and breath remain,
Very gladly I'd ſuſtain
Even, the torturing croſs's pain.

And in that fine play of *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, *Lycon*, praying for life, ſays,

Oh, chain me? whip me! let me be the ſcorn
Of ſordid rabbles, and inſulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life moſt wretched.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Virtue and Goodneſs.*

Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful.

SCENE IV. *A Bawd.*

The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice? Say to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf and live,
Can'ſt thou believe thy living is a life
So ſtinkingly depending? Go mend, mend.

SCENE VI. *Calumny unavoidable.*

No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure ſcape: back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?

ACT IV. SCENE III.

A beautiful Song.

I.

Take, Oh, take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn;
But my kiſſes bring again
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

II.

Hide, oh hide, thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that *April* wears;
But my poor heart, firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.

N. B. *The ſecond ſtanza is added from* Shakſpear's *poems.*

Great

Greatneſs ſubject to Cenſure.

O, place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee; volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies.

SCENE VI. *Sound Sleep.*

As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies (23) ſtarkly in the traveller's bones.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Character of an arch Hypocrite.

O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'ſt,
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs: make not impoſſible
That which but ſeems unlike; 'tis not impoſſible
But one the wickedſt caitiff on the ground
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute
As *Angelo*; e'ven ſo may *Angelo*,
With all his dreſſings, carats, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: truſt me, royal prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing: but he's more
Had I more names for badneſs.

(23) *Starkly.*] *i. e.* Stiffly, wearily, ſoundly.

The Merchant of Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mirth and Melancholy.

NOW by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And others of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

The Imprudence of ſetting too great a Value upon the World.

You have too much reſpect upon the world;
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.

The true Value of the World.

I hold the world, but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where every man muſt play his part.

CHEARFULNESS.

(1) Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And

(1) *Let*, &c.] The author carries on the compariſon of the ſtage, and alludes to the known character of the *fool*, in the ancient

And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans,
Why ſhould a man whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh?

Affected Gravity.

(2) I tell thee what, *Antonio*,
There are a ſort of men whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhou'd ſay, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
O, my *Antonio*, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing. ———

cient dramatic pieces; this ſpeech is quite in the ſpirit of *Anacreon* and *Horace*; ſee the 4th, 11th, and 15th odes of *Anacreon*; and the 11th of the 2d book of *Horace*, &c. *Manilius* ſays,

Quid tam ſollicitis vitam, &c.

Why ſhou'd our time run out in uſeleſs years,
Of anxious troubles and tormenting fears;
With no ſucceſs and no advantage crown'd,
Why ſhou'd we ſtill tread an unfiniſh'd round?
Why ſhou'd deluding hopes diſturb our eaſe,
Vain to purſue yet eager to poſſeſs?
Grown grey in hairs how ſenſeleſs is the ſtrife;
In ſeeking how to live we waſte a life:
The more we have, the meaner is our ſtore.
Whilſt what we have we loſe, and only crave for more.
B. 4. *Creech.*

(2) *I tell*, &c.] This fine paſſage always puts me in mind of a remark made by *Dryden*; "There are, who wanting *wit*, affect gravity, and go by the name of *ſolid men*, and a ſolid man is in plain *Engliſh*, a ſolid, ſolemn fool."

L O-

LOQUACITY.

Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice:* his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff: you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find 'em, and when you have them they are not worth the ſearch.——

SCENE II. *Mediocrity.*

(3) For aught I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happineſs to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Speculation more eaſy than Practice.

If to do, were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages

(3) *For*, &c.] *Horace* ſays beautifully,

Multa petentibus
Deſunt multa: bene eſt cui deus obtulit
Parcâ, quod ſatis eſt, manu.

——Much will always wanting be
To thoſe who much deſire; thrice happy he
To whom the wiſe indulgency of heav'n,
With ſparing hand, but juſt enough has giv'n.
Cowley, B. 3, O. 24.

And in his epiſtles, B. 1. E. 14. he obſerves,

At bona pars hominum, &c.——

Moſt by their own falſe hopes deceiv'd, cry out,
They have not yet enough.——
——My friend, complain no more;
He that hath needful things can ne'er be poor:
If with ſound food and cloathing you are ſtor'd,
Not more than this can kingly wealth afford.
Creech.

princes

princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions; (4) I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel, the cripple.

A JEW's Malice.

Baſſ. This is Signior *Antonio.*

Shylock. How like a fawning publican he looks [*Aſide.*
I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian,
But more for that in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of uſance here in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the antient grudge I bear him,
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails
Ev'n then where merchants moſt do congregate
On me, my bargains, and my well won thrift,
Which he calls, intereſt. Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him.

The JEW's Expoſtulation.

Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft,
In the Ryalto you have rated me
About my monies and my uſances.
Still have I born it with a patient ſhrug,
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me miſbeliever, cut throat Dog,

(4) *I can*, &c.] Αλλῳ πονεῖν ῥᾴδιον παραινεσαι
Εστιν ποιησαι δ'αὐτον οὐχι ῥᾴδιον.
Philemon.

'Tis eaſier to adviſe another in diſtreſs,
Than follow in like circumſtances our own
Teaching——

And

And ſpit upon my *Jewiſh* Gabardine:
And all for uſe of that, which is my own:
Well then it now appears you need my help—
Go to then—you come to me and ſay,
Shylock, we wou'd have monies—you ſay ſo,
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold—Money is your ſuit——
What ſhould I ſay to you?——Should I not ſay
Hath a dog money?—Is it poſſible
A Cur can lend three thouſand ducats, or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this, Fair Sir, you ſpit on me laſt *Wedneſday*
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day. Another time
You call'd me dog, and for theſe courteſies,
I'll lend you thus much monies.

HYPOCRISY.

(5) Mark you this, *Baſſanio*,

(5) *Mark you*] The devil, in *Paradiſe Loſt*, (B. 4. v. 12) is ſaid to be the firſt who practiſed this kind of hypocriſy.

——And was the firſt
That practis'd falſhood under ſaintly ſhew,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.

We have a fine moral ſentence, in the form of an allegory, on hypocriſy, in *Milton*, which by ſome is cenſured as a digreſſion; but every reader, I imagine, will gladly excuſe a poet, for ſuch digreſſions and ſuch noble ſentiments;

For neither man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will through heav'n and earth:
And oft though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while wiſdom thinks no ill,
Where no ill ſeems,—— B. 3. v. 683.

Spenſer's fine allegorical deſcription of *hypocriſy*, will be a good comment on *Shakeſpear*.

At

The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe;
An evil ſoul producing holy witneſs,

At length they chanc't to meet upon the way,
An aged ſire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary graie,
And by his belt his book he hanging had:
Sober he ſeem'd and very ſagely ſad:
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in ſhewe, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he praied, as he went,
And often knockt his breaſt as one that did repent—

The excellent author of *Telamachus*, nobly ſatyrizes this vice, in his 18th book, (where his heroe deſcends to the realms below;) which permit me thus to verſify;

Numbers of hypocrites in theſe abodes,
The curſe of mortals and the hate of gods,
He ſaw, religion's ſpecious garb who wore,
To cloak their crimes, and gild their vices o'er:
To god-born virtue who the lie had given,
And not abus'd mankind alone, but heav'n:
Theſe 'midſt the damn'd ſevereſt ſufferings find,
As the moſt mean and abject of mankind:
Children, whoſe impious hands their parents ſlew,
And wives, whoſe hate the blood of huſbands drew,
Traitors, who perjury's black guilt deſpis'd,
And ſolemnly their country ſacrific'd:
All, as leſs guilty, leſs ſeverely feel
The torturing horrors of avenging hell:
And juſt the ſentence, righteous the decrees,
By the infernal judges paſt on theſe:
Since to be impious not enough they deem,
Unlike the wicked, they wou'd virtuous ſeem:
And thus deceiving in fair virtue's ſhew,
They render virtue's ſelf-ſuſpected too.

I am not greatly ſatisfied with *goodly*, repeated in the two laſt lines of the text, but find no authority to alter it.

In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, *Iſabel* ſays,

Oh 'tis the cunning'ſt livery of hell,
The damnedſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards.——

We may obſerve in the folio it is printed, *In prenzie gardes*; which ſufficiently ſhews, there wants ſome alteration. Mr. *Warburton*, for *princely*, has given us *prieſtly*, and I believe very properly; but tho' *guards* ſignifies *lace*, &c. I imagine the true word to be *garbs*. *In prieſtly garbs.*

Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart,
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath!

ACT II. SCENE III.

Gravity aſſumed.

——Signior *Baſſanio*, hear me.
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more while grace is ſaying, hold mine eyes,
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam: never truſt me more.

SCENE VI. *The Jew's commands to his Daughter.*

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then.
Nor thruſt your head into the public ſtreet,
To gaze on chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces;
But ſtop my houſe's ears; I mean my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.

SCENE VII. *Fruition more languid than Expectation.*

O, ten times faſter, *Venus'* pigeons fly
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.
——Who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with th'unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,

Are

Are with more pleaſure chaſed than enjoyed.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The ſcarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet-wind?
How like the prodigal doth ſhe return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet-wind!

SCENE IX. Portia's *Suitors.*

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
Th' *Hyrcanian* deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wild *Arabia*, are as thorough-fares
Now, for princes to come view fair *Portia.*
The wat'ry kingdom whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair *Portia.*

The Parting of Friends.

I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Antonio* part,
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwered, do not ſo;
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love,
Be merry and (6) employ your chiefeſt thoughts

To

(6) *Employ*, &c.] The ſenſe ſeems here evidently to require we ſhould read *apply*. There is ſomething extremely tender and pathetic in this deſcription: there is a fine paſſage in *Virgil*, the 8th *Æneid*, where the good old *Evander* parts with his beloved ſon, *Pallas*; we can ſcarcely read it without tears;

Then old *Evander* with a cloſe embrace,
Strain'd his departing ſon, while tears o'erflow'd his face;
Wou'd Heaven, ſaid he, my ſtrength and youth recal,
Such as I was beneath *Præneſte*'s wall;

Such

To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love,
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection, wond'rous ſenſible,
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.

SCENE X. *Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only.*

For who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
(7) O, that eſtates, degrees and offices,
Were

Such if I ſtood renew'd, not theſe alarms,
Nor death ſhould rend me from my *Pallas*' arms:
Ye gods, and mighty *Jove*, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king.
If fate and you reſerve theſe eyes to ſee
My ſon return with joyful victory;
If the lov'd boy ſhould bleſs his father's ſight,
If we ſhall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length; let me ſuſtain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worſt of pain.
But if your hard decrees,—which—oh---I dread,
Have doom'd to death his undeſerving head:
This, O, this very moment let me die,
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie:
While yet poſſeſs'd of all his youthful charms,
I ſtrain him cloſe within theſe aged arms;
Before that fatal news my ſoul ſhall wound!
He ſaid, and ſwooning, ſunk upon the ground;
His ſervants bore him off, and ſoftly laid
His languiſh'd limbs upon his homely bed.

Dryden, v. 740.

(7) *O, that*, &c.] *Euripides*, in his *Hecuba*, has a fine reflection of this ſort;

Εν τωδε γαρ καμνουσιν αι πολλαι πολεις,
Οταν τις ισθλος, κ᾽ προθυμος ων ανηρ,
Μηδεν φερηται των κακιονων πλεον.

Many

Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhou'd cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low peaſantry wou'd then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour? How much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſhed?

Love-Meſſenger compar'd to an April-Day.

I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſador of love;
A day in *April* never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Jew's Revenge.

If it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindered me of half a mil lion, laugh'd at my loſſes, mock'd at my gains, ſcorne my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes! Hath not a Jew hand organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? Fe with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſub ject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame mean warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, a Chriſtian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poiſon us, d

——Many ſtates in this have err'd;
When with rank cowards levelling the brave,
They pocketed the claim of patient merit. *T. M.*

And the king, in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *King and no Kin* juſtly obſerves,

Where there is no difference in mens worth,
Titles are jeſts.——

we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? If we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhou'd his ſufferance be by chriſtian example? Why revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall go hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Scene II. *MUSIC.*

Let muſic ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſic.—That the compariſon
May ſtand more juſt, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſic then? Then muſic is,
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow
To a new crowned monarch: ſuch it is
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ears,
And ſummon him to marriage.
————Now he goes
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice:
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared viſage, coming forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit.

The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.

The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?

There

There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee, 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt, that wear moſt of it.
So are thoſe criſped, ſnaky, golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſkull that bred them, in the ſepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
T'entrap the wiſeſt.—

(8) Portia's *Picture.*

What find I here?
Fair *Portia*'s counterfeit? What demy-god

Hath

(8) Lord *Lanſdown* has alter'd this play, and perhaps ſucceeded beſt of thoſe who have made that bold attempt: but an attentive reader will eaſily obſerve, how very much he has flatten'd many of the fineſt paſſages, where he has offer'd to amend, add or take from them: I choſe the preſent, as an inſtance; becauſe there are ſome, who imagine *Shakeſpear*'s original ſpeech inferior to the corrected one.

What find I here?
The *portraiture of Portia?*
What demi-god has come ſo near creation? Move the eyes?
Or whether riding on the balls of mine,

See

Hath come ſo near creation? move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath: ſo ſweet a bar
Shou'd ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes!
How cou'd he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfiniſhed.

Succeſsful Lover compared to a Conqueror.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill about,
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe, be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I——

—His Thoughts to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd.

There is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt.——

Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with *ſweeteſt* breath: *the very odour*
Seems there expreſt, and thus invites the taſte;
And *here again, here* in her *lovely* hair, [*kiſſing the picture.*
The painter plays the ſpider, and has woven
A golden *ſnare to catch* the hearts of men;
But then her eyes?
How cou'd he gaze undazzled upon them,
And ſee to imitate?

There needs no commenting on theſe paſſages to ſhew how greatly his lordſhip falls ſhort of his inimitable original.

SCENE IV. *Implacable Revenge.*

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more;
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh and yield
To chriſtian interceſſions.

SCENE V. *A pert, bragging Youth.*

(9) I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd.
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them,
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell;
That men ſhall ſwear, I've diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelve month.——

SCENE VI. *Affectation in Words.*

(10) O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited?
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools that ſtand in better place,

(9) See *Much ado about nothing*, Act 4. Sc. 2. and n.

(10) *O dear*, &c.] The reader will beſt underſtand the ſatire contained in theſe lines, by the words which occaſioned them. *Launcelot* ſays, "For the table, Sir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the meat, Sir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern." Upon which, *Lorenzo* obſerves, *O, dear*, &c.

Gar-

Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſie word
Defy the matter.——

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Jew's Reaſon for his Revenge.

You aſk me why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats? I'll now anſwer that
By ſaying 'tis my humour; Is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you anſwer'd yet;
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others when the bag pipe ſings i'th' noſe,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Maſterleſs paſſion ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your anſwer;
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he a harmleſs neceſſary cat:
Why he a woolen bag-pipe; but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame
As to offend, himſelf being offended:
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear *Antonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?

SCENE II. *MERCY.*

The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſſed;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:

His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and maieſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
(11) It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.——

FORTUNE.

For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind,
Than is her cuſtom.——It is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty.——

ACT V. SCENE I.

Deſcription of a Moon-light Night.

How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, (12) and let the ſounds of muſic

Creep

(11) *It is*, &c.] ——In mercy and juſtice both
'Thro' heav'n and earth, ſo ſhall my glory excel;
But mercy firſt and laſt, ſhall brigheſt ſhine.
Part of the almighty's ſpeech in the 3d book of Paradiſe Loſt.
I cannot omit this noble paſſage from *Dryden*'s *All for Love*.

Heav'n has but
Our ſorrows for our ſins, and then delights
To pardon erring man: ſweet *mercy* ſeems
Its darling attribute, which limits juſtice,
As if there were degrees in infinite,
And infinite wou'd rather want perfection
Than puniſh to extent.

See *Titus Andronicus*, Act 1. Sc. 2. and *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act 2. Sc. 7.

(12) *And let*, &c.] In the *Double Falſhood*, which was publiſhed by Mr. *Theobald*, and ſaid to be written originally by *Shakeſpear*, there are ſome extreme fine lines on muſic.

Strike

Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs and the night
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, *Jeſica:* look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold;
(13) There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion, like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls! *
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe us in, we cannot hear it.

M U S I C.

Jeſſ. I'm never merry when I hear ſweet muſic.
Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,

Strike up, my maſters;
But touch the ſtrings with a religious ſoftneſs:
Teach ſound to languiſh thro' the night's dull ear,
Till melancholy ſtart from her lazy couch,
And careleſſneſs grow convert to attention.

Act 1. Sc. 3.

A gentleman of great judgment happening to commend theſe lines to Mr. *Theobald*, he aſſured him, he wrote them himſelf, and only them, in the whole play; if this be true, they are the beſt lines Mr. *Theobald* ever wrote in his life.

(13) *There's*, &c.] Mr. *Addiſon*'s well-known hymn may be no bad comment on our author;

The glorious firmament on high, *&c.*

* *Sounds*, ſome read, alluding to the harmony of the *ſpheres* as it is vulgarly called.

By the ſweet power of muſic. (14) Therefore the poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard and full of rage,
But muſic for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus:*
Let no ſuch man be truſted.

A good Deed compar'd to a Candle.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Moon light-Night.

This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

Nothing good out of Seaſon.

The crow does ſing as ſweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The *Nightingale*, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every *Gooſe* is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the *Wren*.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe and true perfection?
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

(14) *Therefore*, &c.] See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3. Sc. 5.

*A Midſummer * Night's Dream.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Father's Authority.

TO you your father ſhould be as a god,
One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To (1) leave the figure, or disfigure it.

NUN.

* *Midſummer*, &c.] *Fletcher* in his *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, ſeem'd deſirous of trying his ſtrength with *Shakeſpear:* there are doubtleſs many beauties in that performance, but ſuch as are viſibly copied from this exalted effort of the ſublimeſt imagination. The ſcene in the wood at night, and *Amoret* and *Perigot*'s quarrel, are exact copies; and the character of the ſatyr is a compound of *Ariel*, in the *Tempeſt*, and *Puck*, in this play. *Milton*'s fine maſque, ſufficiently ſhews how great an opinion that admirable poet had, both of the *Midſummer Night*'s *Dream* and the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*.

(1) *Leave*, &c.] The meaning of, to *leave* the *figure*, is no more than this—" That the child being but as a form imprinted in wax by the father, has as abſolute authority over it, to kill or ſave it, as he has over the waxen image, to *leave* the figure [to let it remain as he has form'd it] or entirely to disfigure [deſtroy, or melt it down again] and this is well explained by what the father ſays juſt before:

I beg the antient privilege of *Athens*,
As ſhe is mine I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that caſe.

N U N.

Therefore, fair *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice)
You can indure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in ſhady-cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon.
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage!
(2) But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,

For the reader will be pleaſed to recollect, *Solon* inſtituted a law at *Athens*, giving parents abſolute right over the life and death of their children: which, doubtleſs, is a proof *Shakeſpear* was not ſo entire a novice in learning and antiquity, as ſome people would pretend. See *Winter's Tale*, Act 4. Sc. 7. In the *Double Falſhood*, there is a fine paſſage ſimilar to this, on the authority of parents.

The voice of parents is the voice of gods;
For to their children they are heav'ns lieutenants:
Made fathers not for common uſes meerly
Of procreation: (beaſts and birds wou'd be
As noble then as we are) but to ſteer
The wanton freight of youth thro' ſtorms and dangers,
Which with full ſails they bear upon: and ſtraiten
The moral line of life, they bend ſo often.
For theſe are we made fathers: and for theſe
May challenge duty on our childrens part.
Obedience is the ſacrifice of angels,
Whoſe form you carry—— Act 5. Sc. 2.

(2) *But*, &c.] *Comus* greatly diſſuades the lady, in *Milton's* fine *Maſque*, from withering in virginity.

Liſt, lady, be not coy, and be not coſen'd
With that ſame vaunted name virginity.
Beauty is nature's coin, muſt not be hoarded,
But muſt be current, and the good thereof
Conſiſts in mutual and partaken bliſs,
Unſavoury in th' enjoyment of itſelf:
If you let ſlip time, like a neglected roſe
It withers on the ſtalk with languiſht head.

Than

Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in ſingle bleſſedneſs.

True Love ever croſs'd.

(3) *Hermia*, for aught that ever I cou'd read,
Cou'd ever hear by tale or hiſtory,

The

(3) *Hermia*, &c.] *Shakeſpear*, in his poem of *Venus and Adonis*, has prettily imagined all the croſſes and miſeries of love to procede from the loſs of *Adonis*; for *Venus* there, on the ſight of her dead lover, thus denounces her vengeance on the unlucky paſſion:

Since thou art dead, lo here, I propheſy,
Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend;
It ſhall be waited on with jealouſy,
Find ſweet beginning but unſavoury end;
Ne'er ſettled equally to high or low;
That all love's pleaſures ſhall not match his woe.
It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
The bottom poiſon and the top o'erſtraw'd
With ſweets, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile:
The ſtrongeſt body ſhall it make moſt weak,
Strike the wiſe dumb, and teach the fool to ſpeak.

See his poems, p. 93.

The ſimile of the lightning in the latter lines, is the moſt lively and perfect deſcription that can be conceiv'd; the circumſtances are ſo finely imagin'd, and the expreſſions ſo noble, perfectly picturing the image to our view, that it deſerves equal commendation with that grand paſſage from *Homer*, which *Longinus* ſo greatly extols.

Deep in the diſmal regions of the dead,
Th'infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head:
Leap'd from his throne, leſt *Neptune*'s arms ſhou'd lay
His dark dominions open to the day:
And pour in light on *Pluto*'s drear abodes,
Abhor'd by men and dreadful e'en to gods.

Pope, II. 20, 83.

The word *collied* conveys the idea of ſomething more than *black*, a *perfectly dark*, and *ſooty night*, that renders the glare of the lightning more diſmal; which in a ſpleen [a moment, on a ſud-

The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth;
But either it was different in blood;
Or elſe misgrafted in reſpect of years;
Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends;
Or if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it,
Making it momentary, as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a ſpleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth:
And, ere a man hath pow'r to ſay, —— Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confuſion!

den] darts its blue light, and diſplays the creation, juſt now thick mantled in night, and before we can even ſpeak to obſerve it, the jaws of darkneſs do devour it up. The circumſtances of the deep darkneſs of the night, the glare of the lightning, in an inſtant bringing to view heaven and earth, the momentary duration of it, not ſo long as while a man can ſpeak, and its being inſtantly devoured by the jaws of darkneſs, are ſuch as place the image immediately before our ſight, and rank the paſſage with the moſt ſublime and admired ones.

Adam, in *Paradiſe Loſt*, b. 10. v. 896, complains in like manner with *Lyſander* in this play, of the diſaſters of love.

——This miſchief had not then befall'n,
And more that ſhall befal, innumerable
Diſturbances on earth thro' female ſnares,
And ſtrait conjunction with this ſex: for either
He never ſhall find out fit mate, but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him or miſtake:
Or whom he wiſhes moſt ſhall ſeldom gain
Thro' her perverſeneſs, but ſhall ſee her gain'd
By a far worſe, or if ſhe love, with-held
By parents; or his happieſt choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd, and wedlock-bound
To a fell adverſary, his hate or ſhame:
Which infinite calamity ſhall cauſe
To human life, and houſhold peace confound.

Aſſignation.

Aſſignation.

(4) I ſwear to thee, by *Cupid*'s ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of *Venus*' doves,
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves:
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* queen,
When the falſe *Trojan* under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke:
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Scene III. *MOON.*

When *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the watry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs.

LOVE.

Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte;
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he often is beguil'd:

(4) *I ſwear*, &c.] Tho' perhaps it is not entirely to the purpoſe I cannot help quoting here a fine paſſage from the *Double Falſhood*, on *ſincere affection*.

Think, *Julio*, from the ſtorm that's now o'erblown,
Tho' ſour affliction combat hope a-while,
When lovers ſwear truth, the liſt'ning angels
Stand on the golden battlements of heav'n,
And waft their vows to the eternal throne.
Such were our vows, and ſo are they repaid.
End the 5th Act.

As

As waggiſh boys themſelves in games forſwear;
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Puck, or, *Robin good fellow.*

(5) I am that merry wand'rer of the night,
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly-foal;
And ſometimes lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab,

(5) *I am*, &c.] We cannot help admiring *Shakeſpear*'s excellence in theſe fictitious characters; no man ever equal'd him in deſcriptions of ghoſts and fairies: no man ever like him

Could give to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.

The editors of *Beaumont and Fletcher*'s *works*, juſtly obſerve, "*Shakeſpear*, from his low education, had believed and felt all the horrors he painted: for tho' the univerſities and inns of court were in ſome degree freed from theſe dreams of ſuperſtition, the banks of the *Avon* were then haunted on every ſide:

There tript with printleſs foot the elves of hills,
Brooks, caves and groves; there ſorcery bedimn'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war.—— *Tempeſt.*

So that *Shakeſpear* can ſcarce be ſaid to create a new world in his magic; he went but back to his native country, and only dreſſed their goblins in poetic weeds: hence even *Theſeus* is not attended by his own deities, *Minerva*, *Venus*, the fauns, ſatyrs, *&c.* but by *Oberon*, and his fairies—whereas our authors, *&c.* —*Preface*, p. 51.

The goſſips bowl, in the text, alludes to the old cuſtom in the country of drinking *apples* and *ale*, the *crab* in the next line, meaning, a *crab apple*: I believe there is no occaſion to obſerve, that *Milton*'s admired and pictureſque deſcription of laughter, is undoubtedly taken from the hint in a following line;

Mirth that wrinkled care derides,
And *laughter holding both his ſides.* L'allegro.

And

And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale;
The wiſeſt aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And rails or cries, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze and ſwear,
A merrier hour was never waſted there.

SCENE II. *Fairy Jealouſy, and the Effects of it.*

(6) Theſe are the forgeries of Jealouſy;
And never ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring,

Met

(6) *Theſe*, &c.] If *Shakeſpear* ever *really imitated* any author, I believe it was *Ovid*, whom he ſeems to have had the moſt acquaintance with: there is a prodigious ſimilarity in this deſcription of the miſeries of the country, occaſioned by the jealouſy of *Oberon* and his fairy queen, and that which *Ovid* acquaints us, was cauſed by *Ceres*, on the loſs of her daughter.

She knows not on what land her curſe ſhou'd fall,
But as ingrate alike upbraids them all:
Unworthy of her gifts: *Trinacria* moſt
Where the laſt ſteps ſhe found of what ſhe loſt:
The plough for this the vengeful goddeſs broke,
And with one death the ox and owner ſtruck:
In vain the fallow fields the peaſant tills,
The ſeed corrupted ere 'tis ſown ſhe kills:
The fruitful ſoil, that once ſuch harveſt bore,
Now mocks the farmer's care and teems no more.
And the rich grain which fills the furrow'd glade,
Rots in the ſeed or ſhrivels in the blade:
Or too much ſun burns up, or too much rain
Drowns, or black blights deſtroy the blaſted plain:
Or greedy birds the new-ſown ſeeds devour,
Or darnel, thiſtles, and a crop impure
Of knotted graſs along the acres ſtand,
And ſpread their thriving roots thro' all the land.

See Garth's Ovid, *v.* 1. *p.* 188.

The length of this quotation hinders me from adding another equally fine; the deſcription of *Erictho*'s power, in *Lucan*: how-

ever

Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,

Or

ever, the reader may find it in the 6th book of his *Pharſalia*, and the 739th line, (*Rowe*'s tranſlation.) In the *Tempeſt*, he calls the *queint mares in the wanton Greek*,

——The green ſour ringlets
Whereof the ewe not bites.——

Medea, in *Seneca*, boaſts of changing the ſeaſons by her power, and cauſing torrents to ſtand ſtill or *overbear* their continents:

——*Temporum flexi vices:*
Æſtiva tellus floruit cantu meo,
Meſſem coacta vidit hibernam Ceres.
Violenta Phaſis vertit in fontem vada:
Et Iſter in tot ora diviſus truces
Compreſſit undas: tumuit inſanum mare
Tacente vento. Med. Act 4. Sc. 2.

I've chang'd the courſe the conſtant ſeaſons keep;
Cloath'd earth in ſummer with a new born ſpring:
Made *Ceres* ſee a winter crop of corn:
Back to their ſource ſwift *Phaſis* turn his ſtreams,
And *Iſter* in ſeven mouths divided, force
Sudden his rapid waters to a ſtand.
Made torrents roar, ſeas ſwell, and billows rage,
Huſh'd every wind, and ſilent ev'ry blaſt.
Sir *Edw. Sherburne*, (alter'd.)

And in the beginning of *Oedipus*, by *Dryden* and *Lee*, 'tis ſaid,

Therefore the ſeaſons
Lie all confus'd, and by the heav'ns neglected,
Forget themſelves: blind winter meets the ſummer
In his mid-way: and ſeeing not his livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back: and the raw damps
With flaggy wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their peſtilential colds and rheums
Through all the lazy air.

In the ſecond part of *Henry* IV. our author ſpeaks finely of the change of the ſeaſons:

The ſeaſons change their manners as the year
Had found ſome months aſleep, and leap'd them over.

Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport:
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea,
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made ſo proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoak in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock:
The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the queint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable.

Milton in *Comus* thus ſpeaks of the fairy ſports;

On the tawny ſands and ſhelves,
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves,
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim
The wood-nymphs deckt with daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What hath night to do with ſleep?

And in the firſt book, ver. 781, of *Paradiſe Loſt*, he has this pretty ſimile,

——Or fairy elves,
Whoſe midnight revels by a foreſt ſide
Or fountain ſome belated peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitreſs, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale courſe, they on their mirth and dance
Intent with jocund muſic, charm his ear:
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

By the *middle ſummer's ſpring*, in the text he means no more than the *beginning* of midſummer: he often uſes the word *ſpring*, for the beginning, as in the ſecond part of *Henry* IV. Act 4. Sc. 8.

Flaws congealed in the *ſpring* of day.

The

The human mortals want their winter Here; (7)
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt;
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That rheumatic diſeaſes do abound;
And thorough this diſtemperature we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old *Hyems* chin and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer-buds
Is, as in mock'ry, ſet: the ſpring, the ſummer,
The childing autumn, angry winter change
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
By their increaſe now knows not which is which.

Love in Idleneſs.

(8)———Thou remember'ſt

(7) *Here*] This word is ſpelt in the old folio's *heere*, and being underſtood in the ſenſe of the adverb *here*, has much perplex'd all the editors: Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, with the greateſt ſhew of probability, corrected it to *cheer*, and Mr. *Warburton*, to *heried*, to which (were there no other objection) the elegant ſmoothneſs of all the lines in this ſpeech, is a ſufficient anſwer. But the truth of it is, *here*, in this place, is uſed in the ſenſe of the *Saxon* word, for *maſter*, from the *Latin*, *herus*: ſo the *Dutch* ſay, *mynheer*, my maſter, and the word itſelf is common in the *Saxon* language. This ſenſe clears up every difficulty, and gives the paſſage its true meaning.

(8) *Thou*, &c.] Whatever critics may make of the former part of this paſſage, and however explain it, 'tis certain, the metamorphoſis is extremely fine, and moſt beautifully imagined, in the latter part of it. As by the fair *veſtal* he undoubtedly means, queen *Elizabeth*, to whom a more delicate compliment could not be paid, it ſeems very probable, by the *mermaid*, *Mary* queen of *Scots* is underſtood. The reader will find a long critique on this matter, in *Warburton*'s *Shakeſpear*, where he endeavours to make out and explain the whole allegory.

By *Cupid, all-arm'd*, in the text, is meant no more than *arm'd* with his uſual weapons, his bow and quiver which is the only and compleat armour of *Cupid*.

Since

Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong,
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maids muſic.
That very time I ſaw, (but thou cou'dſt not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all-arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt,
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But I might ſee young *Cupid*'s fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſte beams of the watry moon;
And the imperial vot'reſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell;
It fell upon a little weſtern flow'r,
Before milk-white; now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, *Love in Idleneſs.*

SCENE VI. *A Fairy Bank.*

(9) I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,

O'er

(9) *I know*, &c.] ——To a ſhady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd,
He led her nothing loth: flow'rs were the couch,
Panſies and violets and aſpodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freſheſt, ſofteſt lap,
Par. Loſt, B. 9. v. 1037.

But in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, we have an immediate imitation of the deſcription;

——Here ſhalt thou reſt
Upon this holy bank, no deadly ſnake
Upon this turf herſelf in folds doth make:
Here is no poiſon for the toad to feed:
Here boldly ſpread thy hands, no venom'd weed

Dares

O'er canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſk roſes, and with eglantine:
There ſleeps *Titania*, ſometime of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flow'rs with dances and delight.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Fairy Courteſies.

(10) Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries;
The honey bags ſteal from the humble bees,

Dares bliſter them, no ſlimy ſnail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art faſt aſleep:
Here never durſt the babling cuckow ſpit,
No ſlough of falling ſtar did ever hit
Upon this bank; let this thy cabin be,
This other ſet with violets for me.

(10) *Be kind*, &c.] Mr. *Dryden* has obſerved, that *Titania*'s order to the fairies to humour her ſweet-heart, is one of the prettieſt flights of fancy in *Shakeſpear*. In the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, *Cloe* ſeeks in like manner to engage the heart of her lover, in a ſpeech, which (as is well remark'd) breathes the true ſpirit of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

——Here be woods as green
As any, air likewiſe as freſh and ſweet,
As where ſmooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled ſtreams, with flow'rs as many
As the young ſpring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool ſtreams and wells,
Arbors o'ergrown with woodbines; caves and dells;
Chuſe where thou wilt, while I ſet by and ſing,
Or gather ruſhes, to make many a ring,
For thy long fingers; tell the tales of love,
How the pale *Phœbe* hunting in a grove,
Firſt ſaw the boy *Endymion*, from whoſe eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies. *&c.*

It would be eaſy to bring many paſſages from *Theocritus* and *Virgil* ſimilar to theſe, if the place required it, or leiſure permitted.

And

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glo worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies.
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes;
Nod to him elves, and do him courteſies.

SCENE VII. *Female Friendſhip.*

(11) Is all the council that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſter vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When

(11) *Is*, &c.] In the tragedy of the *Two noble Kinſmen*, written by *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher*, there is a ſimilar deſcription to this, and which probably was written by *Shakeſpear*:

——But I,
And ſhe (I ſigh and ſpoke of) were things innocent,
Lov'd *for* we did; and like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare iſſues by their operance: our ſouls
Did ſo to one another: what ſhe lik'd
Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment *: the flow'r that I would pluck
And

* *No more arraignment*] *i. e.* Her not liking it, was ſufficient to condemn it, without any further arraignment, or bringing it to its trial.—In the ſubſequent lines ſhe ſays, "She had no toy on her head, but that became her friend's pattern: and her affections [the things her friend affected, or lik'd, in which ſenſe the word is frequently uſed] (ever pretty, tho' perhaps they were merely caſual and careleſs at firſt) yet ſhe ſo much approv'd that ſhe follow'd them for her moſt ſerious dreſſing." The reader will find this paſſage differently read by the late editors: poſſibly ſome may object againſt a careleſs dreſs being call'd the *affection* of the wearer, and aſk how any one can *affect* or like that, which they take no care about? I think two anſwers may be given: it is well known how much ſome ladies *affect a careleſs* way of dreſſing; and what ſeems in them often the effect of mere chance is the produce of their utmoſt ſtudy—conformable to the old maxim, *ars eſt celare artem*, or it may be, the lady calls thoſe the *affections* of her friend, which ſhe herſelf eſteem'd ſo, and which

When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices and minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,

And put between my breaſts (oh, then but beginning
To ſwell about the bloſſom) ſhe wou'd long,
Till ſhe had ſuch another; and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phœnix like,
They died in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her pattern: her affections (pretty,
Tho' happily they careleſs were) I follow'd
For my moſt ſerious decking; had mine ear
Stol'n ſome new air, or at adventure humm'd one
From muſical coynage, why it was a note,
Whereon her ſpirits would ſojourn, (rather dwell on)
And ſing it in her ſlumbers: this rehearſal
(Which ſurely innocence wots well) comes in
Like old importments baſtard, has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in ſex dividual.—— *Act* 1. *Sc.* 5.

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which, as being hers, ſhe admir'd:—perhaps we might read the paſſage thus, if theſe reaſons are not ſatisfactory:

But was her pattern, her *affect*; her pretty
Though happily, her careleſs *wear*, I follow'd,

which is almoſt the ſame with that Mr. *Seward* places in the text. The reader will be pleaſed, well to obſerve that heavy line,

Whereon her ſpirits wou'd ſojourn *(rather dwell on)*

do not the laſt words ſound as if they had been a marginal note of ſome critic, or a remark of a prompter?

Due

Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rend our antient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

SCENE VIII. *Day-Break.*

(12) Night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora*'s harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts wand'ring here and there,
Troop home to church-yards.———

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Dew in Flowers.

(13) And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
Like tears that did their own diſgrace bewail.

SCENE II. *Hunting.*

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,

(12) *Nights*, &c.] The poets have all exerted themſelves in their deſcriptions of the morning; perhaps *Shake/pear* may claim the preference: however, the reader will ſee, in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, Act 3. Sc. 7. ſeveral paſſages ſelected from the beſt writers, and he may be not diſagreeably amuſed in comparing them together.

(13) *And*, &c.] In *Sampſon Agoniſtes*, when *Dalilah* comes to viſit her eyeleſs huſband, ſhe is afraid to approach, and the poet has made her ſilence moſt beautifully expreſſive: the chorus tell *Sampſon*,

Yet on ſhe moves, now ſtands, and eyes thee fix'd,
About to have ſpoke, but now with *bead declin'd*,
Like *a fair flow'r ſurcharg'd* with dew, ſhe *weeps*.

When

When in a wood of *Crete* they bay'd the (14) boar
With hounds of *Sparta:* never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

HOUNDS.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and due lap'd, like Theſſalian bulls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each; a cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Power of Imagination.

The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
This is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees *Helen*'s beauty in the brow of *Egypt*.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

(14) *Boar*] I am ſurprized that all the editors have paſſed by this line, and continued to read, *they bay'd the bear*. The alteration I have made requires no arguments to ſupport it. The reader will find, in *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*, a fine deſcription of the hunting of a *Boar*. B. 8.

Simplen

Simpleneſs and Duty.

(15) For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.

Modeſt duty always acceptable.

Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.

SCENE II. *CLOCK.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

SCENE III. *Night.*

(16) Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnoars,
All with weary taſk fore-done.

Now

(15) *For*, &c.] He has a thought of the ſame kind whimſically expreſt, in *Love's Labour Loſt*, Act 5. Sc. 8.

That ſport beſt pleaſes that doth leaſt know how:
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of that which it preſents.

(16) *Now*, &c.] This admirable deſcription of night, has given occaſion to the beſt emendation I have found in all Mr. Warburton's *Shakeſpear*: *behowls* in the ſecond line, was formerly

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Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſpright,
In the church-way paths to glide.

merly *beholds*, and ſo alter'd by him: we may obſerve, in another deſcription of *midnight* (2d part of *Henry* V.) he ſays,

> And now loud *howling* wolves arouſe the jades
> That drag the tragic melancholy night.

Mr. *Theobald* has given us a paſſage from *Marſton*'s *Antonio* and *Mellida*, which ſeems to be copied from that of our author.

> Now *barks* the wolf againſt the full-cheek'd moon:
> Now lions half-clam'd entrails *roar* for food,
> Now croaks the toad: and *night-crows ſhriek aloud*,
> *Flutt'ring* 'bout caſements of *departing ſouls*:
> Now gape the graves and thro' their yawns let looſe
> Impriſon'd ſpirits to reviſit earth.

The reader will obſerve, in confirmation of Mr. *Warburton*'s emendation, that it is the deſign of *Shakeſpear*, "not only to characterize the ſeveral animals as they preſent themſelves at midnight, but to diſtinguiſh and repreſent the *ſounds* each of them emit."

In *Nat. Lee*'s well-known deſcription of the night there is this line;

> Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale moon.

Much

Much Ado about Nothing.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Peace inſpires Love.

BUT (1) now I am return'd, and that war thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come throngings ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Friendſhip in Love.

Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
(2) Therefore all hearts in love uſe their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent; (3) beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.

(1) *But now*, &c.] Peace is always eſteem'd the inſpirer of love: we have a beautiful paſſage in *Richard* III. Act 1. Sc. 1. on this topic in that fine *diaſyrm Richard* ſpeaks on himſelf.

(2) *Therefore*, &c.] Some read, *your* own tongues: the ingenious Mr. *Edwards* obſerves, there is no need of mending the old reading, by an aukward change of the perſons: *let*, which is expreſſed in the ſecond line, is underſtood in the firſt.

(3) *Beauty is*, &c.] They had a notion in the days of witchcraft, that witches could turn wholeſome liquors into blood by their charms, to which this expreſſion of *faith melteth into blood*, ſeems to allude: ſo that the ſenſe is,——beauty is a witch, by whoſe powerful charms truth and faith, (pure and wholeſome liquors) are melted or changed into deceit and treachery, (blood and poiſon.)

SCENE IX. *Merit always Modeſt.*

It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection.

SCENE II. Benedict, *the Batchelor's Recantation.*

(4) This can be no trick, the conference was ſadly borne; they have the truth of this from *Hero*; they ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems her affections have the full bent. Love me! why it muſt be requited: I hear how I am cenſur'd: they ſay I will bear myſelf proudly if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection. I did never think to marry. I muſt not ſeem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending; they ſay the lady is fair: 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous, 'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it; and wiſe, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance to have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have ſo long rail'd againſt marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quipps and ſentences, and theſe paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid I would die a batchelor, I did not think that I ſhould live till I were married. Here comes *Beatrice:* by this day ſhe's a fair lady; I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

(4) *This*] Nothing can equal the pleaſantry and humour of this ſoliloquy, but the excellence of the *actor*, whom we ſo much admire, while he ſpeaks it.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Favourites compar'd to Honey-Suckles, &c.

—Bid her ſteal into the bleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
Forbid the ſun to enter; (5) like to favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it.

A ſcornful and ſatirical Beauty.

Diſdain and ſcorn ride (6) ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſprizing what they look on: and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape, nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf endeared.
I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if fair fac'd (7),
She'd ſwear the gentleman ſhou'd be her ſiſter!

If

(5) *Like to*, &c.] The compariſon here is very apt and beautiful: in the *Tempeſt*, *Proſpero*, ſpeaking of his brother, whom he had ſubſtituted in his place, and made his deputy, admirably compares him to the ivy, which being once permitted to ſupport itſelf by him (the princely oak,) at length entirely hid his trunk, and ſuck'd all the verdure from it. Both compariſons are excellent and well ſuit forward and proud favourites. See *Tempeſt*, Act 1. Sc. 2.

(6) *Sparkling*] *Milton*, in his fine deſcription of Satan, ſays,

With head up-lift above the waves, and eyes
That *ſparkling* blaz'd. *Par. Loſt* B. 1. ver. 194.

(7) *If fair fac'd*, &c.] Mr. *Theobald* obſerves here, "that ſome editors have pretended, our author never imitates any of the antients: methinks, this is ſo very like a remarkable deſcription in *Lucretius* (*Lib.* iv. *v.* 1154) that I can't help ſuſpecting *Shakeſpear* had it in view: the only difference ſeems to be, that the *Latin* poet's characteriſtics turn upon *praiſe*, our *countryman*'s, upon the hinge of derogation."

If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;

For thus the bedlam train of lovers uſe
T'inhance the value, and the faults excuſe:
And therefore, 'tis no wonder if we ſee,
They doat on dowdies and deformity:
Even what they cannot praiſe, they will not blame,
But veil with ſome extenuating name:
The ſallow ſkin is for the ſwarthy put,
And love can make a ſlattern of a ſlut:
If cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is their love,
If freckled, ſhe's a parti-colour'd dove:
If little then ſhe's life and ſoul all o'er;
An *Amazon*, the large two-handed whore:
She ſtammers? oh, what grace in liſping lies!
If ſhe ſays nothing, to be ſure ſhe's wiſe:
If ſhrill, and with a voice to drown a choir,
Sharp-witted ſhe muſt be, and full of fire:
The lean, conſumptive wench, with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and ſlender maid:
Th'o'ergrown, a goodly *Ceres* is expreſt,
A bedfellow for *Bacchus* at the leaſt:
Flat-noſe the name of Satyr never miſſes;
And hanging blubber lips but pout for kiſſes.

Dryden.

Cowley has a paſſage greatly ſimilar to this, in which I doubt not he had *Lucretius* in his eye:

Colour or ſhape, good limbs or face,
Goodneſs or wit in all I find:
In motion or in ſpeech a grace,
If all fail, yet 'tis woman-kind:
If tall the name of proper ſtays,
If fair, ſhe's pleaſant as the light:
If low, her prettyneſs does pleaſe,
If black, what lover loves not night:
The fat with plenty fills my heart,
The lean with love makes me too ſo:
If ſtrait, her body's *Cupid*'s dart
To me: if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Horace, too, (B. 1. Sat. 3.) ſpeaking of the partiality of fathers to their children, ſays,

Let us at leaſt in friendſhip prove as mild,
As a fond parent to his favourite child:

If low, an aglet very vilely cut;
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If ſilent, why a block moved with none!
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and virtue, that,
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DISSIMULATION.

(8) O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood as modeſt evidence
To witneſs ſimple virtue? Would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her; that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? But ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed,
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.

A father lamenting his daughter's Infamy.

——Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

If with diſtorted eyes the urchin glares,
"Oh, the dear boy, how prettily he ſtares!"
Is he of dwarfiſh or abortive ſize?
"Sweet little moppet," the fond father cries:
Or is th'unſhapen cub deform'd and lame?
He kindly liſps him o'er ſome tender name.

Francis, v. 43.

(8) *O, what*, &c.] *Seneca*, (in his tragedy of *Hippolitus*) ſpeaking of diſſimulation, ſays,

O, life deceitful, ever in diſguiſe,
With a fair face thou hid'ſt a wicked heart;
Pretended modeſty is made a maſk
Of impudence: the daring and ambitious
Seems ſatisfy'd; and covetous of peace:
Guilt ſkulks beneath the cloak of piety:
The falſe and treach'rous ring the praiſe of truth;
And cowards counterfeit the bold and brave.

This laſt line is ſimilar to the following paſſage, Sc. 5.

O, one too much by thee?) why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates?
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have ſaid no part of it is mine;
This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins.
But mine, as mine I lov'd, as mine I prais'd,
As mine that I was proud of, mine ſo much,
That I myſelf, was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her, why ſhe———O ſhe is fallen,
Into a pit of ink, that the wide ſea,
Hath drops too few, to waſh her clean again.

SCENE II. *Innocence diſcover'd by Countenance.*

———(9) I have mark'd,
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames,
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth.

RESOLUTION.

I know not, if they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her: If they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havoc of my means,

(9) *I have*, &c.] If he is falſe, let the ungrateful bleed!
But no ſuch ſymptoms in his face I read;
That noble ſpirit and that manly grace
Can never ſure belong to one that's baſe.
Ovid's Met. by *Tate.*

Nor

Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awak'd, in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.———

The Deſire of lov'd Objects heighten'd by their Loſs.

———(10) For it ſo falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we (11) rack the value; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion wou'd not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours; ſo will it fare with *Claudio*;
When he ſhall hear ſhe died upon his words,
Th' idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life,
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit;
More moving, delicate and full of life,

(10) *For*, &c.] The univerſality and truth of this obſervation doubtleſs may incline us to believe, that *Shakeſpear*, ow'd it to no one writer in particular, but none who read it, can avoid recollecting a paſſage in *Horace* very ſimilar to it,

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi. Od. 15, l. 3.

Though living virtue we deſpiſe,
We follow her when dead with envious eyes.

And one perhaps more ſo in *Plautus*.

Tum denique homines noſtra intelligimus bona,
Cum quæ in poteſtate habuimus, ea amiſimus.

Men prize not to the worth thoſe bleſſings they enjoy,
Till they have loſt them.—— *Captiv.* A. 1. S. 2. v. 39.

(11) *Rack*] *i. e.* overſtretch its value. So, we ſay, to *rack* a tenant, or *rack*-rent, *&c.* when it is ſtrained to the utmoſt. *Upton.*

Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed.

SCENE III. *Talking Braggarts.*

—(12) But manhood is melted into courteſies, valour into compliment and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and—ſwears it.

ACT V. SCENE I.

* *Counſel of no Weight in Miſery.*

I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into my ears as profitleſs,

As

(12) *But*, &c.] *Shakeſpear* has many ſevere paſſages on the manniſh cowards and idle boaſters of his own times: none of which exceed thoſe in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act 5, Sc. 3. and *As you like it*, Act 1. Sc. 10. which ſee, and compare with thoſe lines in Act 5. Sc. 2. of this play.

* This topic of patience under misfortunes, eaſier adviſed than maintain'd, is to be met with in almoſt all the tragic (and indeed many other) poets: but the preference ſeems due to *Shakeſpear*, on a compariſon with all the ſimilar paſſages I have met with. *Æſchylus* ſays,

'Tis eaſy to give counſel, and adviſe
Thoſe who are ſtruggling in diſtreſs, while free
From the like ills ourſelves. *(Prometheus.)*

And *Euripedes*,

We all are ready to adviſe and counſel
Thoſe in diſtreſs, but when like them afflicted,
Apt to forget the counſel that we gave. *Alceſtis.*

And *Seneca*,

The grief is trifling, that can liſten to
The tongue of ſober counſel and conceal
In the ſtill breaſt its agony. *Medea.*

And

As water in a ſieve; give me not counſel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine;
Bring me a father that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is over-whelm'd like mine;
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his love the length and breadth of mine;
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain;
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form;
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And ſorrow wave; cry, hem! when he ſhou'd groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man; for, brother, men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all mens office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf; therefore give me no counſel;
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.

And *Terence*,

We all, when in health, very eaſily give good advice to thoſe who are ſick.—*Andria.*

which ſentence *Terence* tranſlated literally from the *Greek* of *Menander*.

Numbers of ſimilar paſſages might be produced, beſides theſe: the reader will find the ſame ſubject touched upon in the *Comedy of Errors*, p. 27, and the *Merchant of* Venice, p. 60.

A Satire on Stoic Philoſophers.

(13) I pray thee, peace—I will be fleſh and blood:
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That cou'd endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtyle of Gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.

SCENE II. *Talking Braggarts.*

Hold you content; what, man! I know them; yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mongring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go anticly, and ſhew an outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt;
And this is all ——

SCENE V. *Villain to be noted.*

Which is the villain? let me ſee his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

SCENE VI. *Day Break.*

The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phœbus*, round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpot of grey.

(13) *I pray*, &c.] In *Macbeth* we have a fine expreſſion like this;

Diſpute it (ſays *Malcolm*) *like a man.*
Macd. I ſhall do ſo:
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man;

Mr. *Warburton* obſerves, *the ſtyle of gods*, &c. alludes to the extravagant titles the ſtoics gave their wiſe men: *ſapiens ille cum diis expari vivit.* Seneca. And the laſt line to their famous apathy.

The Taming of the Shrew.

INDUCTION.

SCENE IV. *Hounds.*

THY hounds (1) ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

PAINTING.

Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtrait,
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Woman's Tongue.

(2) Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?

(1) See *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act 4. Sc. 2. In the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, Act 2. Sc. 2. *Palamon* ſays,

To our *Theban* hounds
That ſhook the aged foreſt with their ecchoes,
No more now muſt we hollow, no more ſhake
Our pointed javelins, whilſt the angry ſwine
Flies like a *Parthian* quiver, from our rages,
Struck with our well-ſteel'd darts.

(2) See *Comedy of Errors*, Act 5. Sc. 3.

Have

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heav'ns artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half ſo great a blow to hear,
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Deſcription of a mad Wedding.

—— When the prieſt
Did aſk if *Catharine* ſhould be his wife;
Ay, by gogs woons, quoth he, and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd, the prieſt let fall the book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt;
Now take them up, quoth he, if any liſt.

Tran. What ſaid the wench when he roſe up again?

Grem. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him;
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he, as if
H'ad been aboard carouſing to his mates
After a ſtorm; quafft off the muſcadel,
And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
Having no other cauſe, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aſk
His ſops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The bride about the neck, and kiſt her lips
With ſuch a clamorous ſmack, that at the parting
All the church eccho'd——

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

The Mind alone valuable.

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:

And

And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
O, no, good *Kate*, neither art thou the worſe,
For this poor furniture and mean array.

SCENE XIII. *A lovely Woman.*

(3) Fair lovely woman, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful,
Than precious ſardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethiſts, or gliſtering hyacinth:
—Sweet *Catharine*, this lovely woman——
Cath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and cryſtalline,
Beauteous and ſtately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning waſh'd with dew,
Within whoſe eyes ſhe takes the dawning beams,
And golden ſummer ſleeps upon thy cheeks.
Wrap up thy radiations in ſome cloud,
Leſt that thy beauty make this ſtately town,
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With ſweet reflections of thy lovely face.

ACT V. SCENE V.

The Wife's Duty to her Huſband.

Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as froſt bites the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;

(3) Theſe ſpeeches are found in the firſt draught of this play, printed in 1607; they ſeem evidently to be of *Shakeſpear*'s hand, and well worth obſerving; the reader will find the ſpeeches preferred to them, in the Act and Scene referred to.

And

And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip or touch one drop of it.
(4) Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour both by ſea and land!
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe,
(5) And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But

(4) *Thy huſband*, &c.] Leave not the faithful ſide
That gave thee being, ſtill ſhades thee and protects.
The wife, where danger or diſhonour lurks,
Safeſt and ſeemlieſt by her huſband ſtays,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt endures.
Adam in Par. Loſt, B. 9. 263.

And a little before he ſays,

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to ſtudy houſhold good,
And good works in her huſband to promote.

(5) *And craves*, &c.] *Statius*, ſpeaking of a good wife, in the 5th book of his *Silvæ*, ſays,

——*Mallet paupertate pudica*
Intemerata mori, vitamque impendere famæ:
Nec frons triſte rigens, nimiusque in moribus horror,
Sed ſimplex hilariſque fides, & mixta pudori
Gratia: quid ſi, &c.

She'd rather chuſe, 'midſt poverty and fame
Her life to loſe, than live in wealth and ſhame:
No ſullen frowns upon her forehead lour;
No froward temper and behaviour ſour
Deſtroy th' unruffled ſoftneſs of her mind:
For ever eaſy, affable and kind;
Chaſte, with good-humour, with reſerv'dneſs, free,
And ſtill moſt chearful in adverſity.

In the *Amphitrion* of *Plautus*, (Act 2. Sc. 2.) *Alcmena* ſpeaks thus:

What the world calls a portion with a wife
I boaſt not of, as ſuch: but chaſtity,

Be-

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch, a woman oweth to her huſband:
And when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And not obedient to his honeſt will;
What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?
I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies, ſoft and weak and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?

Becoming ſhame, and moderate deſires;
My fear of heav'n, my fondneſs of my parents,
My friendſhip, and regard for our relations,
The courſe of my behaviour tow'rds yourſelf;
My bounty to the good, and my concern
To cheriſh virtue, and reward the virtuous. *Anony.*

The Tempeſt.

ACT I. SCENE II.

An uſurping Subſtitute compar'd to Joy.

THAT (1) now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuck'd my verdure out on't——

SCENE III. Ariel's *Deſcription of his managing the Storm.*

I boarded the king's ſhip: now on the beak,
Now in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: ſometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many pleces: on the top maſt,
The yards, and bolt-ſprit wou'd I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet and join: *Jove*'s lightning the precurſers
O'th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary,
And ſight out-running were not: the fire and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble:
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.
Not a ſoul
But felt (2) a fever of the mind and play'd
Some

(1) *That*, &c.] See *Much ado about Nothing*, Act 3. Sc. 1.

(2) *A fever of the mind*] A fever of the *madde*, the folio reads: and I apprehend properly: the editors in general read, *a fever of the mind*; which appears to me rather a too common expreſſion; beſides, the following words—*and play'd ſome tricks of deſperation*, ſeem to confirm the old reading. Perhaps

Some tricks of deſperation; all, but mariners
Plung'd in the foamy brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's ſon, *Ferdinand*,
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leap'd: cry'd "hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."——

Ariel's *Expreſſion a little above, is very fine and pictureſque.*

——To ride (3)
On the curl'd clouds.

haps this fever of *the madde* was ſome particularly violent fever that rendered the perſons abſolutely delirious, ſomething like a *calenture*, a diſtemper peculiar to ſailors, wherein they imagine the ſea to be a green field, and will throw themſelves into it, if not prevented. I have heard ſome propoſe to read,

But felt the fever of the mad.

(3) So, in the ſcripture, Thou cauſeſt me to ride upon the wind, *Job.* xxx. 22. The Lord rideth on the ſwift cloud, *Iſ.* xix. 1. Extol him that rideth upon the heavens, *Pſ.* xlviii 4. Satan ſpeaking of what was appointed them to do in hell, (*Milton*, B. 1. 150.) ſays,

Whate'er his buſineſs be
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep.

And in the 2d book, v. 500, *Milton* has the ſame expreſſion with *Shakeſpear*,

To ride the air
In whirlwind——

That fine expreſſion in the Pſalmiſt, *He walketh upon the wings of the wind*, is a good comment on *To run upon the ſharp wind*: as is the following from *Eccleſiaſticus*, of *bak'd* with *froſt*—chap xliii. 20, 21. When the cold north-wind bloweth, it devoureth the mountains and *burneth* the wilderneſs, and *conſumeth* the graſs as *fire*. So, *Milton*, B. 2. 594.

The parching air
Burns frore——

And *Virgil*, Georg. 1. 93.

Boreæ penetrabile *frigus* adurat.
Or penetrable cold of *Boreas parch*.

Thou

As is the following.

Thou doſt: and think'ſt it much to tread the ooze
Of the ſalt deep:
To run upon the ſharp wind of the north:
To do me buſineſs in the veins of the earth
When it is bak'd with froſt.——

SCENE IV. Caliban's *Curſes.*

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,
Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er.
I muſt eat my dinner.
This iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me: when thou cameſt firſt
Thou ſtroak'ſt me: and mad'ſt much of me: wou'd'ſt give me
Waters with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o'th' iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine pits: barren place and fertile:
Curs'd be I, that I did ſo: all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Who firſt was mine own king: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whilſt you do keep from me
The reſt of th' iſland

Caliban's *Exultation after* Proſpero *tells him* — He ſought to violate the Honour of his Child, *has ſomething in it very ſtrikingly in Character.*

Oh ho, oh ho,—I wou'd it had been done,
Thou did'ſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe
This iſle with *Calibans.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *MUSIC.*

Where ſhould this muſic be? In air or earth?
It ſounds no more, and ſure it waits upon
Some God of th' iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping againſt the king my father's wreck,
This muſic crept by me upon the water
Allaying both their fury and my paſſion
With its ſweet air.

Ariel's *SONG.*

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made,
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade;
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange,
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,

SCENE VI. *A Lover's Speech.*

(4) My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up;
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,

The

(4) *My*, &c.) The following fine ſimile from *Virgil*, will be a good comment on *Shakeſpear*, Æn. 12. v. 908.

Ac velut, &c.

And as, when heavy ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
The ſickly fancy labours in the night,
We ſeem to run, and deſtitute of force,
Our ſinking limbs forſake us in the courſe:
In vain we heave for breath, in vain we cry,
The nerves unbrac'd their uſual ſtrength deny,
And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die.

Dryden.

Taſſo. in his *Gieruſalemme Liberata*, has finely imitated this ſimile, C. 20. S. 105.

Come vede talor torbidi, &c.

As when the ſick or frantic men oft dream
In their unquiet ſleep, and ſlumber ſhort,

And

The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but thro' my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o'th'earth
Let liberty make uſe of: ſpace enough
Have I in ſuch a priſon.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Deſcription of Ferdinand's *ſwimming aſhore.*

(5) I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And

And think they run ſome ſpeedy courſe and ſeem
To move their legs and feet in haſty ſort;
Yet feel their limbs far ſlower than the ſtream
Of their vain thoughts, that bears them in this ſport,
And oft wou'd ſpeak, wou'd cry, wou'd call or ſhout,
Yet neither ſound, nor voice, nor word ſent out.
Fairfax.

The following part of the ſpeech is greatly excelled by another of the ſame ſort in the 2d part of *King Henry* VI. Act 3. Sc. 8. which ſee and n. There is too in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, a thought of the ſame kind, though rather too quaint.

Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company:
For you in my reſpect are all the world,
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone;
When all the world is here to look on me? Act 2. Sc. 3.

Sir *J. Suckling*, in his *Goblins*, Act 4. has a ſimilar paſſage.

Witneſs all that can puniſh falſhood,
That I cou'd live with thee, even in this dark
And narrow priſon, and think all happineſs
Confin'd within the walls.——

We may obſerve, the character of *Reginella*, in that play, is an imperfect copy of *Miranda* in this.

Maſſinger, in his *Guardian*, Act 5. Sc. 1. has an expreſſion like *Shakeſpear*'s.

Theſe woods, *Severino*,
Shall more than ſeem to me a populous city,
You being preſent.

(5) *I ſaw*, &c.] The reader is deſired to compare this with a ſimilar paſſage in *Julius Cæſar*, Act 1. Sc. 3. *Jaffier*'s deſcription of his preſerving *Belvidera*, is very noble.

When

And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide: and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwol'n that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore; that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd
As ſtooping to relieve him; I not doubt
He came alive to land.——

SLEEP.

(6) Do not omit the heavy offer of it,
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.——

A fine Apoſiopeſis *.

They fell together all as by conſent,
They dropt as by a thunder ſtroke. What might
Wor-

When inſtantly I plung'd into the ſea,
And *buffeting the billows* to her reſcue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loſs of mine.
Like a rich conqueſt in one hand I bore her,
And with the other daſh'd the *ſaucy* waves,
That *throng'd* and *preſs'd* to rob me of my prize.
Venice Preſerv'd, Act 1. Sc. 1.

Buffeting the Billows, is quite *Shakeſpear*'s expreſſion, and the whole paſſage is worthy that great maſter.

(6) *Do not*, &c.] Dr. *Young* begins his Night-Thoughts with a Parody of this.

Tir'd nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy ſleep,
He like the world his ready viſit pays
Where fortune ſmiles, the wretched he forſakes,
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſullied with a tear.

There is not a more common topic with the poets than ſleep, and amongſt which, perhaps, none excel *Shakeſpear*, ſee *Henry* IV. 2d part, Act 3. Sc. 1.

* There is not a more elegant figure than the *Apoſiopeſis*, when in threatening, or in the expreſſion of any other paſſion, the ſentence is broken, and ſomething is left to be ſupplied. *Shakeſpear* excels greatly in it (as indeed he does in every poetical beauty)

of

Worthy *Sebaſtian*——O, what might——no more.
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be, th' occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SCENE II. Caliban's *Curſes.*

(7) All the infections that the ſun ſucks up,
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By inch meal a diſeaſe: his ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe; but they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin-ſhews, pitch me i'th' mire,
Nor lead me like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid them: but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me;
Sometime, like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs.—— Lo, now, lo,
Here comes a ſpirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly; I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

A Satire on the Engliſh *Curioſity.*

Were I in *England* now, and had but this fiſh painted, not an holiday-fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there would this monſter make a man (8): any

of which, the paſſage before us is a ſtriking example. There is a very excellent one in *Lear*, Act 2. Sc. 12. and the note.

(7) *All,* &c.] So king *Lear* ſays,

You nimble lightenings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes; infect her beauty
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful ſun
To fall and blaſt her pride. Act 2. Sc. 11.

(8) *Make a Man,*] *i. e.* A man's fortune.

ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*,

Caliban's *Promiſes.*

I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings: I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough;
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man——
I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee
To cluſtring filberts, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young (9) ſea-mells from the rock.

ACT III. SCENE I.

There perhaps cannot be conceived any thing more beautiful and natural than all the following Scene: I almoſt think it an Injuſtice to Shakeſpear *to take down any particular part: yet the ſubſequent lines are ſo expreſſive of* true *and* unbiaſſed Affection, *I cannot help favouring the Reader with them.*——

Ferdinand, *bearing a Log.*

(10) There be ſome ſports are painful; and their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are

(9 *Sea-mells,*] The reading in the old edition is *ſcamels,* which word is no where elſe to be met with. Sea-mells comes very near the traces of the letters: they are birds that haunt the rocks about the ſea-ſhore, and are the ſame with the ſea-mews; other editors read differently: *Theobald* and *Warburton, Chamois, i. e.* young kids: the reading in the text ſeems leſs uncouth; but it matters little (as has been obſerved) ſo long as we take a word ſignifying the name of ſomething in nature, which we uſe.

(10) *There,* &c.] In *Paradiſe Loſt,* B. 4. v. 437. *Adam* ſays to *Eve.*

Are nobly undergone: and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The miſtreſs whom I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compoſed of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile 'em up
Upon a ſore injunction. My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executor: I forget;
But theſe ſweet thoughts do ev'n refreſh my labour,
(11) Moſt buſie-leſs, when I do it.

Miranda's *offering to carry the Logs for him is peculiarly elegant.*

If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile.

And afterwards how innocent—

(12) I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow

But let us ever praiſe him and extol
His bounty, following our delightful taſk
To prune theſe growing plants, and tend theſe flowers,
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.

(11) *Moſt buſie-leſs,*] *i. e.* Amidſt all theſe labours, the thoughts of her drive away all appearance of labour, and make me ſeem to myſelf moſt buſy-leſs, or leaſt employed, when I am moſt ſo: ſomething after the manner of the old famous *nunquam minus otioſus, quam cum otioſus.*

(12) Mr. *Prior* has a pretty thought to this effect, in his charming poem of *Henry* and *Emma.*

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow, her let me attend,
A ſervant—ſhe may ſcorn the name of friend.

Yo

You may deny me: but I'll be your ſervant
Whether you will or no.

SCENE IV. *Guilty Conſcience.*

(13) O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!-----
Methought the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continence before Marriage.

If thou doſt break her virgin knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſions ſhall the heav'ns let fall,
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both.

(13) *O*, &c.] The horrors of a guilty mind are thus nobly deſcribed by *Maſſinger*.

Do, do, rage on; rend open, *Æolus*,
Thy brazen priſon, and let looſe at once
Thy ſtormy iſſue. Bluſt'ring *Boreas*,
Aided with all the gales, the pilot numbers
Upon his compaſs, cannot raiſe a tempeſt
Thro' the vaſt region of the air, like that
I feel within me: for I am poſſeſs'd
With whirlwinds, and each guilty thought to me's
A dreadful hurricane; although this center
Labour to bring forth earthquakes, and hell open
Her wide-ſtretch'd jaws, and let out all her furies,
They cannot add an atom to the mountain
Of fears and terrors that each minute threaten
To fall on my accurſed head.

Unnatural Combat, Act 5. *latter end*

A Lover's Proteſtation.

As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrongeſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think or *Phœbus'* ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

SCENE II. *Paſſion too ſtrong for Vows.*

Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the reign: the (14) ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe good night, your vow!

Vanity of human Nature.

Theſe our actors
(As I foretold you) were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baſeleſs fabric of their viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea all who it inherit, ſhall diſſolve (15):

And,

(14) *The ſtrongeſt*, &c.] So in *Hamlet*, *Polonius* ſays,

I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows, *&c.*

And in *All's well that ends well*, the counteſs obſerves,

Nat'ral rebellion done in the *blaze* of youth,
When oil and *fire* too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and *burns* on.

(15) *Shall diſſolve:*] This (ſays Mr. *Upton*) is exactly from ſcripture, 2 *Peter*, iii. 11, 12. Seeing then that all theſe things ſhall

And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a (16) rack behind; we are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
(17) Is rounded with a ſleep.

Drunkards inchanted by Ariel.

I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prickt their ears,
(18) Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſic: ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſkins: at laſt I left 'em
I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins.

Light of Foot.

(19) Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall.

ACT V. SCENE I.

TEARS.

His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From ears of reeds. *Com-*

ſhall be *diſſolved*, &c. the heavens being on fire ſhall be *diſſolved*, and the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat. And *Iſaiah* xxxiv. 4. And all the hoſt of heaven ſhall be *diſſolved*. See obſervations on *Shakeſpear*, p. 224.

(16) *A rack,*] *i. e.* No track or path. See *Upton's* Obſervations, p. 212.

(17) See *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, Act 4. Sc. 10.

(18) *Advanc'd*, &c. So, a little before, we have,

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance. Act 1. Sc. 6.

(19) *Pray*, &c.] ——Thou ſound and firm-ſet earth,

Compaſſion and Clemency ſuperior to Revenge.

Haſt thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to th' quick,
Yet with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
(20) Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown farther.

SCENE, II. *Fairies and Magic.*

(21) Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the ſands with printleſs foot

Do

Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
The very ſtones prate of my where-about.
Mackbeth, Act 2. Sc. 2. *See the whole paſſage.*

(20) See *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act. 2. Sc. 7, *&c.*

(21) *Shakeſpear* is in nothing confeſſedly more inimitable than his fairies and magic, of which, this play and the *Midſummer's Night's Dream* are ſtriking proofs: how inferior is *Ovid* to him, when he makes *Medea*, the moſt celebrated ſorcereſs, ſpeak thus,

Stantia concutio cantu freta, nubila pello,
Nubilaque induco; ventos abigoque vocoque
Vipereaſque rumpo verbis & carmine fauces;
Vivaque ſaxa ſua convulſaque robora terra,
Et ſilvas moveo, jubeoque tremeſcere montes,
Et mugire ſolum, manesque exire ſepulchris.

Oft by your aid ſwift currents I have led
Thro' wand'ring banks back to their fountain-head:
Transform'd the proſpect of the briny deep,
Made ſleeping billows rave, and raving billows ſleep:
Made clouds or ſun-ſhine; tempeſt riſe or fall,
And ſtubborn lawleſs winds obey my call:

With

Do chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms, that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid,
(Weak maſters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout oak
With his own bolt; the ſtrong-bas'd promontory

With mutter'd words diſarm'd the viper's jaw,
Up by the roots vaſt oaks and rocks I'd draw:
Make foreſts dance, and trembling *mountains come*
Like malefactors to receive their doom;
Earth groan, and frighted ghoſts forſake their tomb.

Tate.

Viva ſaxa, & mugire ſolum, is as ſtrong as, *graves wak'd their ſleepers* in our author, which every true reader of *Shakeſpear* will immediately acknowledge the genuine reading; 'tis indeed extremely bold, and for that reaſon, the more likely to be his: yet it may be juſtified by the uſage of other poets, as Mr. *Theobald* has obſerved. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Bonduca*, ſpeak of the power of *Fame*, as waking graves;

Wakens the ruin'd monument, and there
Where nothing but eternal death and ſleep is,
Informs again the dead bones.

And *Virgil* ſpeaking of *Rome*, as a city, ſays, It ſurrounded its ſeven hills with a wall.

Scilicet & rerum facta eſt pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una ſibi muro circundedit arces.

Great *Rome* became the miſtreſs of the world,
And ſingle with her walls ſeven hills inclos'd.

Trapp, G. 2. *at the end.*

But the reader will find, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, an expreſſion of *Shakeſpear*'s, equally bold with this in queſtion. See p. 52. and n. 20.

The reader is deſired to turn back to the 77th of the *Midſummer Night's Dream.*

Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers, op'd and let them forth,
By my ſo potent art.

Senſes returning.

The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night
Melting the darkneſs; ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reaſon ——
Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
That now lies foul and muddy.

Ariel's *Song.*

Where the bee ſucks there lurk I,
In a cowſlip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry
On the bat's back I do fly
After ſun ſet merrily,
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Twelfth Night, or What you will.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MUSIC.

IF muſic be the food of love, play on;
(1) Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken and ſo die.

(1) *Give me*, &c.] *i. e.* "Muſic being the food of love, let me have exceſs of it, that ſurfeiting therewith, the appetites, which called for that food, may ſicken and entirely ceaſe." The reader will do well to obſerve the exact and beautiful propriety of the ſimile in the laſt lines. *Milton*, as Dr. *Newton* juſtly obſerves, undoubtedly took the following fine paſſage from this of *Shakeſpear*;

Now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. *Par. Loſt*, B. 4. v. 156.

Tho', he tells us, Mr. *Thyer* is of opinion, that *Milton* rather alluded to the following lines of *Arioſto*'s deſcription of paradiſe, where ſpeaking of the *dolce aura*, he ſays,

E quella à i fiori, à i pomi, e à la verzura,
Gli odor diverſi depredando giva,
E di tutti facera una miſtura,
Che di ſuavità à l' alma notriva.
Orl. Fur. l. 34. ſ. 51.

"The two firſt of theſe lines expreſs the air's ſtealing of the native perfumes, and the two latter, that vernal delight which they give the mind. Beſides, it may be farther obſerved, that this expreſſion of the air's ſtealing and diſperſing the ſweets of flowers, is very common in the beſt *Italian* poets." It may be, *Shakeſpear* took his thought from them himſelf; for he was no leſs converſant in the works of the *Italian* poets than *Milton*.

That ſtrain again;——it had a dying fall!
O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

Natural Affection akin to Love.

(2) O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
Theſe ſovereign thrones (3) are all ſupply'd, and fill'd
Her ſweet perfections, with one ſelf-ſame king!

SCENE II. *Deſcription of* Sebaſtian's *Eſcape.*

(4)——I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt, that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.

(2) ——*Hic parvæ conſuetudinis*
Cauſâ, hujus mortem fert tam familiaritèr:
Quid ſi ipſe amaſſet? Quid mihi hic facit patri?
Ter. And. A. 1. v. 83.

He, on account of a ſmall acquaintance only, lays her death very much to heart: what, if he had been in love with her? What will he do, when I his father am dead?

(3) *Are all*, &c.] This ſhould be read,

——Are all ſupply'd and fill'd
Her ſweet perfections, with one, *&c.*

i. e. when liver, *&c.* thoſe ſovereign thrones are all ſupplied, and her ſweet perfections filled with, *&c.* the verbs belonging to each noun being applicable to all.

(4) *I, &c.*] Compare this with a ſimilar paſſage in the *Tempeſt*, Act 2. Sc. 1. and another in *Julius Cæſar*, Act 1. Sc. 3. which will ſerve to ſhew *Shakeſpear*'s fertility and extent of genius on the ſame ſubject.

SCENE

SCENE V. *A beautiful Boy.*

(5) Dear lad, believe it;
For they ſhall yet bely thy happy years,
That ſay, thou art a man; *Diana*'s lip
Is not more ſmooth and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part.

SCENE IX. *Reſolved Love.*

Oliv. ——Why, what wou'd you do?

(5) *Dear lad*, &c.] Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?

Thy brows and cheeks are ſmooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,
Care ſeeks out wrinkled brows, and hollow eyes,
And builds himſelf caves to abide in them.
Philaſter, Act 2.

The lady, in *Comus*, ſpeaking of her brothers, ſays,

Their unrazor'd lips were ſmooth as *Hebe*'s.

When *Comus*, telling her he had ſeen 'em, goes on moſt beautifully,

Their port was more than human as they ſtood,

I took it for a fairy viſion,
Or ſome gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i'th' plighted clouds.

Spenſer, deſcribing an angel, B. 2. c. 8. S. 5. ſpeaks of him thus;

Beſides his head there ſat a fair young man,
Of wond'rous beauty and of freſheſt years,
Whoſe tender bud to bloſſom new began,
And flouriſh fair above his equal peers:
His ſnowy front curled with golden hairs,
Like *Phœbus* face adorn'd with ſunny rays,
Divinely ſhone; and two ſharp winged ſhears
Decked with diverſe plumes, like painted jays,
Were fixed at his back to cut his airy ways.

The reader, if he thinks proper, may be agreeably amuſed by comparing this with *Milton*'s celebrated deſcription of *Raphael*, B. 5. v. 277.

Vif. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write royal canto's of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night;
Hollow your name to the (6) reverberate hills,
And make the babling goſſip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhou'd pity me.

ACT II. SCENE II.

DISGUISE.

Diſguiſe, I ſee, thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How eaſy is it, for the proper falſe
In women's waxen hearts to ſet their forms?
Alas! our frailty is the cauſe, not we,
For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be.

SCENE V. *True Love.*

(7) Come hither, boy; if ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd.

In Love, the Woman ſhould be youngeſt.

Too old by heav'n! let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him;
So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

(6) *Reverberate.*] *i. e.* Cauſing it to be driven back again. The adjective paſſive uſed adjectively. *Upton.*

(7) See *As you like it*, p. 26, and note.

More

More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt (8) and worn,
Than womens are.

SCENE

(8) *And worn,*] *I* ſee no reaſon why we ſhould not read *won*, which none of the editors have obſerved. There appears ſomething abſurd in this character of the duke, who ſpeaks this ſpeech, that immediately after, (tho' here he owns, womens paſſions are more ſtrong and true than mens) he ſhould tell us—(ſpeaking of his own love)

There is no woman's ſides
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold ſo much: they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver but the palate,
That ſuffers ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt:
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe *Olivia.*

Then *Viola* takes the lady's part, and obſerves,

She knows
Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman
I ſhou'd your lordſhip ———

Duke. And what's her hiſtory?
Vio. A blank, my lord, *&c.*

Then ſhe goes on with that inimitable ſpeech in the text: after which ſhe adds;

———Was not this love indeed?
Women may ſay more, ſwear more; but, indeed,
Our ſhews are more than will: for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Tho' this may ſeem a contradiction and an overſight in the character, to me it rather appears a ſtriking inſtance of *Shakeſpear*'s knowledge of human nature: for however we may give advice to others in matters where the heart is nearly concerned, we ſoon find, when we feel ourſelves, things very different to what they appeared in ſpeculation to us.

Facile omnes cum valemus recta conſilia ægrotis damus. Ter.

See *Shakeſpear*'s fine ſpeech on *Counſel of no weight in miſery*—

SCENE VI. *Concealed Love.*

*—She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek; ſhe pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Character of an old Song.

Mark it, *Ceſario*, it is old and plain,
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,

Much ado about nothing, p. 4. *Ovid* aſſures us, woman's love is far ſtronger than man's;

Excuſe my paſſion, if it ſoar above
Your thought: no man can judge of woman's love.
Hero to Leander.

* Mr. *Theobald* obſerves, on the fine image in the text, that it is not impoſſible but our author might originally have borrowed it from *Chaucer*, in his *Aſſembly of Fowles*.

And her beſidis wonder diſcretlie,
Dame *patience y ſittinge* there I fonde,
With *face pale* upon an *hill* of *ſonde*.

There cannot, perhaps, be any thing finer than this image of *Shakeſpear*, nor can concealed paſſion be better deſcribed: however, *Maſſinger*, in his *Unnatural Combat*, Act 2. Sc. 1. has given us a noble paſſage expreſſing concealed reſentment, which well deſerves remarking;

I have ſat with him in his cabin a day together,
Yet not a ſyllable exchang'd between us;
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief,
And melancholy at that inſtant would
Choke up his vital ſpirits, and now and then
A tear or two, as in deriſion of
The roughneſs of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which but once felt,
A ſudden flaſh of fury did dry up.
And laying then his hand upon his ſword,
He'd murmur; but yet ſo as I oft heard him,
"We ſhall meet, cruel father, yes we ſhall,
"When I'll exact for every womaniſh drop
"Of ſorrow from theſe eyes, a ſtrict account
"Of much more from thy heart."—

And

And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of youth
Like the old age.

S O N G.

Come away, come away death,
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away breath:
I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid;
My ſhroud of white ſtuck all with yew,
O prepare it
My part of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet
On my black coffin let there be ſtrown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet,
My poor corps where my bones ſhall be thrown.
A thouſand, thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me O where
True lover never find my grave
To weep there.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Jeſter.

This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool,
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit;
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of the perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wiſe-man's art;
For folly, that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe-men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

SCENE III. *Unſought Love.*

(9) *Ceſario*, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe;
But rather reaſon thus with reaſon's fetter;
Love ſought is good; but giv'n unſought is better.

(9) *Ceſario*, &c.] This is almoſt like the pretty invitation in *Virgil*'s paſtorals;

Huc ades, O formoſe puer, &c.
Come hither, beauteous boy, behold, the nymphs
To thee freſh lilies in full baſkets bring:
For thee, *&c.* *See* Eclogue *the* 2*d.*

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Love commended and diſprais'd.

YET writers ſay, as in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells; ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.
And writers ſay, as the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, e'er it blow;
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the bud;
Loſing its verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

SCENE III. *Love froward and diſſembling.*

———Maids, in modeſty, ſay No, to that
Which they wou'd have the proff'rer conſtrue, Ay.
Fy, fy; how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod!

SCENE IV. *The Advantage of Travel.*

———(1) He cannot be a perfect man,

Not

(1) *He*, &c.] So *Valentine* in the beginning of the play, ſpeaks to the advantage of travel.

I rather

Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time.

Love compared to an April *Day.*

——Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now ſhows all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

ACT II. SCENE I.

A comical Deſcription of a Man in Love.

(2) Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks; firſt, you have learn'd like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong like a Robin redbreaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a School boy, that had loſt his A, B, C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grand-dam; to faſt like one that takes diet; to watch like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at hollow maſs. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

SCENE V. *An accompliſh'd young Gentleman.*

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;

I rather wou'd intreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad;
Than (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with *ſhapeleſs idleneſs*.

(2) *Marry*, &c.] See, *As you like it*, Act 5. Sc. 3. and n.

And,

And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

SCENE VII. *Contempt of Love puniſh'd.*

(3) I have done penance for contemning love;
Whoſe high, imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans;

(3) *I have*, &c.] *Ovid* ſays, in the epiſtle of *Phædra* to *Hippolitus*,

Quicquid amor juſſit, non eſt contemnere tutum:
Regnat, & in ſuperos jus habet ille deos.

'Tis dangerous to contemn the pow'r of love,
He rules o'er all things, and is king above. *Otway.*

And the old ſhepherd, in *Paſtor Fido*, obſerves,

Vuol una volta amer amor ne' cuori noſtri
Moſtrar quant' egli vale.

——Love will be ſure before
We die, to make us all once feel his pow'r.
Fanſhawe.

In the *Antigone* of *Sophocles*, the chorus ſings thus to the honour of love;

Ερως ανικατε μαχαν, &c.

God of love, whoſe boundleſs ſway
All created things obey:
You in the yielding fair ones eye
Or on her ſoft and damaſk cheek,
Lull'd to repoſe ſecurely lie;
Or o'er the wild waves lightly fly,
Thy vengeance, on ſuch as contemn thee, to wreak.
On downy pinions through the air
Bird-like, you cut your pathleſs way:
The gods themſelves you do not ſpare:
Then how ſhou'd ever mortal dare
Ev'n hope that he ſhall not obey?
All once the pleaſing pain muſt prove,
The fond emotions of diſtracting love.

With

With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord;
And hath ſo humbled me, as, I confeſs,
There is no woe to his correction:
Nor to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth;
Now no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

Love compar'd to a waxen Image.

(4) For my own love is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.

(4) *For*, &c.] Almoſt the ſame ſimile is applied to life departing, in *King John*;

Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, e'en as a form of wax
Reſolveth from its figure 'gainſt the fire.

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoſes*, uſes the ſame ſimile;

Sed ut intabeſcere flavæ,
Igne levi ceræ, matutinæve pruinæ. &c.

As wax againſt the fire diſſolves away——
Or as the morning ice begins to run
And trickle into drops before the ſun. *&c.*
Addiſon.

So *Spenſer*,

Yet ſtill he waſted, as the ſnow congeal'd,
When the bright ſun his beams thereon doth beat.
B. 3. c. 4. S. 49.

which poſſibly he borrowed from *Taſſo*, Gieru. Lib. 6. 20. S. 136.

——As againſt the warmth of *Titan*'s fire
Snow-drifts conſume on tops of mountains tall.

See Act 3. Sc. 5.

SCENE

SCENE X. *Oppoſition in Love increaſes it.*

Did'ſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreameſt rage,
Leſt it ſhou'd burn above the bounds of reaſon.

Jul. The more thou damm'ſt it up the more it burns:
(5) The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſic with th' enamel'd ſtones;
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go and hinder not my courſe;
I'll be as patient at a gentle ſtream,
Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reſt, as after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in Elyſium.

(5) *The current*, &c.] So, in *Paſtor Fido*, *Ergaſto* tells *Mirtillo*, nothing augments love more than ſuppreſſing and confining it,

Mirtillo amor, &c. Act 1. Sc. 2.

Mirtillo, love's a mighty pain at beſt,
But more, by how much more it is ſuppreſt,
For as hot ſteeds run faſter at the check,
Than if you laid the reins upon their neck,
So love reſtrain'd augments, and fiercer grows,
In a cloſe priſon, than when looſe he goes.
Sir *R. Fanſhawe*.

And in a fragment of *Euripides*, it is obſerved,

Τοιαυτ' αλυει νεθεταμενος γ' ερως.

Love rages more, the more it is ſuppreſt.

A faith-

A faithful and conſtant Lover.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Gifts prevalent with Woman.

(6) Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
Dumb jewels often in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

SCENE III. *A Lover's Baniſhment.*

(7) And why not death, rather than living torment?

(6) *Win*, &c. We are told, and that very beautifully, gifts are of no avail, and by no means regarded in true love—*The Winter's Tale*, Act 4. Sc. 7.

(7) See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 3. Sc. 5. In the 2d Act, and 3d Scene of *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, *Arcite* ſpeaks thus;

Baniſh'd the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
A mercy I muſt thank 'em for: but baniſh'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 'twas a ſtudied puniſhment; a death
Beyond imagination; ſuch a vengeance,
That were I old and wicked, all my ſins
Cou'd never pluck upon me. *Palamon*,
Thou haſt the ſtart now, thou ſhalt ſtay and ſee
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainſt the window,
And let in life unto thee: thou ſhalt feed
Upon the ſweetneſs of a noble beauty
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er ſhall:
Good gods—what happineſs has *Palamon?*
Twenty to one, he'll come to ſpeak to her,
And if ſhe be as gentle, as ſhe's fair,
I know ſhe's his: he has a tongue will tame
Tempeſts, and make the wild rocks wanton.
Come, what can come,—
The worſt is death——I will not leave the kingdom;
I'll ſee her, and be near her, or no more.

To

To die, is to be baniſhed from myſelf,
And *Silvia* is myſelf; baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelf from ſelf; a deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unleſs it be to think that ſhe is by;
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no muſic in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.

A beautiful Perſon petitioning (in vain.)

(8) Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf,
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire.

H O P E.

(9) Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that;
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.

SCENE V. *Love compar'd to a Figure on Ice.*

This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.

(8) *Ay, ay*, &c.] This contradicts that fine paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act 1. Sc. 7.
(9) *Hope*, &c.] See p. 48. and n.

Three Things hated of Woman.

The beſt way is to ſlander *Valentine*,
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

The Power of Poetry with Women.

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart;
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity;
For *Orpheus'* lute was ſtrung with poet's ſinews,
Whoſe golden touch cou'd ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans,
Forſake unſounded deeps to dance on ſands.

The Power of Action.

(10) And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part;

Madam,

(10) *And*, &c.] The ingenious Mr. *Seward*, one of the late editors of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s works, obſerves upon theſe lines of our authors "that there is ſomething extremely tender, innocent, and delicate in them, but his authors (*Beaumont* and *Fletcher*) are far beyond this praiſe in their alluſion to the ſame ſtory. In the *Maid*'s *Tragedy*, *Aſpatia* forſaken by her lover (like *Julia*, in this play) finds her maid *Antiphola*, working a picture of *Ariadne*: and after ſeveral fine reflections upon *Theſeus* ſays,

But where's the lady?
Ant. There, madam.
Aſp. Fie, you have miſs'd it here, *Antiphila*;
Theſe colours are not dull and pale enough,
To ſhew a ſoul ſo full of miſery,
As this ſad lady's was: do it by me,
Do it again by me, the loſt *Aſpatia*,
And you ſhall find all true but the wild iſland,
Suppoſe, I ſtand upon the ſea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that deſart, and let all about me,
Tel

Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſeus*' perjury and unjuſt flight; Which

Tell, that I am forſaken: do my face
(If thou had'ſt ever feeling of a ſorrow)
Thus, thus, *Antiphila*: ſtrive to make me look
Like ſorrow's monument: and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafleſs: let the rocks
Groan with continual ſurges, and behind me
Make all a deſolation: ſee, ſee, wenches,
A miſerable life of this poor picture.

Whoever has ſeen either the original or print of *Guido*'s *Bacchus* and *Ariadne*, will have the beſt *comment* on theſe lines. In both are the arms extended, the hair blown by the wind, the barren roughneſs of the rocks, the broken trunks of leafleſs trees, and in both ſhe looks like *ſorrow's monument*. So that exactly, *ut pictura poeſis*; and hard it is to ſay, whether our authors, or *Guido* painted beſt. Tho' no one, who reads this deſcription, but muſt acknowledge it extremely fine, yet I admire that the gentleman who quoted it as a paſſage ſuperior to that in the text, did not conſider, they in reality would bear no compariſon: *Shakeſpear* only juſt hints at the ſtory of *Theſeus* and *Ariadne*, and that not as in picture, but as acted; theſe authors draw the very picture, and give us all the circumſtances of it, which *Shakeſpear* never once aims at: wherefore the paſſages can never with any propriety be compared with one another, ſo as to fix the ſuperiority of either: they are no more than different alluſions to the ſame ſtory; whoſe merits may both be great, but diſſimilar, as *Guido*'s would have been had he painted the diſtreſſed king *Lear*, and *Garrick*'s, when he repreſents to us thoſe diſtreſſes.

Mr. *Seward* reads the 7th line,

And you ſhall find all true—put m' on th' wild iſland.

Becauſe, ſays he, ſhe tells her maid, You'll find all true except the *wild iſland*, and inſtantly ſhe is upon the iſland. The wild iſland, therefore, in our imagination, is as true as the reſt. But it is plain by the text, *Aſpatia* wanted no part to be done over again, except that of the lady: ſhe tells her maid, ſhe has failed in working *Ariadne*, that her colours were not dull and pale enough to expreſs that ſad lady's miſery, which ſhe bids her do by her miſtreſs, who was the *life* of that poor picture, and in whom ſhe would find all the diſtreſſes of *Ariadne* exactly true, and moſt really figured, except that part of it, which concerns the wild iſland, where ſhe was left by *Theſeus*: *Aſpatia* indeed, was not on ſuch an iſland, but all her other diſtreſſes were like theſe of *Ariadne*. Suppoſe *that* then, ſays ſhe, imagine me ſtanding on the ſea-beech, mine arms extended thus, and my hair blown with the wind, wild as that deſart, and all

let.

Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs mov'd therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead!
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

A Lover in Solitude.

(11) How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns.

let [looſe] about me, tell [ſufficiently and in reality] declare I am forſaken, *&c.* Mr. *Theobald* alters, *Tell I am forſaken*, to *Be teachers of my ſtory—let all about me* be teachers of my ſtory: the reader need not, I ſuppoſe, be told, how frequently, *let* all about——ſignifies, *let looſe*, *diſhevel'd*, in *Shakeſpear*, and many other dramatic writers.——Mr. *Seward* propoſes to read the laſt line in the text.

If I in thought *feel* not her very ſorrow.

which, tho' an ingenious criticiſm, I cannot think quite agreeable to the text.—*Julia* obſerves,---ſhe acted the part ſo lively with her tears, that her miſtreſs wept bitterly; nay, ſhe adds, I wou'd I might be dead, if I *did not* really and truly, (and not in diſſimulation only) feel all her ſorrow, and actually then ſuffer her miſeries. I cannot think the author would have written——*wou'd I might be dead*——if he had written, If I *feel* not. I hope that gentleman, who ſhews ſo great candor and good-nature thro' all his criticiſms, will excuſe my differing from him, and expreſſing my ſentiments ſo freely; a duty, I think, his authors demand, truth will juſtify, and good ſenſe approve. Let me conclude this long note with *Ariadne*'s own deſcription of herſelf, in her epiſtle to *Theſeus*;

> You cannot ſee, yet think you ſaw me now,
> Fix'd to ſome rock as if I there did grow,
> And trembling at the waves which roll below.
> Look on my torn and my diſorder'd hairs,
> Look on my robe wet through with ſhow'rs of tears,
> With the cold blaſts ſee my whole body ſhakes,
> And my numm'd hand unequal letters makes.
>
> *Ovid's Epiſtles.*

(11) *How doth*, &c.] See *As you like it*, Act 2. Sc. 1.
Now my co-mates, *&c.*

Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O, thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy preſence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain.

Love unreturn'd.

(12) What dang'rous action, ſtood it next to death,
Wou'd I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love, when they're belov'd.

Infidelity in a Friend.

Who ſhould be truſted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? *Protheus*,
I am ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt.

REPENTANCE.

(13) Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

Inconſtancy in Man.

Oh heav'n! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults.

(12) *What*, &c.] *Ovid* tells us, love is ever daring and bold to undertake any thing.

Et nihil eſt quod non effræno captus amore,
Auſit.——
Wat dang'rous action wou'd he not attempt
Whom love's wild paſſion rules?

As does *Seneca* in his *Medea*:

Amor timere neminem verus poteſt.
True love can never fear.

(13) See *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act 2. Sc. 7.

The Winter's Tale.

ACT I. SCENE. I.

A Father's Fondneſs for his Child.

LEON.

ARE you ſo fond of your young prince as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter:
Now, my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all,
He makes a *July*'s day ſhort as *December*;
And with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that ſhould thick my blood.

SCENE II. *Youthful Innocence.*

We were, (1) fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy-eternal.
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'th' ſun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing: no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er had been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heav'n

(1) *We were*, &c.] See *Midſummer Night's Dream*, p. 84.

Boldly,

Boldly, not guilty: (2) the impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

SCENE III. *Jealouſy.*

Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty;) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? (3) wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would, unſeen, be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's i'nt, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing; *Bohemia* nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

King-Killing deteſtable.

——(4) To do this deed
Promotion follows. If I could find example

(2) *The impoſition*, &c.] By the impoſition *hereditary* ours, the author means original ſin, derived to us from our firſt parents, and by their offence entailed on us: which *clear'd* or *ſet aſide*, they had no other crime, ſo innocent were their lives, to anſwer for; but would have appeared perfectly guiltleſs in the eye of heaven."

(3) *Wiſhing*, &c.] Mr. *Theobald* and *Warburton* both print this paſſage,

Wiſhing clocks more ſwift,
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
Blind, *&c.*

I think there need nothing be ſaid of the propriety of that in the text, which is from the folio. *Shakeſpear* excels prodigiouſly on the ſubject of jealouſy, whenever he touches upon it; it may be an agreeable amuſement to the reader to compare him on this topic, and to find, how every where different, yet excellent he is.

(4) *To*, &c.] We find this ſentiment in other parts of our author's writings, as well as in thoſe of his cotemporaries. See *Hamlet*, Act 4. Sc. 6.

Of thouſands that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs nor ſtone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itſelf forſwear it.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Knowledge ſometimes hurtful.

There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink, depart
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his (5) gorge, his ſides
With violent hefts.

SCENE III. *The Silence of Innocence eloquent.*

The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

SCENE VI. *An Infant to be expoſed.*

Come on, poor babe!
Some powerful ſpirits inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes! wolves and bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity.

ACT III. SCENE II.

INNOCENCE.

Innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.

(5) *Gorge.*] *i, e.* Throat——from the *French. Hefts*, is the ſame as *heavings*. The reader will find a paſſage ſimilar to this in *Othello*, where that unhappy, deluded man laments his knowledge of his wife's ſtolen hours of luſt; and obſerves,

He had been happy, if the gen'ral camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her ſweet body
So he had nothing known, *&c.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *Deſpair of Pardon.*

But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore, betake thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter,
In ſtorm perpetual, cou'd not remove the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

SCENE IV. *An Account of a Ghoſt's appearing in a Dream.*

(6) I've heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits of the dead
May walk again; if ſuch thing be, thy mother

Ap-

(6) See *Paſtor Fido*, Act 1. Sc. 4. In the third book of *Lucan*'s *Pharſalia*, there is an elegant deſcription of *Pompey*'s firſt wife appearing to him in a dream: her name was *Julia*, *Cæſar*'s Daughter, after whoſe death, he married the celebrated *Cornelia*.

At length the weary chieftain ſunk to reſt,
And creeping ſlumbers ſooth'd his anxious breaſt.
When, lo! in that ſhort moment of repoſe,
His *Julia*'s ſhade, a dreadful viſion, roſe.
Thro' gaping earth her ghaſtly head ſhe rear'd,
And by the light of livid flames appear'd:
Theſe civil wars, ſhe cry'd, my peace infeſt,
And drive me from the manſions of the bleſt:
Elyſium's happy fields no more I know,
Dragg'd to the guilty Stygian ſhades below:
When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy head!
But thou haſt chang'd thy fortune with thy bed:
Death is the dow'r *Cornelia*'s love affords,
Ruin ſtill waits upon her potent lords.
But let her partner of thy warfare go,
Let her by land and ſea, thy labours know;
In all thy broken ſleeps I will be near,
In all thy dreams ſad *Julia* ſhall appear:
Your loves ſhall find no moment for delight;
The day ſhall all be *Cæſar*'s, mine the night.

Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow
So fill'd and ſo becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech) her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her. "Good *Antigonus*,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*;
There weep, and leave it crying: and, (7) (for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever) *Perdita*,
I prythee, call it; for this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife *Paulina* more."—And ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Afflicted much,
I did in time collect myſelf, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this.

Not the dull ſtream where long oblivions roll,
Cou'd blot thee out, my huſband, from my ſoul:
The pow'rs beneath my conſtancy approve,
And bid me follow, whereſoe'er you rove:
Amidſt the joining battles will I ſtand,
And ſtill remind thee of thy plighted hand;
Nor think thoſe ſacred ties no more remain,
The ſword of war divides the knot in vain,
That very war ſhall make thee mine again.
The phantom ſpoke and gliding from the place,
Deluded her aſtoniſh'd lord's embrace. *Rowe.*

(7) *For*, &c.] I believe, I have not before obſerved, *Shakeſpear* uſes this particle frequently in the ſenſe of *becauſe*: the expreſſion of, *melting into air*, is extremely fine, and uſed by our author in the *Tempeſt*, Act 4. Sc. 4.

An

An Infant expoſed.

——Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow, (weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.) Farewel!
The day frowns more and more, thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough.

SCENE VII. *Deſcription of a Wreck by a Clown.*

(7) I would you did but ſee, how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore: but that's not to the point: oh, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls, ſometimes to ſee them, and not to ſee them: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land-ſervice:——to ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman;——but to make an end of the ſhip; to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it: but firſt how the poor ſouls roar'd and the ſea mock'd them: and how the poor gentleman roar'd and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the ſea or weather.

(7) *I wou'd*, &c.] *Shakeſpear* ſeems to have had that fine deſcription of a ſtorm at ſea in his eye, which we find in the cviith Pſalm, ver. 25. For at his words the ſtormy wind ariſeth, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep: their ſoul melteth away becauſe of the trouble. They reel to and fro, and ſtagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, he delivereth them out of their diſtreſs. For he maketh the ſtorm to ceaſe, ſo that the waves thereof are ſtill, *&c.*

ACT IV. SCENE V.

A Garland for old Men.

——— Reverend ſirs,
For you there's roſemary and rue, theſe keep
Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our ſhearing.

Nature and Art.

Per. Sir, the year growing antient,
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter; the faireſt flowers o' th' ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
Which ſome call nature's baſtards: of that kind
Our ruſtic garden's barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an art, which in their piedneſs ſhares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: ſo, over that art,
Which, you ſay, adds to nature, is an art,
That nature makes; you ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentle ſcyon to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itſelf is nature.

A Gar-

A Garland for middle-aged Men.

——I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I wou'd wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me——There's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mint, ſavoury, marjoram,
The marygold, that goes to bed with th' ſun,
And with him riſes, weeping; theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age.

A Garland for young Men.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Perdita. Out, alas!
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of January
Wou'd blow you through and through; now my faireſt
friend,
I wou'd I had ſome flowers o'th ſpring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: (8) O, *Proſerpina*,

(8) *O*, Proſerpina, *&c.*] *Milton* ſtrews the hearſe of his *Lycidas* with beautiful vernal flowers, not unlike thoſe the pretty *Perdita* wiſhes for the garland of her lover.

——Purple all the ground with vernal flower:
Bring the rathe primroſe, that forſaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jeſſamine,
The white pink, and the panſie ſtreakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The muſk-roſe, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flow'r that ſad embroid'ry wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty ſhed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtrew the laureat herſe where *Lycid* lies.

The reader will find a pretty paſſage, worth comparing with this of *Shakeſpear*, in *As you like it*, p. 13, the note.

For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
From Dis's waggon! Daffadils,
That come, before the ſwallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroſes,
That die unmarried, e'er they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength; (a malady
Moſt incident to maids;) gold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, theſe I lack
To make you garlands of, and, my ſweet friend,
To ſtrow him o'er and o'er.

A Lover's Commendation.

(9) What you do,
Still betters what is done; when you ſpeak, (ſweet)
I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo, give alms;

(9) *What*, &c.] So, a little further, one of the company ſays,

This is prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green ſod: nothing ſhe does or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf,
Too noble for this place.

And when it is ſaid afterwards, *She dances featly*——the old ſhepherd adds, *So ſhe does any thing.*

Ovid, that great maſter of love, well aſſured of the truth of this, that every thing done by the perſon we love, is agreeable; thus makes his *Sapho* complain in her epiſtle to *Phaon*;

My muſic then you could for ever hear,
And all my words were muſic to your ear:
You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my inchanting tongue,
And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong:
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt,
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt:
Then with each glance, each word, each motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd. *Pope.*

Pray, ſo; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'th ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other function—each your doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

True Love.

He ſays, he loves my daughter;
I think ſo too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiſs to chuſe,
Who loves another beſt.

SCENE VII. *Preſents little regarded by real Lovers.*

Pol. ———How now, fair Shepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that doth take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth! when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedlar's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance: you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt if you make care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old Sir, I know,
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are;
The gifts ſhe looks from me are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my love

Before

Before this antient Sir, who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometime lov'd: I take thy hand: (10) this hand
As ſoft as dove's-down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd ſnow
That's bolted by the northern blaſt twice o'er.

A Father the beſt Gueſt at his Son's Nuptials.

* Methinks, a father
Is at the nuptials of his ſon, a gueſt,
That beſt becomes the table: pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? Is he not ſtupid
With age and alt'ring rheums? Can he ſpeak, hear,
Know man from man, diſpute his own eſtate,
Lies he not bed-rid, and again does nothing,
But what he did, being childiſh?

Flo. No: he has health, and ampler ſtrength indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon,
Shou'd chuſe himſelf a wife: but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe,
But fair poſterity) ſhou'd hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

SCENE VIII. *Rural Simplicity.*

I was not much afraid: for once or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,

(10) *Thy hand*, &c.] So, *Troilus* ſpeaking of the hand of *Creſſida*, ſays;

———O that her hand,
In whoſe compariſon all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach, to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cygnet's down is harſh.

* See *Midſummer Night's Dream*, p. 73.

The

(11) The ſelf-ſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
* Looks on alike.———

SCENE IX. *Proſperity the Bond, Affliction the Looſer of Love.*

(12) Proſperity's the very bond of love,
Whoſe freſh complection and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Wonder, (proceeding from ſudden Joy.)

There was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture: They look'd as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroyed: a notable paſſion of wonder appeared in them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if the importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

(11) *The*, &c.] This is plainly taken from St *Matthew*, v. ver. 45. He maketh his ſun to riſe on the evil and the good, and ſendeth rain on the juſt and unjuſt. And *Horace* ſpeaking of death, has the ſame thought;

Intruding death with equal freedom greets
The low-built hut, and ſtately gates
Of lofty palaces and royal ſeats. *Ode* 4. B. I.

* *Looks on alike*, i. e. looks alike on the court and cottage.

(12) *Proſperity*, &c.] *Perdita*, in the following ſpeech, denies this,

One of theſe is true:
I think affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

And *Ovid* ſays,

Nam cum præſtiteris verum mihi ſemper amorem,
Hic tamen adverſo tempore crevit amor.

True love to me indeed you ever bore,
But in adverſity ſtill lov'd me more.

SCENE

SCENE VII. *A Statue.*

What was he, that did make it! See, my lord,
Wou'd you not deem it breath'd, and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?
Maſterly done!
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.
(13) The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.
——Still methinks
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Cou'd ever yet cut breath?—Let no man mock me;
For I will kiſs her.

(13) *The fixture*, &c.] The meaning is, though the eye be fixed, (as the eye of a ſtatue always is,) yet it ſeems to have motion in it, that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living perſon, how much ſoever one endeavours to fix it. *Edwards*. There is an additional beauty in the expreſſion, from the *ſeeming ſtatue* being really a living perſon: *Ovid* has ſome lines on the ſtatue made by *Pygmalion*, which, tho' rather too *Ovidian*, have very great beauty in them;

Interea niveum mira feliciter arte. *Metam.* lib. 10.

He carv'd in ivory ſuch a maid, ſo fair,
As nature cou'd not with his art compare,
Were ſhe to work:——
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores: and laſt, the thing ador'd deſires:
A very virgin in her face was ſeen,
And had ſhe mov'd, a living maid had been;
One wou'd have thought ſhe could have ſtirr'd, but ſtrove
With modeſty, and was aſham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, ſo well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit:
The fleſh, or what ſo ſeems, he touches oft,
Which feels ſo ſmooth, that he believes it ſoft, &c.
See *Dryden*'s Tranſlation.

Virgil has a fine expreſſion to denote the excellency of ſculpture;

Excudent alii ſpirantia *mollius æra,*
Credo equidem—vivos ducent de marmore vultus. Æn. 6.

The word *ſpirantia* expreſſes the very breathing.

Widow

Widow compar'd to a Turtle.

(14) I, an old Turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My mate that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am loſt.

(14) *I, an old Turtle,* &c.] *Spenſer,* in his ſweet ſonnets, has a ſimile a good deal like this, and which, in my opinion, is not inferior to it;

Like as the Culver on the *bared* bough
Sits mourning for the abſence of her mate:
And in her ſong ſends many a wiſhful vow
For his return that ſeems to linger late.
So I alone, now left diſconſolate,
Mourn to myſelf the abſence of my love;
And wand'ring here and there all deſolate,
Seek, with my plaints, to match that mournful dove.

ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Love, the Nobleneſs of Life.

LET (1) *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch
Of the rais'd empire fall ; here is my ſpace,
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man ; the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus ; when ſuch a mutual pair, [*embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't ; in which I bind,
On pain of puniſhment, the world to weet
We ſtand up peerleſs.

SCENE V. Antony's *Vices and Virtues.*

Lep. (2) I muſt not think
They're evils enough to darken all his goodneſs ;

(1) *Let*, &c.] It is remark'd by *Plutarch*, of *Antony*, that his language and manner of ſpeaking was like his temper, turgid and ambitious ; and that he affected the *Aſiatic* manner, which was ſo : *Shakeſpear*, we find, not only from the ſtyle of the preſent, but many other of *Antony*'s ſpeeches, was no ſtranger to this, which is an additional proof of his learning : as well as his inimitable excellence in keeping up the truth of his characters.

(2) *I muſt*, &c.] The judicious reader will be much pleaſed to find the vices and virtues of *Antony* ſo juſtly ſet forth, ſo agreeable to all the accounts we have of his character in hiſtory : doubtleſs no ſmall knowledge in antiquity was neceſſary for ſo exact a conformity to the characters of the antients. It is ſurpriſing, the *Oxford* editor ſhould read the third line in the text,

As the ſpots of *ermine*,
Or *fires* by night's blackneſs.

when the image is ſo apt and beautiful as it now ſtands, and almoſt incapable of being miſunderſtood.

His

His faults in him ſeem, as the ſpots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackneſs; hereditary,
Rather than purchaſt; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuſes.

Cæſ. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat; ſay this becomes him;
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannnot blemiſh,) yet muſt *Antony*
No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs;
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't; but to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate and ours; 'tis to be chid:
As we rate boys, who (3) being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſals. When thou once
Wer't beaten from *Mutina*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and *Panſa*, conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt,

(3) *Being mature*] The *Oxford* editor reads, who *immature* in knowledge, to which Mr. *Warburton* agrees, and admits the alteration: I cannot be quite ſatisfied with the criticiſm, but apprehend there is much more propriety in the words as they now ſtand, than as the *Oxford* editor would read them. For, if the boys were immature in *knowledge* [or, had not any knowledge] they could not pawn their *experience* to their preſent pleaſure, nor rebel to *judgment*: whereas, if they were *mature* in *knowledge*, all that follows is very juſt: but I leave it to the candid reader.

(Though

(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer. Thou did'ſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The rougheſt berry on the rudeſt hedge,
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou brouſed'ſt. On the Alps,
It is reported though didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour that I ſpeak it now,)
Was borne ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

SCENE VI. Cleopatra *on the Abſence of* Antony.

(4) Oh, *Charmian!*
Where think'ſt thou he is now? ſtands he? or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
O happy horſe to bear the weight of *Antony*!
Do bravely, horſe, for wot'ſt thou, whom thou mov'ſt?
The demy atlas of this earth, the arm
And (5) burgonet of man. He's ſpeaking now,

Or

(4) *Oh*, &c.] Nothing can be more natural than this ſollicitude of *Cleopatra*, ſo peculiar to lovers: in *Philaſter*, Act 3. the lady ſays;

I marvel my boy comes not back again;
But that I know my love will queſtion him,
Over and over: how I ſlept, wak'd, talk'd:
How I remembred him, when his dear name
Was laſt ſpoke, and how, when I ſigh'd, wept, ſung,
And ten thouſand ſuch: I ſhou'd be angry at his ſtay.

(5) *Burgonet*] *i. e.* A ſteel cap, worn for the defence of the head in battle. The ingenious Mr. *Seward* remarks, on the next lines—"That the editors, who diſtinguiſh *Antony*'s ſpeech either by *italicks* or comma's, make him only ſay, "Where's my ſerpent of old *Nile?*" The reſt is *Cleopatra*'s own. But ſurely it is a ſtrange compliment only to call her a *ſerpent of Nile*. And why then does ſhe mention it as a wonder, that he ſhould ſay ſuch rapturous

Or murmuring, " where's my ſerpent of old *Nile*?"
(For ſo he calls me;) now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon; think on me
That am with *Phœbus*' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Bald-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*

turous things of her in her decline of life? No; *Antony*'s ſpeech ſhould be continued, as the metaphor is,

Where's my ſerpent of old *Nile?*
————Now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon.

Both parts belong to him, and then ſhe goes on; Think, ſays ſhe, that he utters ſuch raptures as theſe of me, tho' wrinkled deep in time." But, I think, ſhe ſeems not to imagine any ſuch raptures: all ſhe dwells upon is, her *Antony*'s thinking and ſpeaking of her, by that fond expreſſion, which however uncouth a compliment it may appear to us, we are to ſuppoſe, was a common one between them, and uſed by *Antony* in the midſt of their freedom and rapture: " He's ſpeaking now, ſays ſhe, of me, or murmuring out his uſual fond appellation of me, wiſhing to know, where his ſerpent of old *Nile* is—(for ſo [apologizing for the oddneſs of it] my *Antony* calls me:) recollecting herſelf, ſhe goes on: now, indeed I do feed myſelf with moſt delicious poiſon: think of me that am thus ſwarthy and thus wrinkled, to be ſo kindly remembered by this arm and burgonet of man." Mr. *Seward* has made an alteration in a following line, which I have admitted into the text: it is commonly read,

Broad-fronted *Cæſar*————

" Is there, ſays he, the leaſt ground from medals, ſtatues, or hiſtory, for ſuch a deſcription of him. No; but the very reverſe. Look on his medals, and particularly the fine bronze at Dr. *Mead*'s, and you'll find that he has a remarkably *ſharp forehead*. But there is a peculiarity in *Cæſar*'s forehead, mentioned by all his hiſtorians, and confirm'd by medals and ſtatues. He was *bald*, and boaſted, that he would cover his temples with laurels inſtead of hair; and for that purpoſe, after he was dictator, conſtantly wore his laurel crown. I read, therefore,

Bald-fronted *Cæſar*;

It is perfectly in character for *Cleopatra* to mention a blemiſh in *Cæſar*; for ſhe a little below ſhews a contempt for his memory, in compariſon of her *Antony*. See *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s Works,——preface, p. 66.

Would

Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Vanity of human Wiſhes.

(6) We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good: ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.

(9) *We*, &c.] Mr. *Theobald* has well obſerved, that if this be not an imitation of the following incomparable lines of *Juvenal*, they breathe ſo much of the ſame ſpirit and energy, as if the ſoul of the *Roman* ſatyriſt had been transfus'd into our poet. In the beginning of the ſatyr (the 10th) the poet obſerves;

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, purſue.
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we've got our wiſh, we wiſh undone!
Whole houſes of their whole deſires poſſeſt,
Are often ruin'd at their own requeſt.
In wars and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own deſire.
With laurels ſome have fatally been crown'd;
Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable ſtream were drown'd, *&c.*

And towards the end, he adviſes thus:

Intruſt thy fortune to the pow'rs above,
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want:
In goodneſs as in greatneſs they excel;
Ah, that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!
We blindly by our headſtrong paſſions led,
Are hot for action, and deſire to wed;
Then wiſh for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offſpring, and our wives are known,
Th' audacious ſtrumpet, and ungracious ſon.

I have taken this from Mr. *Dryden*'s tranſlation, tho' we have a much nobler by the excellent author of the *Rambler*, which I have not been able to procure.

SCENE

Scene III. *Deſcription of* Cleopatra's *ſailing down the* Cydnus.

(7) The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The winds were love-ſick with them: th' oars were ſilver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription; ſhe did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiſſue,
(8) O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we ſee

The

(7) *The barge*, &c.] As *Dryden* plainly entered the liſts with *Shakeſpear*, in deſcribing this magnificent appearance of *Cleopatra*, it is but juſt the deſcriptions ſhould appear together, that the reader may decide the victory. Partiality, perhaps, may incline me to think *Shakeſpear's* much the greateſt; though I am pleas'd with hearing it from *Antony*'s own mouth in *Dryden*'s play.

Her gally down the ſilver *Cydnus* row'd,
The tackling ſilke, the ſtreamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple ſails,
Her nymphs like *Nereids* round her couch were plac'd,
Where ſhe, another ſea-born *Venus* lay.
She lay, and lent her cheek upon her hand,
And caſt a look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
As if ſecure of all beholders hearts,
Neglecting ſhe cou'd take 'em. Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
That play'd about her face; but if ſhe ſmil'd,
A darting glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad,
That mens deſiring eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the object. To ſoft flutes
The ſilver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleaſure to the ſight,
And both to thought: 'twas heav'n (or ſomewhat more)
For ſhe ſo charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the ſhore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.

(8) *O'er-picturing*, &c.] "The poet, ſays Mr. *Theobald*, ſeems here to be alluding to that fine picture of *Venus*, done by *Apelles*; the

The fancy out work nature. On each ſide her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling *Cupids*,
With divers colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks, which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O rare for *Antony*.

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their bends adorings *. At the helm,
A ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe flow'r-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her; and *Antony*
Enthron'd i'th' market place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in nature.

Cleopatra's *infinite Power in pleaſing.*

(9) Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy,

The

the beauty and limbs of which, it is ſaid, he copied from *Campaſpe*, his beloved miſtreſs, whom he received at the hands of *Alexander the Great*. This celebrated piece of his was called, Αφροδιτη αναδυομενη, *Venus riſing out of the ſea:* to which, *Ovid* has paid ſo fine a compliment in his 3d book on the *Art of Love*.

Si Venerem Cous *nunquam poſuiſſet Apelles,*
Merſa ſub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.

If fam'd *Apelles* had not painted thee,
Venus, thou ne'er had'ſt riſen from the ſea.

The reader, for a larger account of this matter, may conſult *Pliny*'s Natural Hiſtory, L. 35. c. 10.

* Adorings. *Warb. vulg.* Adornings.

(9) *Age*, &c.] So, in *Dryden*'s play, *Antony* ſpeaks to *Cleopatra* of her uncloying charms;

How

The appetites they feed, but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her, that the holy prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh.

SCENE V. *The unſettled Humour of Lovers.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras *and* Alexas.

Cleo. (10) Give me ſome muſic: muſic, moody food
Of us that trade in love. *Omnes*

How I lov'd,
Witneſs ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
As all your buſineſs were to count my paſſion:
One day paſs'd by, and nothing ſaw but love:
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only love:
The ſuns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I ſaw you ev'ry day, and all the day;
And ev'ry day was ſtill but as the firſt;
So eager was I ſtill to ſee you more. Act 3.

(10) *Give me*, &c.] Nothing can be more natural than this uneaſy fluctuation of mind ſo peculiar to people deprived of the object which alone can pleaſe them, and without whom nothing can pleaſe. I know not of a more beautiful inſtance than in the firſt act of that fine play of *Euripides*, *Hippolitus*, towards the latter end of the act, which Mr. *Smith* has well copied (I might rather have ſaid, tranſlated) in his *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, an excellent play, tho' greatly inferior in many material circumſtances, and particularly the character of *Phædra*, to the *Greek*. In our *Engliſh* play, *Phædra*, on her entrance, begins;

Stay, virgins, ſtay, I'll reſt my weary ſteps:
My ſtrength forſakes me, *&c.*
Why blaze theſe jewels round my wretched head?
Why all this labour'd elegance of dreſs?
Why flow theſe wanton curls in artful rings?
Take, ſnatch them hence, *&c.*
Oh, my *Lycon*,
Oh, how I long to lay my weary head
On tender flow'ry beds and ſpringing graſs!
To ſtretch my limbs beneath the ſpreading ſhades
Of venerable oaks! to ſlake my thirſt
With the cool nectar of refreſhing ſprings!

Lycon. I'll ſooth her phrenzy; come, *Phædra*, let's away,
Let's to the woods and lawns, and limpid ſtreams.

Phæd.

Omnes. The muſic, hoa!

Enter Mardian *the Eunuch.*

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come Charmian.
Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, ſir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is ſhew'd, tho't come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to the river, there
My muſic playing, far off I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fiſhes, my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And ſay, ah, ha! you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry; when
You wager'd on your angling, when your Diver
Did hang a ſalt-fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!——Oh, times!——
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience; and next morn,
E'er the ninth hour I drank him to his bed:

Phæd. Come, let's away, and thou moſt bright *Diana*,
Goddeſs of woods, immortal, chaſte *Diana*,
Goddeſs preſiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, oh, place me in the duſty ring,
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory:
See how they mount and ſhake the flowing reigns!
See, from the goal the fiery courſers bound!
Now they ſtrain panting up the ſteepy hill,
Now ſweep along its top, now neigh along its vale;
How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels
Smoke in the whirl! The circling ſand aſcends,
And in the noble duſt the chariot 's loſt.

Then

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword (11) *Philippan.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Ambition, jealous of a too ſucceſsful Friend.

(12) Oh *Silius, Silius,*
I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act. For learn this, *Silius,*
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we ſerve's away.

SCENE V. Octavia's *Entrance, what it ſhould have been.*

Why has thou ſtol'n upon us thus? You came not
Like *Cæſar*'s ſiſter; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come

(11) *Philippan.*] This word, we are to ſuppoſe, was ſo called from the great actions it atchieved in the hands of its heroic maſter at *Philippi*; the faireſt field of his fame, and of which he ſeems to have been moſt proud. *Antony* too plumed himſelf on his deſcent from *Hercules*; ſo that this imitation of his anceſtor was the more agreeable to him, who ſubmited to the like treatment from *Omphale*, whoſe tires and mantles the great *Alcides* put on, and plied her diſtaff, while ſhe wielded his club, and decked herſelf in his trophies.

(12) *Oh*, &c.] This is ſpoken by *Ventidius*, who bears a very conſiderable ſhare in Mr. *Dryden*'s tragedy: but it ſeems to me, that great man has miſrepreſented him, and inſtead of giving us the brave, old, honeſt, veteran *Roman*, hath given us a ſurly, rigid buffoon: unlike that *Ventidius*, we ſo greatly admire in his true character. *Plutarch*, as Mr. *Theobald* has obſerved, particularly takes notice, that *Ventidius* was careful to act only on lieutenancy, and cautious of aiming at any glory, in his own name and perſon.

A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The oſtent of our love; which left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we ſhould have met you
By ſea and land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

WOMEN.

Women are not
In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd veſtal.

SCENE IX. *Fortune forms our Judgment.*

I ſee, mens judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike.

LOYALTY.

(13) Mine honeſty, and I, begin to ſquare;
The loyalty well held to fools, does make
Our faith meer folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i'th' ſtory.

Wiſdom ſuperior to Fortune.

Wiſdom and fortune, combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it.

(13) *Mine*, &c.] After *Enobarbus* has ſaid, that his honeſty and he begin to quarrel, (*i. e.* that his reaſon ſhews him to be miſtaken in his firm adherence to *Antony*) he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "tho' loyalty ſtubbornly preſerved to a maſter in his declined fortunes, ſeems folly in the eyes of fools; (*i. e.* men who have not honour enough to think more wiſely;) yet he, who can be ſo obſtinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror." *Theobald.*

SCENE X. *Vicious Perſons infatuated by Heaven.*

Good my lord,
When we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
Oh miſery on't! the wiſe gods ſeal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's, while we ſtrut,
To our confuſion.

Fury expels Fear.

Now he'll outſtare the lightning; to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; I ſee ſtill,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart; when valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword, it fights with.

ACT IV. SCENE. II.

A Maſter taking leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty;
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,——
A mangled ſhadow. It may chance to-morrow,
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but like a maſter,
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the gods yield you for't.

SCENE III. *Early Riſing the Way to Eminence.*

This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

SCENE VI. Antony *to* Cleopatra, *at his Return with Victory.*

O, thou day o'th' world,
(14) Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

SCENE VII. *Loathed Life.*

(15) Oh, ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.

(14) *Chain*, &c.] *i. e.* Entwine me, armed as I am, in thy embraces. A chain, Mr. *Edwards* adds, *Can. of Crit.* p. 123. a gallant man would prefer before any gold one. He obſerves too, on the laſt line in the ſpeech, (wherein Mr. *Warburton* tells us) *Shakeſpear* alludes "to an admiral ſhip on the billows after a ſtorm." Why ſhould it be *triumphing* like an admiral ſhip on the billows after a ſtorm? I thought victories gained, not ſtorms eſcaped, had been the matter of triumphs; and, I ſuppoſe, other ſhips dance on the billows juſt after the ſame manner as the admiral's does.

(15) *Oh*, &c,] *Enobarbus* here beautifully calls the *moon*, the ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy, and betrays a generous concern for his ingratitude. *Bellario*, in *Philaſter*, Act 4. makes this affecting and melancholy ſpeech;

A heavineſs near death ſits on my brow,
And I muſt ſleep: bear me, thou gentle bank
For ever, if thou wilt: you ſweet ones all,
Let me unworthy preſs you: I could wiſh,
I rather were a corſe, ſtrew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you: dullneſs ſhuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: Oh, that I could take
So ſound a ſleep, that I might never wake!

The deſpondency of both is beautiful: but the poet's art is admirable, in ſo well ſuiting the ſentiments: the deſpair of one proceeding from guilt; the other from injured innocence.

SCENE IX. Antony's *Deſpondency.*

(16) Oh ſun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we ſhake hands—All come to this!—The hearts
That pannel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all.

Departing Greatneſs.

The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off.

SCENE X. Antony, *on his faded Glory.*

Ant. Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
A vapour ſometime, like a bear, or lion,

(16) *Oh ſun*, &c.] So *Ajax*, juſt before he kills himſelf, addreſſes himſelf to the ſun,

Ζεῦ ϖατερ, &c.

Bright day-light, and thou glory of the world,
Oh ſun—to thee now laſt I ſend my voice,
Now laſt I call—and hence am heard no more.

The word *pannell'd*, in the text, hath greatly diſturbed the critics; ſome altering it to *pantler'd*, others to *pag'd*, *ſpaniel'd*, and the like: but Mr. *Upton*'s laſt criticiſm ſeems moſt juſt—"Who, ſays he, is ſo unacquainted with our author as to be ignorant of his vague and licentious uſe of metaphors: his ſporting, as it were, with the meaning of words?—The alluſion here, licentious as it is, is to the *pannel* of a wainſcot. But hear ye the poet himſelf in *As you like it*, Act 3. *Jac.* This fellow will but *join* you together, as they *join* wainſcot." So that by *the hearts that pannell'd me at heels*, he means, the hearts that *join'd me*, *united themſelves to me*, &c. This might have been lengthened into a ſimile, but he chuſes to expreſs it more cloſely by a metaphor. *Upton*'s Obſervations on *Shakeſpear*, p. 200. n. 3. I would always prefer that criticiſm, which retains the original word, if it gives a tolerable ſenſe. Tho' the line

Do diſcandy, melt their ſweets, &c.

is very good ſenſe. I think, it would be better, if we read, *do diſcandying* melt their ſweats. The reaſons are obvious.

A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air.—Thou haſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
They are black veſper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a horſe, even with a thought
The rack diſlimns, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even ſuch a body; here I'm Antony,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for Egypt, and the queen,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, for ſhe had mine;
(Which whilſt it was mine, had annex'd to it,
A million more, now loſt;) ſhe, Eros, has
Packt cards with Cæſar, and falſe plaid my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.

Deſcription of Cleopatra's *(ſuppoſed) Death.*

Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do,
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was Antony! moſt noble Antony!
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; ſhe rendred life,
Thy name ſo buried in her.

SCENE XII. Cleopatra *on the Death of* Antony.

It were for me
To throw my ſceptre at th'injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had ſtol'n our jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do ye, women?
What, what good cheer? Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls?—Ah women, women! Look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out—Good ſirs, take heart,
We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away,
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.

ACT V. SCENE I.

DEATH.

My deſolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be Cæſar:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
(17) Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which

(17) *Which ſleeps*, &c.] Mr. *Seward*, in a note on the *Falſe One*, obſerves; "When we ſpeak in contempt of any thing, we generally reſolve it into its firſt principles: thus, man is duſt and aſhes, and the food we eat, the dung, by which firſt our vegetable, and from thence our animal food is nouriſh'd. This ſentiment has, in *Shakeſpear*'s *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, eſcaped the obſervation of two that deſervedly bear the firſt names in criticiſm, Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and Mr. *Warburton*. *Cleopatra* finding ſhe can no longer riot in the pleaſures of life, with the uſual workings of a diſappointed pride, pretends a diſguſt to them,

Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.

SCENE III. Cleopatra's *Dream and Deſcription of* Antony.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an emperor Antony;
Oh, ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee,
But, ſuch another man!

Dol. If it might pleaſe ye—

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns, and therein ſtuck
A ſun and moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little O o'th'earth.

Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature—

Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Creſted the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned ſpheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights
Were dolphin-like; they ſhew'd his back above
The elements they liv'd in; in his livery,

and thus ſpeaks in praiſe of ſuicide——And it is great, *&c.* (as in the text.)

From the obſervation above, nothing can be clearer than this paſſage: *Both the beggar and Cæſar are fed and nurſed by the dung* of the earth: and in this ſenſe it always appeared to me before the following demonſtration of it occur'd. In the firſt ſcene of the ſame play, *Antonio* ſays,

> Kingdoms are clay, our *dungy* earth alike
> Feeds beaſts as man.——

Though I am perſuaded, with Mr. *Seward*, this is true ſenſe of the paſſage; yet we muſt nicely obſerve the ſenſe of *ſleeps* and *palates*, which are quite peculiar, and may be reckoned amongſt the anomalies of *Shakeſpear*. "Suicide, ſays he, ſhackles accidents and bolts up change, *ſleeps*, [*i. e.* cauſes us to *ſleep*] and never *palates*, [never more to *palate*, &c.]

Walk'd

Walk'd crowns and coronets; realms and iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Scene V. *Firm Reſolution.*

How poor an inſtrument
May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble conſtant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Scene VI. Cleopatra's *Speech on applying the Aſp.*

—Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Ægypt's grape ſhall moiſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iras: quick—methinks I hear
Antony call, I ſee him rowſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act. (18) I hear him mock
The luck of Cæſar, which the gods give men
T'excuſe their after-wrath. Huſband, I come;
Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life. So—have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.

(18) *I hear*, &c.] It has been obſerved, this poſſibly might have been ſhadowed out from *Claudian*;

——*Jam non ad culmina rerum*
Injuſtos creviſſe queror: tolluntur in altum
Ut lapſu graviore cadant.

In Rufinum L.

To faireſt heights that wicked men attain,
No more I marvel, and no more complain;
Since but with greater ruin down to fall
Aloft they're raiſed.

Farewel, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewel.

[*Applying the Aſp.*

Have I the aſpic in my lips? Do'ſt fall? [*To* Iras.
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Do'ſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras *dies.*

Char. Diſſolve, thick cloud and rain, that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me baſe———
If ſhe firſt meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch,

[*To the Aſp.*

With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate, (19)
Of life at once untie. Oh, could'ſt thou ſpeak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæſar aſs,
Unpoliced!

Char. Oh, eaſtern ſtar!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,——
O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too,——

[*Applying another Aſp.*

(20) What ſhould I ſtay.——— [*Dies.*

Char.

(19) *Intrinſicate*] *i. e.* Intricate, intangled, or tied in hard knots; ſo, in *King Lear*,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,
Too *intrinſicate* to unlooſe.

Edwards.

(26) *What ſhould I ſtay*, &c.] *Shakeſpear* excels prodigiouſly in theſe breaks: ſo, *Piercy*, in *Henry* IV. firſt part, juſt departing; ſays,

——No,

Char. In this wild word? ſo, fare thee well:
Now, boaſt thee, death; in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd.

No, *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for—— [*Dies.*
P. Hen. Worms; brave *Percy*, fare thee well, &c.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE III.

MOB.

WHAT (1) would you have, ye curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where

(1) *What*, &c.] *Shakeſpear* has many paſſages on the uncertainty of popular favour, and the ficklenes of the vulgar: the reader will find one in the 2d part of *Henry* IV. v. 2. p. 17. where I have referred to this: *Milton*, in his 3d book of *Paradiſe Regained*, has a paſſage remarkably ſimilar to this. Satan ſays to Chriſt,

Theſe god-like virtues wherefore doſt thou hide,
Affecting private life? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyſelf
The fame and glory: glory the reward
That ſole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of moſt erected ſpirits?
To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd:
—What is glory but the blaze of fame,
The peoples praiſe, if always praiſe unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miſcellaneous rabble who extol
Things vulgar, and well-weigh'd ſcarce worth the praiſe?
They praiſe and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other.
And what delight to be by ſuch extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be diſprais'd, where no ſmall praiſe,
His lot who dares be ſingularly good?
Th' intelligent among them and the wiſe
Are few, and glory ſcarce of few is rais'd.

In

Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares:
Where foxes, geeſe: you are no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hail-ſtone in the ſun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice did it. Who deſerves greatneſs,
Deſerves your hate; and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who deſires moſt that,
Which would increaſe his evil. He, that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye—truſt ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate;
Him vile, that was your garland.

SCENE V. Aufidius's *Hatred to* Coriolanus.

——— Nor ſleep nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick, nor fame, nor capitol,
The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
Embarments of all fury, ſhall lift up
Their rotten privilege and cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to *Marcius*. Where I find him, were it
At home upon my brother's guard, ev'n there
Againſt the hoſpitable cannon, wou'd I
Waſh my fierce hand in's heart.

In the ſecond line of the text, the meaning ſeems plain to any vulgar reader; but Mr. *Warburton* imagining ſomething more than his author intended, alters it to

That *likes not* peace nor war.

The author is deſcrying the fickleneſs of the mob, whom nothing pleaſes: uneaſy, murmuring and rebellious in time of peace; fearful, diſcontented and cowardly in time of war; affrighted and rendered clamorous by the one; ſawcy and wavering, being made proud, by the other. The reader may ſee the humour of this ſet of people, in the 4th Act and 8th Scene of the play, which (if there wants any) may caſt ſome light on the paſſage.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *An imaginary Deſcription of* Coriolanus *warring.*

(2) Methinks, I hither hear your huſband's drum:
I ſee him pluck *Aufidius'* down by th' hair:
As children from a bear, the *Volſci* ſhunning him:
Methinks, I ſee him ſtamp thus—and call thus—
"Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
Though ye were born in *Rome:*" his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harveſt man, that's taſk'd to mow
Or all, or loſe his hire.

Virg. His bloody brow! Oh, *Jupiter*, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy. The breaſt of *Hecuba*,
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector*'s forehead, when it ſpit forth blood
At *Grecian* ſwords contending.

SCENE XI. *Doing our Duty merits not Praiſe.*

Pray, now no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done; that's what I can;
Induc'd, as you have been, that's for my country;
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

ACT II. SCENE IV.
POPULARITY.

All tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling nurſe

(2) *Methinks*, &c.] This martial ſpeech is ſpoken by *Volumnia*, the mother of *Coriolanus*, to his wife *Virgilia*: I cannot approve the third line: the word *children* is frequently made three ſyllables by *Shakeſpear*, and other old poets; ſo that we might read, as *childeren a bear*, or rather, *as childeren do a bear*. It may indeed do as it now ſtands, *ſhunning* being taken in the ſenſe of flying, but ſtill, *ſhunning from*, is harſh.

Into

Into a (3) rapture lets her baby cry,
While ſhe chats him: the kitchin malkin pins
Her richeſt lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him; ſtalls, bulks, windows
Are ſmother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd

(3) *Rapture*] *i. e.* A taking away, a fit. *Seld-ſhewn* Flamins, is particular, meaning, ſeldom ſhewn or ſeen. The *war* of white and damaſk means only the *ſtruggle*, or contention between them for ſuperiority: and tho', as Mr. *Warburton* obſerves, "it is the *agreement* and *union* of the colours that make the beauty;" yet theſe two may be well ſaid to *war* or *contend* with each other for ſuperior beauty: ſo that I think, there is no need of altering the paſſage, as he would have it, to *ware*. The expreſſion, *that whatſoever god who leads him*, is particular too, and is to be underſtood as if he had ſaid, *as if that god, whatever god it be, who leads him*, &c.

When I made the remark above on Mr. *Warburton*'s criticiſm of *ware*, I did not know Mr. *Edwards* had taken any notice of it: however, I find in the 94th page of his *Canons of Criticiſm*, he obſerves, "Perhaps ſome other profeſſed critic, diſliking Mr. *Warburton*'s *Commodity*, and being offended with the idea of venality which the word *merchandiſe* gives in this place, (for the reader muſt know, he explains *ware*, by *commodity*, and *merchandiſe*) may tell us we ſhould read, *commit the wear*, i. e. hazard the wearing out—commit, from *commettre*, an old *French word*: which is no *ſmall* recommendation to it! but a poor poetical reader would let this figure paſs; and not be alarmed (except for his own heart) on account of this innocent war between the roſes and lillies in a lady's cheek: remembring that beautiful tho' ſimple deſcription of it, in the old ballad of *Fair Roſamond*.

The blood within her cryſtal cheeks
Did ſuch a colour drive,
As though the lilly and the roſe
For *maſterſhip* did *ſtrive*.

If Mr. *Warburton* ſhould object to the authority of this unknown poet, I hope he will allow that of *Shakeſpear* himſelf, who, in his *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, has theſe lines,

This ſilent *war* of lillies and of roſes,
Which *Tarquin* view'd in her fair face's field.

p. 103. *Sewel*'s ed."

See too the foregoing ſtanza in the ſame poem,

With

With variable complexions: all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown flamins
Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damaſk, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton ſpoil
Of *Phœbus*' burning kiſſes: ſuch a pother,
As if that whatſoever god, who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful poſture.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Cominius' *Speech in the Senate.*

I ſhall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the haver: if it be
The man I ſpeak of cannot in the world
Be ſingly counterpois'd. At ſixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The briſtled lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er-preſt *Roman*, and i'th' the conſul's view
Slew three oppoſers; *Tarquin*'s ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the ſcene,
He prov'd beſt man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man entred thus, he waxed like a ſea,
And in the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince
He lurch'd all ſwords o'th' garland. For this laſt
Before, and in *Corioli*, let me ſay
I cannot ſpeak him home: he ſtopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the coward

Turn terror into ſport. As waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his ſtern: his ſword (death's ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was trimm'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'th' city, which he painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny: aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe, when ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Requicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil; and 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Miſchief of Anarchy.

My ſoul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupreme, how ſoon confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.

SCENE IV. *Character of* Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for this world:
(4) He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,

Or

(4) *He*, &c.] *Thomſon*, who hath written a tragedy on this ſubject, tho' with little ſucceſs, his dramatic genius being utterly incapable of treading in the ſteps of *Shakeſpear*, puts this character of *Coriolanus* into the mouth of *Galeſus*;

Spite of my love to *Marcius* I muſt own it,
The vigorous ſoil whence his heroic virtues

Luxu-

Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth;
What his breaſt forges that his tongue muſt vent,
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

SCENE V. *Honour and Policy.*

I've heard you ſay,
Honour and policy, like unſever'd friends,
I'th' war do grow together; grant that, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loſes,
That they combine not there.

The Method to gain popular Favour.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having ſtretch'd it, (here be with them)
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones; (for in ſuch buſineſs
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears;) (5) waving thy head,
Which

Luxuriant riſe, if not with careful hand
Severely weeded, teems with imperfections.
His lofty ſpirit brooks no oppoſition:
His rage, if once offended, knows no bounds.
He deems plebeians, with patrician blood
Compar'd, the creatures of a lower ſpecies,
Mere menial hands by nature meant to ſerve him.

Act 2. Sc. 1.

The reader will be agreeably entertained by reading the life of this hero, written by *Plutarch*, which will add many beauties to this compoſition of *Shakeſpear*.

(5) *Waving thy head*, &c.] Mr. *Warburton*, and Sir *Thomas Hanmer* after him, thinking this paſſage corrupt and abſurd, alter it thus;

Waving thy *hand*,
Which *ſoften* thus correcting, *&c.*

We have nothing more to do than explain the paſſage, to ſhew their miſtake: the mother deſires her ſon to go to the populace with all tokens of humility, "with his bonnet in his *hand*, which he was to *ſtretch* forth, and to buſs the ſtones with his knee

Which often thus correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry,
That wilt not hold the handling; [or] ſay to them,
Thou art their ſoldier, and being bred in broils,
(6) Haſt not the ſoft way, which, thou doſt confeſs,
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In aſking their loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt power and perſon.

Coriolanus, *his Abhorrence of Flattery.*

Well, I muſt do't:
Away, my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some harlot's ſpirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe,

and to *wave* his *head* in token of contrition (a moſt common and daily-obſervable method) *which* [or the doing of which] often thus correcting his ſtout heart [by thus *waving*, in ſign of ſubmiſſion, correcting and chaſtizing that pride, and ſubduing that erroneous obſtinacy by this humiliation, he confeſſes to puniſh and bring under, *&c.*] then, ſhe adds, ſay, ſo and ſo, *&c.* We may ſuppoſe, *often thus*, is ſpoken δεικτικως, as the rhetoricians ſay, ſhe herſelf, while ſpeaking, being ſuppoſed to *wave* her head, in the manner ſhe would have *Coriolanus* do it. Mr. *Warburton* aſks—"Where is the ſenſe or grammar of, Which often thus, *&c.*" I would anſwer one queſtion by another—Where is the ſenſe or grammar of, Waving thy *hand*, *which* ſoften thus? *&c.*——The reader may obſerve, *hand* and *ſoft*, are both uſed in the ſpeech, not far from this place, which is ſome objection to the critic's *emendation.*

The ſecond line is a proof ſhe uſes that *action* ſhe would recommend to her ſon: the reader will obſerve, *or*, in the 8th line is quite unneceſſary, the verſe and ſenſe being compleat without it; for which reaſon, I have put it in hooks, as a perplexing and idle expletive.

(6) *Haſt not*, &c.] So *Othello* tells the ſenate of *Venice*;

Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace, *&c.*

See Act 1. Sc. 8.

Which

Small as an eunuch, or the virgin's voice
That babies lulls aſleep! the ſmiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and ſchool-boys tears take up
The glaſſes of my ſight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion thro' my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my ſtirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms—I will not do't—
Leſt I ſurceaſe to honour my own truth,
And by my body's action, teach my mind
A moſt inherent baſeneſs.

His Mother's Reſolution on his ſtubborn Pride.

(7) At thy choice then;
To beg of thee, it is my more diſhonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dang'rous ſtoutneſs: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do, as thou liſt;
Thy valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuckd'ſt it from me:
But own thy pride thyſelf.

(7) *At thy*, &c.]

Daughter, riſe,
Let us no more before the *Volſcian* people
Expoſe ourſelves a ſpectacle of ſhame.
It is in vain we try to melt a breaſt,
That to the beſt affections nature gives us,
Prefers the worſt. Hear me, proud man, I have
A heart as ſtout as thine. I came not hither,
To be ſent back, rejected, baffled, ſham'd,
Hateful to *Rome*, becauſe I am thy mother:
A *Roman* matron knows in ſuch extremes,
What part to take, and thus I came provided.
[*Drawing from a robe a dagger.*
Go, barbarous ſon, go, double parricide!
Ruſh o'er my corſe to thy belov'd revenge.
Tread on the bleeding breaſt of her to whom
Thou ow'ſt thy life.

Thompſon's Coriolanus, Act 5. Sc. 1.

See the page following.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *His Deteſtation of the Vulgar.*

You common cry of curs whoſe breath I hate,
As reek o'th' rotten fens; whoſe loves I prize,
As the dead carcaſes of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I baniſh you:
And here remain with your uncertainty:
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts;
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair: have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders, 'till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels;
Making but reſervation of yourſelves
Still your own enemies) deliver you,
As moſt abated captives, to ſome nation
That won you without blows.

ACT VI. SCENE I.

Precepts againſt Ill-fortune.

——You were us'd
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gently warded, craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that wou'd make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

SCENE III. *On common Friendſhips.*

Oh world, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal, and exerciſe
Are ſtill together, who twine, as 'twere, in love
Unſe-

Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
(8) On a diſſenſion of a doit, break out,
To bitter enmity. So, felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick, not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their iſſues.

SCENE IV. *Martial Friendſhip.*

——————(9) Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where againſt
My

(8) *On a diſſenſion*, &c.] This is a beautiful picture of the trivial accidents that break and contract common friendſhips: I remember a paſſage in a poem called, *An Eſſay on Converſation*, (which is written, if I am not miſtaken, by Mr. *Stillingfleet*, and may be found in *Dodſley*'s *Miſcellany*,) where he excellently ſets forth the little follies that occaſion fatal breaches in friendſhip, than which, as *Manilius* long ſince obſerved, nothing in nature is more noble, and nothing in nature more rare.

Nihil ex ſemet natura creavit
Pectore amicitiæ majus, nec rarius unquam.

I have not the poem by me, but ſo far as I can recollect the paſſage, will give it my reader.

Panthus and *Euclio* link'd in friendſhip's tye,
Liv'd each for each, as each for each wou'd die:
Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd,
'Twas but one ſoul, that in two bodies reign'd!
One night, as uſual 'twas their nights to paſs,
They ply'd the ſocial, but ſtill temperate glaſs:
When, lo! a doubt was rais'd about a word——
A doubt that muſt be ended by the ſword!
One falls a victim: mark, O man, thy ſhame!
Becauſe their gloſſaries were not the ſame.

I believe the ingenious author uſes this example with a different deſign from that for which I have quoted it; however, it will ſerve very well to caſt a light on the preſent topic.

(9) *Let me*, &c.] Nothing can be imagined more noble than this generoſity of *Auſidius*, and we may well ſay, *Shakeſpear* hath given him words equal to the greatneſs of his ſoul: *Thompſon* owes

My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcar'd the moon with ſplinters: here I clip
The anvil of my ſword, and do conteſt,
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever, in ambitious ſtrength, I did

owes much to *Shakeſpear* in this character more particularly; one ſpeech or two will be ſufficient to ſhew not only that, but how dangerous it is to attempt the flights of this daring *Britiſh* eagle. In the firſt act of *Thompſon*'s tragedy, before *Coriolanus* puts himſelf under the protection of *Tullus*, the *Volſcian* tells his friend;

My ſoul, my friend, my ſoul is all on fire!
Thirſt of revenge conſumes me: the revenge
Of generous emulation, not of hatred.
This happy *Roman*, this proud *Martius* haunts me!
Each troubled night, when ſlaves and captives ſleep
Forgetful of their chains, I, in my dreams
Anew am vanquiſh'd: and beneath the ſword
With horror ſinking, feel a ten-fold death,
The death of honour: but I will redeem——
Yes, *Marcius*, I will yet redeem my fame;
To face thee once again is the great purpoſe,
For which alone I live.

And in the 4th ſcene following, he ſays to *Coriolanus*, now diſcover'd to him;

O, *Caius Martius*, in this one ſhort moment
That we have friendly talk'd, my raviſh'd heart
Hath undergone a great, a wond'rous change.
I ever held thee in my beſt eſteem:
But this heroic confidence has won me,
Stampt me at once thy friend. I were, indeed,
A wretch as mean, as this thy truſt is noble,
Cou'd I refuſe thee thy demand.—Yes, *Marcius*,
Thou haſt thy wiſh, take half of my command,
If that be not enough, then take the whole.
We have, my friend, a gallant force on foot,
An army, *Marcius*, fit to follow thee.
Go, lead them on, and take thy full revenge:
All ſhould unite to puniſh the ungrateful:
Ingratitude is treaſon to mankind, *&c.*

Con-

Contend again thy valour. (10) Know thou, firſt,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath but that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my wrapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe my arm for't: thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyſelf and me;
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckling helms, fiſting each others throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Seaſon of Sollicitation.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
(11) The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſt; therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt.

(10) *Know thou*, &c.] In the firſt Act and 9th Scene of this play *Coriolanus* ſays,

——Oh! let me clip ye,
In arms as ſound, as when I woo'd: in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bed-ward.

(11) *The veins*, &c.] This obſervation of *Shakeſpear* is by general practice verified, and by many copied from him: Mr *Theobald* tells us, lord *Bacon* ſomewhere in his eſſays make this very remark.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Obſtinate Reſolution.*

My wife comes foremoſt, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
(12) Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate.
What is that curt'ſie worth; or thoſe dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forſworn? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others: my mother bows,
As if Olympus to a mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great nature cries,—Deny not.—Let the Volſcians
Plow Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand
As if a man were author of himſelf,
And knew no other kin.

(12) *Let it*, &c.] *Thomſon*, well deſcribing the obſtinate and revengeful temper of *Coriolanus*, makes him ſpeak thus;

> What ſaid'ſt thou, what againſt the power of vengeance?
> The gods gave honeſt anger, juſt revenge,
> To be the awful guardians of the rights
> And native dignity of human kind.
> O, were it not for them, the ſaucy world
> Wou'd grow a noiſome neſt of little tyrants!
> Each carrion crow on eagle-merit perch'd,
> Wou'd peck his eyes out; and the mongrel cur
> At pleaſure bait the lion.——No, *Galeſus*,
> I wou'd not raſhly nor on light occaſion,
> Receive the deep impreſſion in my breaſt:
> But when the baſe, the brutal, and unjuſt,
> Or worſe than all, th'ungrateful ſtamp it there;
> O, I will then with luxury ſupreme,
> Enjoy the pleaſure of offended gods,
> A righteous, juſt revenge. Act 2. Sc. 5.

I have been pretty large in my quotations from this fine and moving ſcene, but would by all means refer the reader to the original, as well as to that part of Mr. *Thomſon*'s play, where, in my opinion at leaſt, he moſt excels.

Relenting Tenderneſs.

————Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out
Even to a full diſgrace. Beſt of my fleſh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not ſay.
For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiſs,
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiſs
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince—Ye gods! I prate;
And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted: ſink, my knee, i'th' earth,
Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons.

CHASTITY.

————(13) The noble ſiſter of Poplicola,
The moon of Rome; chaſte as the iſicle,
That's

(13) *The noble*, &c.] *Emilia*, in the laſt act of the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, thus addreſſes *Diana*, the patroneſs of chaſtity;

Oh, ſacred, ſhadowy, cold, and conſtant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure
As wind-fan'd ſnow, who to thy female knights
Allow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,
Which is their order's robe: *&c.*

In *Milton*'s *Comus*, the brother ſpeaking of his ſiſter; ſays,

'Tis chaſtity, my brother, chaſtity:
She that has that, is clad in compleat ſteel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge foreſts and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and ſandy, perilous wilds,
Where through the ſacred rays of chaſtity,
No ſavage fierce, banditti, or mountaineer,
Will dare to ſoil her virgin purity:
Yea, there, where every deſolation dwells,
By grots and caverns, ſhagg'd with horrid ſhades,
She

That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus's *Prayer for his Son.*

(14)————The god of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupreme Jove, inform

She may paſs on with unblench'd majeſty;
Be it not done in pride, or in preſumption.
Some ſay, no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh fen,
Blue meager hag, or ſtubborn unlaid ghoſt,
That breaks his magic chains at curfue time,
No goblin, or ſwart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

He then ſpeaks of *Diana*, the patroneſs of chaſtity, and of *Minerva*; and goes on,

So dear to heaven is ſaintly chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear:
Till oft converſe with heavenly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the ſoul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal, *&c.*

See the whole paſſage.

(14) *The god*, &c.] See the firſt page of the firſt volume, and the note. There is ſomething peculiarly great and exalted in this prayer of *Coriolanus*: the expreſſions are perfectly ſuited to the ſublimity of the petitions. The word *flaw*, in the laſt line but one, means 'a *ſudden* and impetuous guſt of wind,' tho' it hath a different ſenſe in the 2d part of *Hen.* IV. ſee A. 4. Sc. 8.

In the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, *Arcite*, lamenting the many miſeries of their captivity, among the reſt complains—that they ſhould have

No iſſue know them;————
No figure of ourſelves ſhall we e'er ſee,
To glad our eye, and like young eagles teach 'em,
Boldly to gaze againſt bright arms, and ſay
Remember what your fathers were—and conquer.

Act 2. Sc. 2.

Thy thoughts with nobleneſs, that thou may'ſt prove
To ſhame unvulnerable, and ſtick i'th' wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!

Coriolanus' *Mother's pathetic Speech to him.*

———Think with thyſelf,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; ſince thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to ſee,
The ſon, the huſband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out; and to poor we
Thine enmity's moſt capital; thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. * * *
* * * * We muſt find,
An eminent calamity though we had
Our wiſh which ſide ſhou'd win. For either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our ſtreets: or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, till
Theſe wars determine; if I can't perſuade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one: thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

SCENE IV. *Peace after a Siege.*

Ne'er thro' an arch ſo hurried the blown tide,

As the re-comforted thro' th' gates. Why, hark you;
(15) The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the ſhouting Romans
Make the ſun dance.

(15) *The* &c.] *Shakeſpear* poſſibly might have this verſe from the 3d chapter of *Daniel*, in view, when he wrote the above.

At what time ye hear the ſound of the cornet, flute, harp, ſackbut, pſaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of muſic, ye fall down and worſhip the golden image, &c.

Or this from the laſt Pſalm.

Praiſe him with the ſound of the trumpet, praiſe him with the pſaltery and harp: praiſe him with the timbrel and dance, praiſe him with the ſtringed inſtruments and organs. Praiſe him upon the loud cymbals, praiſe him upon the high-ſounding cymbals. Let every thing that hath breath praiſe the Lord.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Parting Lovers.

Imo. THOU ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.
Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crackt 'em, but
To look upon him; (1) till the diminution
Of ſpace, had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, 'till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept: but, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?
Piſ. Be aſſur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay; ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him ſwear,

(1) *Till*, &c.] There needs no alteration here: *Imogen* ſays, "She would not have left to after-eye him, till he was as little as a crow, nay, ſhe would have crackt her eye-ſtrings to look upon him, till the diminution of ſpace [the leſſening of the ſpace he took up] had pointed him ſharp as a needle, (till the ſpace he took up ſeem'd not only ſmall as a bird, but even ſharp as a needle's point.)

The

The ſhe's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour: or have charg'd him
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with oriſons, (for then
I am in heav'n for him;) or e'er I could
Give him that parting kiſs, (2) which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from blowing *.

SCENE VIII. *The Baſeneſs of Falſhood to a Wife.*

Doubting things go ill often hurts more,
Than to be ſure they do; for certainties
Or are paſt remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne; diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Iach. (3) Had I this cheek To

(2) *Which*, &c.] Mr. *Warburton*, in his note on this paſſage, has had the felicity to diſcover what the two charming words were, between which *Imogen* would have ſet her parting kiſs, which *Shakeſpear* probably never thought of. He ſays, "without queſtion, by theſe two charming words, ſhe would be underſtood to mean,

Adieu, Poſthumus.
The one religion made ſo, the other love."

Imogen muſt have underſtood the etymology of our language very exactly, to find out ſo much religion in the word *adieu*, which we uſe commonly, without fixing any ſuch idea to it; as when we ſay, ſuch a man has *bid adieu* to all religion. And on the other ſide, ſhe muſt have underſtood the language of love very little, if ſhe could find no tenderer expreſſion of it, than the name by which every body elſe called her huſband. *Edwards's Can. of Crit.* p. 115.

* Blowing, *Warb.* vulg. growing.

(3) *Had I*, &c. He afterwards ſays,

To be partner'd
With tom-boys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield: with diſeas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenneſs lends nature! ſuch boyl'd ſtuff
As well might poiſon poiſon: be reveng'd, &c.

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch
Whoſe very touch wou'd force the feeler's ſoul
To th' oath of loyalty: this object, which
Takes priſoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; ſhould I, (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips, as common as the ſtairs
That mount the capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſhood as with labour;
Then glad myſelf by peeping in an eye,
Baſe and unluſtrious as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt:

ACT II. SCENE II.

Imogen's *Bedchamber*; *in one Part of it, a large Trunk.*

Imogen *is diſcovered reading.*

Imo. ——Mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed——
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou can'ſt awake by four o'th' clock,
I prithee call me—Sleep hath ſeized me wholly.
Exit Lady.
To your protection I commend me, gods,
From fairies and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, I beſeech ye. [*Sleeps.*

[Iachimo *riſes from the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er labour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: our *Tarquin* thus

Theſe lines are well worthy the reflection of all thoſe gentlemen, who ſtile themſelves *Men of pleaſure:* if they would duly weigh the truth of them: their own pride ſure would be the firſt thing, to *drum them,* as *Shakeſpear* ſays, from their laſcivious ſports.

Did

Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, e'er he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lilly.
And whiter than the ſheets! That I might touch,
But kiſs, one kiſs—Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'th' taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To ſee th' incloſed light, now canopy'd
Under the windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heav'ns own tinct—but my deſign's
To note the chamber—I will write all down
Such and ſuch pictures—there the window—ſuch
Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
Why ſuch, and ſuch—and the contents o'th' ſtory——
Ah, but ſome natural notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables,
Would teſtify, t' enrich mine inventory.
(4) O, ſleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off.—
[*Taking off her Bracelet.*
As ſlippery as the Gordian knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I'th' bottom of a cowſlip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think, I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. No more—to what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's rivetted,

(4) *O ſleep*, &c. So, *Ovid* ſays,
Stulte quid eſt ſomnus, gelidæ niſi mortis imago?
Fool, what is ſleep, but th' image of cold death?
See *Meaſure for Meaſure* (the *Duke*'s fine ſpeech to *Claudio.*)

Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading late
The tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where *Philomel* gave up——I have enough,
To th' trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift you dragons of the night, that dawning
(5) May bear the raven's eye; I lodge in fear;
Tho' this a heav'nly angel, hell is here.

He goes into the Trunk, the Scene cloſes.

SCENE IV. *Gold.*

(6) 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes
Diana's

(5) *May bear*, &c. Some copies read, *bare*, or make bare, others, *ope:* but the true reading is, *bear*, a term taken from heraldry, and very ſublimely applied. The meaning is, that morning may aſſume the colour of the raven's eye, which is *grey:* hence it is ſo commonly called, the *grey-ey'd* morning: in *Romeo and Juliet*,

I'll ſay yon *grey* is not the morning's eye;
Warburton.

No term in heraldry is ſo common as to *bear*, ſo that, doubtleſs, Mr. *Warburton*'s explanation muſt be allowed: *Shakeſpear* uſes it in *Much ado about nothing*;

" So that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him *bear* it for a difference between him and his horſe."

(6) *'Tis*, &c.] See the 2d part of *Henry* IV. Act 4. Sc. 11. *Virgil* ſays,

——*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,*
Auri ſacra fames?

Curs'd gold, how high will daring mortals riſe
In every guilt to reach the glitt'ring prize?
Pitt, Æn. 3. v. 57.

Horace has an ode expreſly on this ſubject, That gold makes its way thro' all things: 'tis in his 3d book, and the 16th ode. Take part of it, in the words of *Creech*;

A tower of braſs, gates ſtrong and barr'd,
And watchful dogs ſuſpicious guard,
From creeping night-adulterers
That ſought impriſon'd *Danae*'s bed
Might have ſecur'd one maidenhead,
And freed the old *Acriſius* from his fears.

Diana's rangers falſe themſelves, and yield up
Their deer to th' ſtand o'th' ſtealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometimes hangs both thief, and true-man; what
Can it not do, and undo?

SCENE VII. *A Satire on Women.*

(7) Is there no way for men to be, but women
Muſt be half-workers? We are baſtards all;

And

But *Jove* and *Venus* ſoon betray'd
The jealous guardian of the maid:
They knew the way to take the hold,
They knew the paſs muſt open lie
To ev'ry hand and ev'ry eye,
When *Jove* himſelf was bribe, and turn'd to gold.
Gold loves to break thro' gates and bars
It is the thunderbolt of wars:
It flies thro' walls, and breaks away;
By gold the argive augur fell,
It taught the children to rebel,
And made the wife her fatal lord betray.
When engines, and when arts do fail,
The golden wedge can cleave the wall:
Gold, *Philip*'s rival, kings o'erthrew;
Rough ſeaman, ſtubborn as the flood,
And angry ſeas that they have plough'd,
Bribes quickly ſnare and eaſily ſubdue, &c.

(7) *Is there*, &c.] *Milton* ſays,

O why did God
Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt heaven
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels without feminine,
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind? *Par. Loſt*, B. 10. v. 888.

This thought, as Dr. *Newton* has well obſerved, both in *Shakeſpear* and *Milton*, "was originally from *Euripides*, who makes *Hippolitus*, in like manner, expoſtulate with *Jupiter*, for not creating man without woman." See *Hipp.* 616.

O *Jupiter*, why woman, man's ſole woe,
Haſt thou created? Wherefore did'ſt thou not,
Minding to people earth, perform thy purpoſe
Without this female race, this fair defect?

And

And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was, I know not where,
When

And *Jaſon* is made to talk in the ſame ſtrain, in the *Medea*, 573.

Children by other means ſhould be created,
Without the aid of women, theſe not born,
Man then had ſhun'd variety of ills.

Dr. *Newton* adds, "Such ſentiments as theſe, we ſuppoſe, procured *Euripides* the name of woman-hater. *Arioſto*, however, hath ventured upon the ſame, in *Rodomont*'s invective againſt woman. *Orlando Furioſo*, Cant. 27. S. 120.

Why did not nature rather ſo provide,
Without your help, that man of man might come,
And one be grafted on another's ſide,
As are the apples with the pear and plumb?
Harrington, St. 97.

It would be endleſs to quote from authors, paſſages ſimilar to this in *Shakeſpear*: thoſe of our own nation have greatly labour'd on the topic: Mr. *Warburton* himſelf hath joined the band, and fought againſt the ladies, as his pithy reflections on the wife of *Job*, in his *Divine Legation*, ſhew: however, we ſtill find them retaining their power in ſpite of all the malice of their foes, and amidſt ſo many enemies ſtill triumphant.

The manner in which the jealous *Poſthumus* deſcribes the apparent modeſty of his wife, deſerves to be compared with the following paſſage from *Philaſter*, who having received a letter to inform him of the falſhood of his miſtreſs, whom he dearly loved and believed perfectly chaſte, ſays;

O, let all women
That love black deeds learn to diſſemble here!
Here by this paper ſhe doth write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world beſide: but unto me,
A maiden ſnow that melted with my looks.
See *Philaſter*, Act 3.

A little further in the ſame act, he thus declaims againſt the ſex.

Some far place,
Where never womankind durſt ſet her foot,
For burſting with her poiſons, muſt I ſeek,
And live to curſe you:
There dig a cave and preach to birds and beaſts,
What woman is, and help to ſave them from you:
How heav'n is in your eyes, but, in your hearts
More hell, than hell has: how your tongues like ſcorpions,
Both

When I was ſtampt. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother ſeem'd
The Dian of that time; ſo doth my wife
The nonpareil of this —— Oh, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*—that I thought her
As chaſte as unſunn'd ſnow. * * *
* * * Could I find out
The woman's part in me;—for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
The woman's flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luſt, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice-longing, ſlanders, mutability;
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all. For even to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them —— yet 'tis greater ſkill

Both heal and poiſon; how your thoughts are woven
With thouſand changes in one ſubtle web,
And worn ſo by you. How that fooliſh man,
That reads the ſtory of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is loſt for ever.
How all the good you have is but a ſhadow
I'th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
Paſt and forgotten: how your vows are froſts,
Paſt for a night, and with the next ſun gone:
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confuſion, and ſo dead a chaos,
That love cannot diſtinguiſh. Theſe ſad texts,
Till my laſt hour I'm bound to utter of you,
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight.

In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
The very devils cannot plague them better.

ACT III. SCENE II.

A Wife's Impatience to meet her Huſband.

(8) Oh, for a horſe with wings! Hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
He is at *Milford-Haven*: read and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true *Piſanio*,
Who long'ſt like me, to ſee thy lord; who long'ſt —
(Oh, let me bate) but not like me, yet long'ſt
But in a fainter kind — Oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond—ſay, and ſpeak thick:
Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing

(8) Nothing can be conceived more natural and more inimitable than this impatient fondneſs of the faithful and amiable wife: ſhe no ſooner hears news of her huſband, than ſhe is immediately even for flying to him, for gliding thither in an inſtant of time: *Piſanio*'s aſſiſtance was neceſſary: ſhe knew he loved his lord; ſhe tells him ſo; how then does the jealous fondneſs of her affection break out——None cou'd love him, none muſt long to ſee him like her: ſhe muſt be told of the place, the diſtance, the manner of going, ere it can poſſibly be told; ſhe muſt contrive how to eſcape, ſhe muſt invent an excuſe—fooliſh and impertinent; ſhe then reflects—how muſt ſhe be gone; how many ſcore miles can ſhe ride 'twixt hour and hour? how mortifying the reply! but one ſcore betwixt—not hour and hour, but ſun and ſun! diſguſted at this, ſhe wants to hear no more of it, but meditates ſolely her departure. Her truſty *Piſanio* wiſhes her to conſider of this dangerous ſtep. She replies, "It is enough for me that I ſee before me—I do that, indeed; but neither here nor here, [what is on this hand or that hand,] nor what enſues, [what is or may be the conſequence of this ſtep] but have a fog in them which I cannot pierce thro'; all things but juſt the preſent before my ſight, are dark and miſty to me."—This is certainly a juſt and natural ſenſe of the paſſage, and conſequently, preferable to any other, which the alterations of critics render precarious.

To

To th' ſmothering of the ſenſe——how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed *Milford?* And by th' way,
Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
T' inherit ſuch a haven. But firſt of all,
How may we ſteal from hence: and for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence going,
And our return t'excuſe——but firſt, how get hence?
Why ſhould excuſe be born, or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter, Prithee, ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
That run i'th' clocks behalf. But this is foolery.
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs, ſay
She'll home to her father, and provide me, preſent,
A riding ſuit: no coſtlier than would fit
A franklin's houſewife.

Piſ. Madam, you'd beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what enſues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I prithee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Foreſt, with a Cave, in* Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. (9) A goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch,
Whoſe roof's as low as ours: ſee, boys! this gate
Inſtructs

(9) *A goodly*, &c.] If the reader will be pleaſed to conſult the 2d Act and 2d Scene of the *Two noble Kinſmen*, he will find, as has

Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may get thro'
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the ſun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We houſe i'th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly,
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain ſport: up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which leſſens and ſets off,
And you may then revolve what tales I've told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war,
That ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:

And

has been obſerved, "great ſimilitude of ſentiment, ſtyle and ſpirit:" *Palamon* and *Arcite* are there introduced into priſon together; ——*Arcite*, amongſt other things obſerves;

This is all our world—
We ſhall know nothing here but one another:
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes:
The vine ſhall grow, but we ſhall never ſee it:
Summer ſhall come, and with her all delights,
But dead cold winter muſt inhabit here ſtill.

Pal. 'Tis too true, *Arcite*. To our *Theban* hounds
That ſhook the aged foreſts with their ecchoes,
No more now muſt we hollow, no more ſhake
Our pointed javelin, whilſt the angry ſwine
Flies like a *Parthian* quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-ſteel'd darts. All valiant uſes,
The food and nouriſhment of noble minds,
In us two here ſhall periſh: we ſhall die,
Which is the curſe of honour, lazily,
Children of grief and ignorance.

Arc. Yet, couſin,
Even from the bottom of theſe miſeries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,

I ſee

And often to our comfort ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life,
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd: no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you ſpeak: we, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'th' neſt; nor know
What air's from home. Hap'ly this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt; ſweeter to you
That have a ſharper known: well correſponding
With your ſtiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed,
A priſon for a debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit. *Arv.*

I ſee two comforts riſing, two mere bleſſings,
If the Gods pleaſe to hold here, a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilſt *Palamon* is with me, let me periſh,
If I think this our priſon.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Let's think this priſon a holy ſanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worſe men;
We're young, and yet deſire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common converſation,
The poiſon of pure ſpirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy bleſſing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together
We are an endleſs mine to one another;
We're one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love: we're father, friends, acquaintance,
We are in one another, families,
I am your heir, and you are mine: this place
Is our inheritance: no hard oppreſſor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
We ſhall live long, and loving: no ſurfeits ſeek us:
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the ſeas

Swallow

Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December? How,
In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing:
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is to chaſe what flies, our cage
We make a choir, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o'th'court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whoſe top to climb
Is certain falling, or ſo ſlipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling. The toil of war,

Swallow their youth: were we at liberty
A wife might part us lawfully, or buſineſs;
Quarrels conſume us: envy of ill men
Reave our acquaintance: I might ſicken, couſin,
Where you ſhould never know it, and ſo periſh
Without your noble hand to cloſe mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thouſand chances
Were we from hence wou'd ſever us.

Pal. You have made me,
(I thank you, couſin *Arcite*) almoſt wanton
With my captivity: what a miſery
Is it to live abroad, and every where?
'Tis like a beaſt, methinks: I find the court here;
I'm ſure a more content, and all thoſe pleaſures
That wooe the wills of men to vanity,
I ſee thro' now: and am ſufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy ſhadow.
That old time, as he paſſes by, takes with him.
What had we been? Been old in the court of *Creon*.
Where ſin is juſtice, luſt and ignorance,
The virtues of the great ones: couſin, *Arcite*,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
W' had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their epitaphs the peoples curſes.

A pain

A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I' th' name of fame, and honour, which dies i' th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe
Muſt curt'ſie at the cenſure. Oh, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman ſwords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note. Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off; then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A ſtorm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing as I have told you oft,
But that two villains whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, ſwore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: ſo
Follow'd my baniſhment, and this twenty years,
This rock, and theſe demeſnes, have been my world,
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom, pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time——But, up to th' mountains
This is not hunter's language; he that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o'th' feaſt,
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater ſtate.

The Force of Nature.

How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little they are ſons to th' king,

Nor Cymbeline dreams, that they are alive.
They think they're mine, (10) and though train'd up thus meanly
I'th' cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. (11) This Paladour,
(The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The

(10) *And tho'*, &c.] That paſſage is printed thus in the old editions;

——And tho' train'd up thus meanly
I'th' cave whereon they bow.

which the critics have alter'd according to their ſeveral fancies and conjectures: Mr. *Theobald*, and the *Oxford* editor, read,

I'th' cave, *here on the brow.*

That is ſurely too inſignificant and inexpreſſive for *Shakeſpear*. Mr. *Warburton* gives us a more plauſible, and I think, juſt emendation—that, I have admitted into the text: which the firſt lines of *Belarius* his ſpeech ſeem to confirm;

Whoſe roof's as low as ours: ſee, boys, this gate
Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns: and *bows* you
To morning holy office.

"Tho' thus meanly brought up in a cave, which is ſo low, that they muſt bow or bend in entering it; yet theſe young princes thoughts are ſo exalted, they hit the roofs of palaces."

(11) *This* &c.] There is a paſſage in the *Maid's Tragedy*, (the beginning of the firſt act) which well deſerves to be compared with that in the text: *Melantius*, an old, honeſt general, thus ſpeaks of his friend:

His worth is great, valiant he is and temperate,
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it: when he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as, without boaſt,
I brought home conqueſt) he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do thoſe things he heard:
Then wou'd he wiſh to ſee my ſword, and feel
The quickneſs of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it.—He oft wou'd make me ſmile at this;

His

The king his father call'd Guiderius,) Jove!
When on my three-foot ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay, thus, mine enemy fell,
And thus I ſet my foot on's neck,—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwall

His youth did promiſe much, and his ripe age
Will ſee it all perform'd.——

Mr. *Seward* obſerves—(ſee his preface, p. xvii) 'A youth gazing on every limb of the victorious chief, then begging his ſword, feeling its edge, and poiſing it in his arm, are attitudes nobly expreſſive of the inward ardor and extaſy of ſoul: but what is moſt obſervable is,

——And in his hand
Weigh it, —— *&c.*

By this beautiful pauſe or break, the action and picture continue in view, and the poet, like *Homer*, is eloquent in ſilence. It is a ſpecies of beauty that ſhews an intimacy with that father of poetry, in whom it occurs extremely often. *Milton* has an exceeding fine one in the deſcription of his *Lazar-houſe*;

——Deſpair
Tended the ſick, buſieſt from couch to couch,
And over them triumphant death his dart
Shook—but delay'd to ſtrike, *&c.*
Par. Loſt, B. 11. v. 490.

As *Shakeſpear* did not ſtudy *verſification*, ſo much as theſe poets who were converſant in *Homer* and *Virgil*, I don't remember in him any ſtriking inſtance of this ſpecies of beauty. But he even wanted it not; his ſentiments are ſo amazingly bright, that they pierce the heart at once; and *diction* and *numbers*, which are the beauty and nerves adorning and invigorating the thoughts of other poets, to him are but like the bodies of angels, *azure vehicles*, through which the whole ſoul ſhines tranſparent. Of this, take the following inſtance;

This *Paladour*, &c."

ee the 2d part of *Henry* VI. Act 4. Sc. 1. n. 8.

(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving.

SCENE IV. *Slander.*

——————(12) No, 'tis ſlander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave
This viperous ſlander enters.

A Wife's Innocency.

(13) Falſe to his bed! What is it to be falſe,
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock?——If ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myſelf awake? That falſe to's bed!

Woman in Man's Dreſs.

(14) You muſt forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceneſs,
The handmaids of all women, (or more truly
Woman it's pretty ſelf,) to waggiſh courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-anſwered, ſawcy, and
As quarrelous as the weazel: nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek,
Expoſing it (but oh, the harder hap *,
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common kiſſing Titan; and forget

(12) *No, 'tis*, &c.] See *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act 3. Sc.
(13) *Falſe*, &c.] See Vol. II. p. 8. n. 8.
(14) *You muſt*, &c.] See *As you like it*, Act 1. Sc. 10.
* Hap, *Warb.* vulg. heart.

Your laborſom and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

SCENE VII. *The Foreſt and Cave.*

Enter Imogen *in Boy's Cloaths.*

I ſee, a man's life is a tedious one;
I've tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me: Milford,
When from the mountain top Piſanio ſhew'd thee,
Thou waſt within a ken. Oh, Jove, I think
Foundations fly the wretched, ſuch I mean;
Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them *, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in fulneſs
Is ſorer, than to lie for need: and falſhood
Is worſe in kings, than beggars. My dear lord,
Thou'rt one o'th' falſe ones; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to ſink for food. But what is this?

[*Seeing the Cave.*

Here is a path to't,—'Tis ſome ſavage hold;
'Twere beſt not call; I dare not call: yet famine
Ere it clean o'erthrows nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards, hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother.

LABOUR.

——— (15) Wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

* See Vol. I. p. 11.
(15) *Wearineſs*, &c.] See Vol. II. p. 17.

Harmleſs

Harmleſs Innocence.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. (16) Good maſters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; good troth,
I have ſtol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd i'th' floor. Here's money for my meat,
I would have left it on the board ſo ſoon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth!

Arv. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip dirty gods.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

BRAGGART.

(17) To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

(16) *Good maſters*, &c.] See *As you like it*, Act 2. Sc. 8. where *Orlando*, like *Imogen*, diſtreſt for food, humbly and pathetically addreſſes himſelf to the duke and his company.

(17) *To whom*, &c.] ——Turn away my face!
I never yet ſaw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myſelf
As great a baſiliſk as he: or ſpake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Both thunder underneath as much as his.
Philaſter, Act 1.

SCENE IV. *Fool-Hardineſs.*

——Being ſcarce made up,
I mean to man; he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the (18) cure of fear.

Inborn Royalty.

——O, thou goddeſs,
Thou divine nature! how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys: they are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet, as rough,
(Their royal blood enchaf'd,) as the rud'ſt wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop,
As if it had been ſow'd.

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes.
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made ſo much on. I had rather
Have ſkipt from ſixteen years of age, to ſixty;
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.

(18) *Cure*, *Oxford* editor, vulg. *cauſe*. Mr. *Theobald* reads,

——For th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cauſe of fear.——

Guid. Oh, ſweeteſt, faireſt lilly!
My brother wears thee not one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.
Bel. Oh, melancholy,
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom; find
The ooze to ſhew what coaſt (19) thy ſluggiſh care
Might eas'lieſt harbour in? Thou bleſſed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'ſt have made: but ah!
Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!

(19) *Thy ſluggiſh care,*] Mr. *Warburton* tells us, plauſible as this reading at firſt ſight may ſeem, all *thoſe* who know *any thing* of *good* writing, will agree that our author muſt have wrote,

To ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh *carrack*
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?

Carrack, is a ſlow, heavy-built veſſel of burden. To this conjecture, Mr. *Theobald*, and the *Oxford* editor, yield up *Shakeſpear*'s word, and admit *carrack* in the text. I wiſh, for my own ſake, I could be ſatisfied with it, as by not being ſo, I muſt neceſſarily incur the critics cenſure of *knowing nothing* of *good writing*; however, I muſt confeſs, the word immediately ſounds to me not like *Shakeſpear*'s: and 'whatever propriety there may be in it, according to Mr. *Warburton*, to deſign a melancholy perſon,' I can by no means think it our author's: a much more natural word, (was there need of alteration) perhaps many readers would have thought *bark*: yet that, nor any other ſeems neceſſary to the ſenſe and beauty of the paſſage. 'Oh, melancholy, (thou deep ſea) who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? who ever yet could find the ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh *care* (or charge) might eaſilieſt harbour in?' *Melancholy* is repreſented unto us under the allegory of a deep ſea, and the grief or affliction that occaſions the falling into *melancholy*, is beautifully ſuppoſed its ſluggiſh *care*, its burden or charge ſailing over that ſea, and ſeeking ſome harbour to land, *i. e.* to get free from the waters of melancholy: which the poet, by a beautiful interrogation, acquaints us, cannot be done: when once *ſorrow* embarks, and grief lanches her *heavy-laden* veſſel in the ocean of *melancholy*, no bottom is to be found, no harbour to be made, no deliverance to be obtained from this fathomleſs and boundleſs ſea.—This appears to me the true, and, I think, exquiſitely fine ſenſe of the paſſage: the reader will be the beſt judge, ſtill remembring if poſſible, we ſhould elevate our ideas to thoſe of our author, and not correct him to a level with our own apprehenſions when we cannot enter into his ſpirit: my attempt, at leaſt upon this conſideration, will be excuſed, and (if I am miſtaken,) my miſtakes obtain a pardon.

How

How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber;
Not as death's dart being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O'th' floor:
His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he ſlept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but ſleeps:
If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near thee.

Arv. With faireſt flow'rs,
Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll ſweaten thy ſad grave: thou ſhalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primroſe; nor
The azur'd-hare bell, like thy veins; no nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath; the raddock would
With charitable bill (oh, bill ſore-ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none,
To (20) winter-ground thy coarſe——

* * * * * * * * * * *.

Bel. Great griefs I ſee med'cine the leſs. For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's ſon, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: the mean, and mighty, rotting
Together, have one duſt, yet (21) reverence,

(20) *Winter-ground*] Mr. *Warburton* diſpleaſed at this would read *Winter-gown*: the reading in the text makes good ſenſe, and, is, I think, therefore to be preferr'd.

(21) *Reverence,*] See the paſſage on *Ceremony*, in *Henry* V. Vol. II. p. 28.

The angel of the world, doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a prince.

Guid. Pray thee, fetch him hither.
Therſites body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Funeral Dirge.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o'th' ſun,
Nor the furious winters rages;
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all muſt
As chimney-ſweepers come to duſt.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o'th' great,
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke,
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſceptre, learning, phyſick, muſt
All follow this, and come to duſt.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning flaſh.

Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-ſtone.

Guid. Fear no ſlander, cenſure raſh.

Arv. Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.

Imogen, *awaking.*

Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?—
I thank you—by yond buſh—pray, how far thither?—
'Ods pittikins—can it be ſix miles yet?—
I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and ſleep.
But ſoft! no bedfellow!—Oh, gods, and goddeſſes!
[*Seeing the body.*
Theſe flow'rs are like the pleaſures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope, I dream;
For, ſure, I thought I was a cave-keeper:

And

And cook to honeſt creatures. But 'tis not ſo;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes,
Are ſometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble ſtill with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven, as ſmall (22) a drop of pity
As a wren's eye: oh, gods! a part of it!
The dream's here ſtill; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Routed Army.

(23) No blame be to you, Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought: the king himſelf,

Of

(22) *A drop of pity,*] So *Othello* ſays,

I ſhou'd have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience.

Mr. *Theobald* obſerves, 'tho' this expreſſion is very pathetic in both places of our author, it brings to my mind a very humorous paſſage in the *Arcarnenſes* of *Ariſtophanes*. An *Athenian* ruſtic, in time of war, is robbed of a yoke of oxen by the *Bœotians*: he has almoſt cry'd his eyes out for the loſs of his cattle, and comes to beg for a *drop* of *peace* in a quill, to anoint his eyes with.'

——— Συδ' αλλα μοι, &c.

One drop of peace at leaſt, I pray you, pour
Into this quill, to bathe mine eyes.

(23) *No blame*] This deſcription is truly claſſical, and deſerves to be placed in competition with the fineſt in *Homer* and *Virgil*, both of whom abound with numberleſs paſſages of the like nature: the learned reader will want no direction to find them out; however ſuch as are not ſo well acquainted with the antients, may be agreeably amuſed by turning to the 12th *Iliad*, and 122d line, and the latter end of the 11th book of the *Æneid*. In *Lucan* too, he will meet with ſome fine deſcriptions of routs and ſlaughters: in the 7th book of his *Pharſalia*, he has ſomething very like *Shakeſpear*'s;

——Having work
More plentiful than tools to do't.——

Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britains ſeen; all flying
Thro' a ſtrait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerly through fear, that the ſtrait paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

DEATH.

(24) I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor

The poet ſays:

The victors murder and the vanquiſh'd bleed;
Their weary hands the tir'd deſtroyers ply,
Scarce can theſe kill, ſo faſt as thoſe can die. *Rowe.*

But perhaps, no poet, antient or modern, can equal our blind bard on this ſubject; his battle of the angels, their rout and headlong expulſion from heaven are too well known and admired to need particular remarking here.

(24) *I—charm'd*, &c.] Alluding to the common ſuperſtition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our *Saxon* anceſtors, and ſo is common to us with the *Germans*, who are above all other people given to this ſuperſtition, which made *Eraſmus*, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation his proper characteriſtic, ſay, 'the *Germans* pleaſe themſelves with the ſtrength of their bodies, and *their knowledge of magic*.' And *Prior*, in his *Alma*;

North Britons hence have ſecond ſight,
And *Germans free* from *gun ſhot fight*. Warb.

Aubrey, in the 1ſt Scene, and 5th Act of the *Bloody Brother*, ſpeaking of death, ſays;

Am I afraid of death, of dying nobly?
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?
Have I met death in all his forms and fears,
Now on the points of ſwords, now pitch'd on lances.
In

Nor feel him where he ſtruck. This ugly monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters then we,
That draw his knives i'th' war.

In fires, in ſtorms of arrows, battles, breaches,
And ſhall I now ſhrink from him, when he courts me
Smiling and full of ſanctity.

HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PRODIGIES.

IN the moſt high and (1) palmy ſtate of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The graves ſtood tenantleſs, and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueek and gibber in the *Roman* Streets,

Stars

(1) *Palmy*] *i. e.* Victorious——to *gibber*, is to chatter or make a gnaſhing with the teeth. *Diſaſter*, (ſays *Skinner*, and as its derivation plainly ſpeaks) ſignifies *malignum ſidus*, an *evil ſtar*; and by the aſtrologiſts it was uſed for an *evil* or *unlucky conjunction of ſtars*; the great repute of that art, and the influence the ſtars were ſuppoſed to have on man's life, gave it the ſignification we now uſe it in. *Shakeſpear* uſes it in its primary ſenſe. The learned reader will eaſily recollect the accounts given by the *hiſtorians*, of the prodigies preceding the death of *Julius Cæſar*: our author ſeems neither to have been unacquainted with that fine digreſſion in *Virgil*'s firſt *Georgic* concerning them, nor the account of them in *Ovid*, which 'tis probable he might have imitated from *Virgil*: I ſhall beg leave to ſubjoin them both.

* He firſt the fate of *Cæſar* did foretel,
And pitied *Rome*, when *Rome* in *Cæſar* fell.
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light,
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone;
Nature herſelf ſtood forth, and ſeconded the ſun;
Earth, air and ſeas with prodigies were ſign'd,
And birds obſcene and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did *Ætna*'s bellowing mouth expire,
From her torn entrails; and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard in *German* ſkies afar,
Of arms and armies ruſhing to the war!

Dire

* *The Sun.*

Stars ſhone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
Diſaſters veil'd the ſun, and the moiſt ſtar,
Upon

Dire earthquakes rent the ſolid *Alps* below
And from their ſummits ſhook th' eternal ſnow:
Pale ſpectres in the cloſe of night were ſeen,
And voices heard of more than mortal men.
In ſilent groves dumb ſheep and oxen ſpoke,
And ſtreams ran backward, and their beds forſook:
The yawning earth diſclos'd th' abyſs of hell,
The weeping ſtatues did the war foretel,
And holy ſweat from brazen idols fell.
Then riſing in his might the king of floods,
Ruſh'd thro' the foreſts, tore the lofty woods,
And rolling onward, with a ſweepy ſway,
Bore houſes, herds, and lab'ring hinds away:
Blood ſprang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the prieſts affright;
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forky lightnings flaſh'd from ſuch a ſullen ſky.
Red meteors ran acroſs th' ethereal ſpace,
Stars diſappear'd, and comets took their place.

Garth's Ovid, B. 15. p. 354. *Dryden.*

Among the clouds, were heard the dire alarms
Of ecchoing trumpets, and of clanging arms:
The ſun's pale image gave ſo faint a light,
That the ſad earth was almoſt veil'd in night;
The æther's face with fiery meteors glow'd,
With ſtorms of hail were mingled drops of blood:
A duſky hue the morning ſtar o'erſpread,
And the moon's orb was ſtain'd with ſpots of red:
In every place portentous ſhrieks were heard,
The fatal warnings of th' infernal bird:
In every place the marble melts to tears,
While in the groves, rever'd thro' length of years,
Boding and awful ſounds the ear invade,
And ſolemn muſic *warbles* thro' the ſhade:
No victim can attone the impious age;
No ſacrifice the wrathful Gods aſſwage:
Dire wars and civil fury threat the ſtate,
And every omen points out *Cæſar*'s fate:
Around each hollow'd ſhrine and ſacred dome,
Night-howling dogs diſturb the peaceful gloom;
Their ſilent ſeats and wand'ring ſhades forſake,
And fearful tremblings the rock'd city ſhake.

(Welſted.)

Upon whoſe influence Neptune's empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to doomſday with eclipſe.

Ghoſts vaniſh at the crowing of the Cock, and the Reverence paid to Chriſtmas-Time.

Ber. It was about to ſpeak when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine. And of the truth herein,
This preſent object made probation.
Mar. It faded at the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no ſpirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholeſome, then no planets ſtrike,
(2) No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.

The originals conſiſt, the firſt of 23 lines, the latter of 16, the tranſlations of 31 and 22 lines: *Shakſpear* has but eight, and perhaps, were we to ſay he was as expreſſive and elegant as *Virgil* and *Ovid* on this ſubject, we might not be tax'd with too great partiality to him: however, it may be no diſagreeable amuſement to the reader to compare theſe three paſſages together, allowing for the great ſpirit the antients muſt loſe in a tranſlation. See too *Julius Cæſar*, A. 2. S. 4.

(2) *No fairy takes,*] The poet here plainly alludes to that well-known characteriſtic of the fairies, their *taking away*, or changing children: the whole diſpute in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, between *Oberon* and *Titania*, is concerning a boy ſhe had *taken* away, or ſtolen from its mother: the reader will find a pretty fable on this ſubject in *Gay*'s *Fables*: and indeed the thing is ſo generally known by all read in the œconomy of theſe *little dapper elves*, it needs not inſiſting on.

MORNING.

(3) But look, the morn in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill.

SCENE II. *Real Grief.*

Seems, Madam! nay, it is; I know not ſeems:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe, indeed, ſeem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhew;
Theſe but the trappings, and the ſuits of woe.

Immoderate Grief diſcommended.

'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature, *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But you muſt know, your father loſt a father,
That father his, and the ſurvivor bound
In filial obligation, for ſome term
To do obſequious ſorrow. (4) But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, does expreſs

(3) *But*, &c.] See *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act 1. Sc. 8. and the note.

(4) *But to*, &c.] *Juvenal* ſays, (*Sat.* 13.)

Ponamus nimios gemitus: flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor eſſe viri, nec vulnere major.

Abate thy paſſion nor too much complain,
Grief ſhould be forc'd: and it becomes a man,
To let it riſe no higher than his pain.

Creech.

An

An impious ſtubbornneſs, unmanly grief,
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd:
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any of the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theme
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd
From the firſt coarſe, till he that died to-day,
This muſt be ſo.

Hamlet's *Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.*

(5) O, that this too too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew;

Or

(5) *O, that*, &c.] The late tranſlator of *Longinus* obſerves, upon that *ſection*, (the 22d) where his excellent author is ſpeaking of the *Hyperbaton*, "That nothing can better illuſtrate his remarks than a celebrated paſſage in *Shakeſpear*'s *Hamlet*, where the poet's art has hit off the ſtrongeſt and moſt exact reſemblance of nature. The behaviour of his mother makes ſuch impreſſion on the young prince, that his mind is big with abhorrence of it, but expreſſions fail him: he begins abruptly, but as reflections croud thick upon his mind, he runs off into commendations of his father. Some time after, his thoughts turn again on that action of his mother, which had rais'd his reſentments, but he only touches it, and flies off again; in ſhort, he takes up eighteen lines in telling us, that his mother married again in leſs than two months after her huſband's death."

Speaking of *ſelf-ſlaughter*, in *Cymbeline*, he ſays;

'Gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine
That cravens my weak mind.

Hyperion was a name of the *ſun*; *Hamlet*, afterwards ſpeaking of his father, ſays,

See what a grace was ſeated on his brow,
Hyperion's curls,

Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
His cannon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! Oh, God! oh, God!
How weary, ſtale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world.
Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank and groſs in nature
Poſſeſs it merely. That it ſhould come to this,
But two months dead; nay, not ſo much, not two——
So excellent a king, that was to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Muſt I remember?——why ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not think on't——Frailty thy name is woman:
A little month!——or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears——Why ſhe, even ſhe——
O, heav'n! A beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer——married with mine uncle
My father's brother; but no more like my father,

Mr. *Dryden* obſerves, on the famous

——*Varium & mutabile ſemper*
Fœmina——

of *Virgil*, that it is the ſharpeſt ſatire in the feweſt words, that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and *animal* muſt be underſtood to make them grammar. Mr. *Theobald* is of opinion, this of *Shakeſpear*——*Frailty thy name is woman*, is, as being equally conciſe in the terms, and more ſprightly in the thought and image, to be preferred to *Virgil*, and the ſharper ſatire of the two.

It is, I think, obſerved, either in the *Tatlers* or *Spectators*, how greatly *Hamlet* exaggerates his mother's offence by continually leſſening the time ſhe ſtayed before her ſecond marriage. 'Tis at firſt two months—then immediately not ſo much as two—preſently after 'tis within a month; that is again leſſened—'twas not only within a month, but within a little month—nay, even before her eyes were dry, and no longer gall'd with her moſt unrighteous tears.

Than

Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

SCENE IV. *A complete Man.*

(6) He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.

SCENE V. *Cautions to young Ladies.*

(7) For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in blood:

A vio-

(6) *He*, &c.] This (as Mr. *Whalley* obſerves in his *Enquiry into the learning of* Shakeſpear) will perhaps be thought too much the ſuggeſtion of nature and the human heart, to be taken from a place of *Sophocles*, to which it has great affinity;

Παντων αριστον ανδρα των επι χθονι
Κτεινας' οποιον αλλον ουκ ὀψει ποτε.

Trachin. v. 821.

Which in the moſt literal tranſlation, is,

You've kill'd the very beſt of men on earth,
And ſhall not look upon his like again.

In *Cymbeline* there is a character very ſimilar to this:

——A creature ſuch,
As to ſeek through the regions of the earth,
For one his like, there wou'd be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare.

See the firſt page of that play.

(7) See *All's well that ends well*, p. 3. Sc. 7.

In *Philaſter*, poor injured *Arethuſa* thus complains;

Where may a maiden live ſecurely free,
Keeping her honour ſafe? not with the living
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make them truths; they draw a nouriſhment
Out of defamings, grow upon diſgraces,
And when they ſee a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues;

Oh,

A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent: tho' ſweet, not laſting:
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute:
No more.———
Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter,
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes,
The canker galls the (8) infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.

A Satire on ungracious Paſtors.

I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep
(9) As watchmen to my heart: but, good my brother,
Do

Oh, how they caſt to ſink it: and defeated
(Soul-ſick with poiſon) ſtrike the monuments
Where noble names lie ſleeping; till they ſweat,
And the cold marble melt.
Act 3. (*towards the end.*)

(8) *Infants of the ſpring*]

Abortive as the firſt-born bloom of ſpring,
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's froſt.
Milton's Samſon Agoniſtes.

(9) *As watchmen*] All the common editions read *watchman*; I ſuſpected the word, and turning to the folio's, found it *watchmen*, which appears to me certainly right: *the effects as watchmen.*

Reckleſs is the ſame as *careleſs*, which is read in ſome editions, and is, I think, the preferable word; as *recks* not his own, *read*

Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n,
Whil'ſt, like a puft and reckleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe paths of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own reed.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with (10) hooks of ſteel:

But

(*i. e. regards* not his own *doctrine*) ſo immediately follows. *Spenſer*, in his *Calendar*, greatly reproves thoſe ungracious paſtors, who are ſaid here to tread the primroſe paths of dalliance, and pay no regard to the good leſſons they teach their flocks: ſee *July*: and *Milton* is not ſparing of his ſatire on this ſubject: he thus reprehends the too proud and ungracious paſtors;

How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Anow of ſuch as for their bellies ſake,
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearers feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy-bidden gueſt:
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A ſheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elſe the leaſt,
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them! what need they? They are ſped,
And when they liſt their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel pipe of wretched ſtraw:
The hungry ſheep look up and are not fed,
But ſwol'n with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly and foul contagion ſpread, &c.

Lycidas.

(10) *Hooks*] Alluding to the grappling-hooks made uſe of at ſea: ſome would read *hoops*, but we cannot be ſaid to grapple any thing with a hoop. In the lines where the poet ſpeaks of the habit, he evidently had this paſſage from the 19th ch. and 30th ver. of *Eccleſiaſticus* in view.

A man's attire, and exceſſive laughter, and gate ſhew what he is.

As

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that th' oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's cenſure, but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all, to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow as the night the day,
Thou can'ſt not then be falſe to any man.

SCENE VII. Hamlet, *on the Appearance of his Father's Ghoſt.*

Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell;
Be (11) thy intents wicked or charitable,

Thou

As moſt probably, in the concluſion, where he ſpeaks of being true to one's ſelf, he had this fine verſe in the 49th *Pſalm*. So long as thou doſt well unto thyſelf, men will ſpeak good of thee. ver. 18.

See *All's well that ends well*, p. 1. and n.

(11) *Thy intents*] *Hamlet*, we ſee by the foregoing line, doubted whether this was a good or an evil ſpirit; that is, whether its *intents* were to ſerve or harm him: of this too his friends doubted as we ſee in the next ſpeech; and he himſelf again diſcovers the ſame fears at the latter end of the fine ſpeech, Act 2. Sc. 8. By *queſtionable*, now, we generally mean *diſputable*; here it ſignifies *—inviting queſtion*. The line—*Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death*, hath a good deal perplexed the critics, and is indeed very obſcure: Mr. *Warburton* alters the paſſage; for *canoniz'd bones* ſignifying only bones to which the rites of ſepulture have been performed, and *inhuming* being one of the eſſential rites, it is neceſſary that be mentioned, which, unleſs we read—*hearſed*

in

Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee: I'll call thee *Hamlet*,

in earth, he aſſures us it is not; *hearſed* being uſed figuratively for *repoſited*, and death being a privation only, *hearſed in death* is nonſenſe." Thus he would alter the paſſage—Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, in the rage of correction, gives us;

Why thy bones hears'd in canonized earth.

But if we let the paſſage ſtand as it doth, is it not poſſible to give it ſome ſenſe? *Shakeſpear* is bold in his uſe of words, and licentious in his manner: it is not improbable, he might uſe death for the grave, and that by no very far-fetch'd alluſion; and then the paſſage is clear; why thy bones canonized, *i. e.* buried according to canon, and hearſed in death, *i. e.* ſafely repoſited in the grave.—Thus, even according to Mr. *Warburton*'s ſenſe of the words, the paſſage ſeems to be defenſible: but may we not aſk, whether this ſenſe of the paſſage renders not the two parts of the ſentence the ſame? for if his bones were *canoniz'd* that is, had all the rites of ſepulture paid to them, it follows of courſe. they were *hearſed in death* or earth, repoſited in the grave. Mr, *Warburton* ſays, "*canoniz'd* cannot ſignify (what it uſually does) *made holy or ſainted*; for we are told, he was murdered with all his ſins freſh upon him, and therefore in no way to be ſainted." But we may obſerve, it is a ſon, full of the perfections of his father, (whoſe equal, he tells us, the world could not produce) that here ſpeaks; no wonder then he ſhould uſe the higheſt compliment: beſide, as to his being murdered with all his ſins upon him, that we know nothing of at preſent: 'tis the ghoſt himſelf only, that informs his ſon of that; and as he died not by murder, according to the general report, he was very likely to have been canoniz'd; it was very probable, his wife and brother might have got him ſainted out of their abundant *love* and *zeal* for him, when dead, and the better to conceal their deviliſh purpoſes; ſo that if we underſtand the word in this ſenſe, a better meaning may be given the paſſage.

"Tell me, oh my father, (ſays the dutiful and amazed *Hamlet,*) why this wonder happens; why I ſee you again on earth; why thoſe bones have burſt their cearment, which lately made holy and ſainted, were hearſed in death, were repoſited in the grave, or, at the time of your death: this increaſes my admiration; had'ſt thou not had the rites of ſepulture, or only the common rites, I might have been leſs aſtoniſhed; but thy bones were not only *hearſed in death*, not only properly and duly entomb'd, but made ſacred too: why then has the ſepulchre op'd her marble jaws; why behold we again the buried and hallow'd *Hamlet* on the earth?"

King

King, father, royal *Dane*; Oh, anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead coarſe, again in complete ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous? And us fools of nature,
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?

The Miſchiefs it might tempt him to.

(12) What if it tempts you towards the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful border of the cliff,

That

(12) *What*, &c.] See the famous deſcription of *Dover-Cliff*, in *King Lear*, Act 4. Sc. 6. *Beetles*, i. e. hangs over, in the ſame manner as the head of a *beetle* hangs over, and is too big for the reſt of its body: ſo, we ſay, a *beetle-headed* or *beetle-brow'd* fellow for a heavy, thick-headed one. The line,

Which might deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon,

has ſomething in it truly *Shakeſpearian*: *deprive*, is uſed in its primary ſenſe, according to our author's frequent method: which might deprive, *i. e.* take away your ſovereignty of reaſon, *i. e.* your ſovereign reaſon. Mr. *Warburton*, at all adventures, condemns the paſſage. "*Deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon*, i. e. deprive your ſovereignty of its reaſon. Nonſenſe. *Sovereignty of reaſon* is the ſame as ſovereign or ſupreme reaſon: reaſon which governs man. And thus it was uſed by the beſt writers of thoſe times. *Sidney* ſays, *It is time for us both to let reaſon enjoy its due ſovereignty*. Aread. And king *Charles*, at once to betray *the ſovereignty of reaſon* in my ſoul. Εικων Βασιλικη. It is evident that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Deprave your ſovereignty of reaſon.

i. e. diſorder your underſtanding and *draw you into madneſs*. So afterwards——

Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune. *Warburton.*

The

That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? Think of it,
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.

SCENE VIII. (13) *Enter Ghoſt and* Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; I'll go no further.
Ghoſt Mark me.
Ham. I will.

Ghoſt.

The reader, I dare ſay, will not be diſpleaſed with this note of Mr. *Warburton*; as it ſeems the beſt that could be given to confirm the reading in the text; *deprive your*, &c. may be properly explained as he deſires, *i. e. diſorder your underſtanding and draw you* into madneſs: for was it to deprive his ſovereignty of reaſon, or *take it away*—that muſt be the conſequence. If the paſſage is tranſlated literally into *Latin*, the learned reader will immediately ſee its propriety: it may be unneceſſary, perhaps, to add, he uſes, *contrive*, in the ſame manner, in its primary ſenſe: *contrive an afternoon*, i. e. ſpend an afternoon together. See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act 1. as he does frequently two ſubſtantives to expreſs one thing; ſo, in *Othello*;

As when by *night and negligence* a fire
Is ſpied———

i. e. fire occaſioned by nightly negligence. And in numberleſs other places.

(13) *Enter*, &c.] The preſent ſcene betwixt *Hamlet* and the ghoſt is ſo truly excellent and inimitable, that I dare ſay, I ſhall need no apology with the reader, for giving it whole and intire. The ghoſt, in ſpeaking of the horrors of purgatory, ſays, he was confin'd to *faſt* in fires; upon which Mr. *Theobald* judiciouſly obſerves, that it is the opinion of the religion here repreſented (the *Roman catholic*) that *faſting* purifies the ſoul here, as the fire does in the purgatory, here alluded to; and the ſoul muſt be purg'd either by faſting here, or burning hereafter. This opinion, *Shakeſpear* again hints at, where he makes *Hamlet* ſay, *He took my father groſly, full of bread*: and we are to obſerve, it is a common ſaying of the *Romiſh* prieſts to their people, "If you won't faſt here

Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulph'rous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.

Ham. Alas, poor ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge when thou ſhalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghoſt. I am thy father's ſpirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

here, you muſt faſt in fire."—It is a little ſurprizing any commentator on our author, after this obſervation, could think of altering the paſſage and miſerably degrading it either into,

Confin'd *too* faſt in fires: Or, *Confined* faſt in fires:

both of which to every true reader of *Shakeſpear*, carry their own conviction: he could never have expreſs'd himſelf ſo meanly on ſuch an occaſion, nor would have made his ghoſt talk of being *confin'd faſt* or *too faſt* in fires: *confin'd* in *fires* had been enough, and much more poetical, was that all he had to have inform'd us of. The words *burnt and purg'd away*, ſhew the propriety of the reading in the text. When the ghoſt, in telling his ſon, he was glad to find him ſo ready for revenge—adds, *duller ſhou'dſt* thou be than the fat weed that roots itſelf in eaſe on *Lethe's wharf, wou'dſt thou not ſtir in this*—(for *ſhould* and *would* are quite proper in their places, ſo, we ſay,—I *ſhould* have eſteem'd you a coward ~~*wou'd*~~ you not have done ſo and ſo, and indeed the words are uſed very licentiouſly the one for the other) when, I ſay, the ghoſt talks of *Lethe's* wharf, we ſee the ſame inconſiſtence as in *Michael Angelo's* famous picture of the laſt judgment where he introduces *Charon's* bark: Mr. *Warburton* obſerves poſſibly *Shakeſpear* might do it, to inſinuate to the zealous proteſtants of his time, that the pagan and popiſh purgatory ſtood both upon the ſame footing of credibility. *Taſſo*, in his *Gieruſalemme Liberata*, very licentiouſly mixes the Chriſtian and heathen ſyſtem, and tho' he is writing a Chriſtian poem, and in one ſtanza calls the *devil*,

The antient foe to man, and mortal ſeed,

yet in the immediately ſubſequent ones, he introduces *Silenus*, the ſphinges, centaurs, gorgons, &c.—See C. 4. S. 1, 4, 5.

Are

Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand an end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood: liſt, liſt, O, liſt,
If thou did'ſt ever thy dear father love.

Ham. O, heaven!

Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haſte me to know it, that I with wings as ſwift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.

Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed
That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe's wharf,
Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear;
Tis given out that ſleeping in my garden,
A ſerpent ſtung me; ſo the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's heart,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic ſoul, my uncle!

Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
So to ſeduce;) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming virtuous queen.
O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,

That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
So vice, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage ——
But ſoft, methinks, I ſcent the morning air,——
Brief let me be: ſleeping within my garden,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a viol,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quickſilver it courſes through
The natural gates and allies of the body,
And, with a ſudden vigor, it does poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholſom blood; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſom cruſt,
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen at once diſpatcht;
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
(14) Unhouſel'd, unanointed, unaneal'd,

No

(14) *Unhouſel'd*, &c.] This line has created the editors much trouble: both the words and the ſenſe of them having been diſputed. The old editions read, unhouzzell'd, diſappointed, unaneal'd.—Of the ſignification of the firſt word there is no diſpute, all agreeing, *unhouſel'd* means, *without having receiv'd* the (*houſel*) hoſt or euchariſt: the ſecond, Mr. *Theobald* alters to *unappointed*, which he explains by, "*no confeſſion* of ſins made, no reconciliation to heaven, no appointment of penance by the church."

No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:

If

church." This reading is generally diſregarded, and we find *unanointed* almoſt univerſally prevail, the ſenſe of which, as indiſputably as of the firſt word in the line, is determined to be, *without extreme unction: unaneal'd*, now alone remains unconſider'd; Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *it* muſt ſignify, *without extreme unction*; Mr. *Pope* explains it by, *no knell rung*: the *Oxford* editor, by *unprepared*: and his explication is certainly moſt juſt: "to *anneal* or *neal* in its primitive and proper ſenſe, is to prepare metals or glaſs by the force of fire, for the different uſes of the manufactures in them: and this is here applied by the author in a figurative ſenſe to a dying perſon, who when prepared by impreſſions of piety, by repentance, confeſſion, abſolution, and other acts of religion, may be ſaid to be *annealed* for death." Thus, as it ſeems the ſenſe of the words is clear, and the paſſage plain. I apprehend, the word ſhould certainly have been *unaknell'd*, to bear the ſenſe Mr. *Pope* gives it: however, be that as it will, we muſt certainly allow Mr. *Pope* to have been a proper commentator here. There are more arguments ſtill to ſupport the reading in the text: an attentive perſon muſt find great pleaſure, in looking, as it were, into the mind of his author; and, as our thoughts on any ſubject always ſucceed in train, and are nicely aſſociated, be much delighted with finding out that train, and tracing thoſe *aſſociations*. Let us ſee if we cannot do ſo in this paſſage: the poet is ſpeaking of the misfortune of being cut off in the bloſſom of our ſins, when we have had no means to atone for them, or to receive the benefits of religion; theſe benefits then muſt naturally ariſe in the mind: the greateſt of which it is natural to ſuppoſe would occur firſt, the bleſſed *ſacrament*, the immediate conſequence of which is, *extreme unction*, two ſo important and neceſſary branches of duty, that the loſs of theſe was the loſs of all, and we may reaſonably expect he ſhould particularize no more, but add—I was not only depriv'd of theſe, but alſo of every other *preparation*, and without any kind of reckoning made, ſent to my laſt and horrible account." If we were to admit Mr. *Pope*'s ſenſe of the word, we muſt imagine our author's thoughts carried ſtill farther; "without the hoſt, without unction, without enjoying the benefits of the *paſſing* bell," which uſed to toll while the perſon lay expiring, and thence was ſo called: nay, this ſhocking cuſtom ſtill prevails in ſome parts of *England*. The run of the line is no bad argument in ſupport of the reading in the text: this manner of beginning each word with the ſame ſyllable is not unfrequent with the *Greek* tragedians, nor our beſt poets; and beſides it adds great ſtrength and beauty.

Un

O, horrible! O, horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not,
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
Bow howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, (15) nor let thy ſoul deſign
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To goad and ſting her. Fare thee well at once;
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O, all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? O, fy! hold, hold, my heart,
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old,
But bear me ſtifly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe; remember thee!

Unreſpited, unpitied, unreprov'd.
Milton Par. Loſt. B. 2. 185.

Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrified. ——B. 5. 899.
And numberleſs other inſtances, if neceſſary, might eaſily be brought. Mr. *Upton* explains *diſappointed* and *unancal'd*, the ſame as Mr. *Theobald*, whom he condemns for altering *diſappointed*; which he eſteems the genuine reading, and tells us, "He cannot but admire the ignorance as well as boldneſs of thoſe editors who have changed it." *Obſervations on* Shakeſpear, p. 181.

(15) *Nor let*, &c.] The author, in this noble ſentiment, doubtleſs alluded to the well-known ſtory of *Oreſtes*, and his mother *Clytemneſtra*. It would be unneceſſary to ſay any thing concerning the ſimilarity of this play to the celebrated *Electra* of *Sophocles*; as, I believe, there is ſcarce an editor or commentator on *Shakeſpear*, that has not mentioned ſomething concerning it. The reader, if he thinks proper, may conſult Mr. *Rowe*'s life of the author, (towards the end) or Mr. *Gildon*'s Remarks on *Hamlet*, or rather, perhaps, than either, Mr. *Upton*'s Obſervations, p. 49. 2d. ed. It will too, poſſibly, be thought unneceſſary to add, that it is reported, all this fine ſcene betwixt *Hamlet* and the ghoſt, was written by *Shakeſpear*, in a charnel-houſe.

Yea, from the table of my memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter; yes, by heaven;
O, moſt pernicious woman!
O, villain, villain, ſmiling damned villain;
My tables:—meet it is, I ſet down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt I'm ſure he may be ſo in Denmark. [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are: now to my word,
It is, adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Ophelia's *Deſcription of* Hamlet's *mad Addreſs to her.*

(16) My lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Prince Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ſtockings looſe,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo piteous, in purport

(16) *My Lord*, &c.] Nothing can expreſs the hurry of ſpirits and agitation of mind *Ophelia* was in, more naturally than this deſcription ſhe gives us: 'tis another fine inſtance of *Shakeſpear*'s excellence in the *Hyperbaton*, which the reader will remember we remark'd juſt before.

The reader will obſerve it is ſaid—he came with his ſtockings *looſe*, *ungarter'd*, and *down-gyred* to his ancle; that is, roll'd or turn'd down to his ancle; but to me there appears no difference in *looſe* and *ungarter'd*, if they were *looſe*, 'twas unneceſſary to add *ungarter'd*, and ſo *vice verſâ*: the folio's read, *foul'd*; now this gives another circumſtance at leaſt, and tho' *looſe* and *ungarter'd* might be juſtified, yet *foul'd* expreſſes an additional mark of his madneſs and neglect of himſelf, and is, therefore, (in my judgment) to be preferr'd: perhaps the reader may think, *looſed*, uſed in the ſubſequent lines, an argument in favour of the word I would ſupport.

As

As if he had been looſed out of hell
To ſpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it: long time ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of my arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh ſo piteous and profound,
As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.

Old-Age.

Beſhrew my jealouſy,
It ſeems it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion.

SCENE VI. *Happineſs conſiſts in Opinion.*

Why then 'tis none to you:
For there is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it ſo:
To me it is a priſon.

Hamlet's *Account of his own Melancholy, and Reflections on Man.*

I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all mirth, foregone all cuſtom of exerciſes, and indeed it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory: this moſt excellent canopy the air, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man: how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how expreſs and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quinteſſence of duſt? Man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo *.

SCENE

* We have in the next ſcene ſome ſpeeches from a play, which ſeems to have been a favourite of *Shakeſpear*'s: the critics have been greatly divided in their opinions concerning the real excellence of the paſſages quoted: it is not my buſineſs to determine any thing concerning them, when ſelecting the *Beauties* of *Shakeſpear*: however, in deference to the judgment of our poet, I thought it incumbent upon me to quote the few lines following, which ſeem to merit all the commendation *Shakeſpear* gives them, but particularly the ſimile:

——Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his baſe: and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus*' ear. For lo? his ſword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, ſeem'd to ſtick i'th' air:
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter
Did nothing.
But as we often ſee, againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heavens, the rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orbs below
As huſh as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region.——So, after, &c.

Mr.

SCENE VIII. Hamlet's *Reflections on the Player and himſelf.*

O, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage (17) warm'd;
Tears

Mr. *Warburton* is of opinion, the play here mentioned was *Shakeſpear*'s own: compoſed by him on the model of the *Greek* drama, with a deſign of reſtoring the chaſtneſs and regularity of the ancient ſtage: but failing in the attempt, he was forced back to his old *Gothic* manner: for which he took this revenge upon his audience.

The reader, if he thinks it worth while, may ſee more upon this ſubject, in the 8th vol. of *Warburton*'s edition of *Shakeſpear*, p. 267.

(17) *Warm'd*] Mr. *Warburton* reads, *wan'd*, *i. e.* turn'd pale or *wan*, for which he has the authority of the old quarto: the paſſage here is very confuſed, and the grammar very difficult to be made out: which is an inſtance of the author's great knowledge of nature, in thus making *Hamlet*'s language to expreſs the preſent hurry and fluctuation of his mind: I have often doubted the words, *with forms*. The words, *Ha? why I ſhou'd take it*—are from the folio: 'tis read in the other editions, *yet I ſhou'd take it*—any reader of taſte will immediately ſee the ſuperior force and energy in the reading here adopted: he, as it were, deliberates with himſelf—Ha—why I ſhould take even this, for it cannot be *but* I am, *&c.*"——Soon after which, he runs into a wild denouncing of revenge; and in the folio, ends with, *Oh, vengeance*, as it is here printed, which I admire the late editors have omitted; as to me, it conveys a great beauty. He is going on with his fiery and zealous indignation, and calls out, Oh, vengeance—to which, when he is preparing to ſay ſomething, by a moſt elegant break, he returns to himſelf, and as it were recollecting, cries—Why, what an aſs am I?—This is moſt brave, *&c.*———

Nothing can exceed the compliment *Shakeſpear* pays his own art, in the following lines: it is generally imagined he alludes to a ſtory told of *Alexander*, a tyrant of *Pherea* in *Theſſaly*, who being preſent at a play of *Euripides*, called the *Troades*, was ſo ſenſibly touch'd that he withdrew from the theatre before the tragedy was concluded: being aſhamed, as he himſelf confeſſed, that he, who never had any pity for thoſe he murdered, ſhould

Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting
With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,——
For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he ſhould weep for her? What wou'd he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears: yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing; no, not for a king.
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,
Tweaks me by the noſe, gives me the lye i'th' throat
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! why, I ſhould take it,—for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter, or ere this
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, leacherous, kindleſs villain!

weep at the ſufferings of *Hecuba* aud *Andromache*. The reader, if he turns back to the 24th page, will find a ſpeech there expreſſing the ſame dread *Hamlet* entertains of this ſpirit's being a wicked one ſent to abuſe him: *Oreſtes* too, in the *Electra* of *Euripides*, entertains the ſame doubt that *Hamlet* does:

Oreſtes. Αρ αυτ' αλαςωρ ειπ' απειπασθεις θεω;
Electra. Ιερον καθιζων τριποδ'; εγω μεν ου δοκω.

Oreſt. Hath not ſome *evil ſpirit* ſpoke theſe things,
Aſſuming the gods likeneſs?
Elect. On his ſeat,
The ſacred tripod? I by no means think ſo.

Oh,

Oh, vengeance!——
Why, what an aſs am I? This is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab;
A (18) ſcullion,—fie upon't—foh! about my brain!
I have heard that guilty creatures at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before my uncle; I'll obſerve his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I have ſeen
May be the devil; and the devil may have power
To aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,)
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the king.

ACT III. SCENE I.

HYPOCRISY.

(19) We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's viſage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.

(18) *A Scullion*] The foregoing word, *drab*, ſeems to countenance *ſcullion*: like a *drab*, a *ſcullion*, the very meaneſt and loweſt of the vulgar. Mr. *Theobald* propoſed, and the *Oxford* editor has adopted, *cullion*, i. e. a mean-ſpirited, white-liver'd fellow, a bully, a ſtupid cuddon. *Ital. Coglione.*

(19) See *Merchant of* Venice, p. 65. and n. 5.

King. O, tis too true:
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
The harlot's cheek beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word.

SCENE II. *Life and Death weigh'd.*

(20) To be or not to be? that is the queſtion;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
(21) Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,

And

(20) For a particular inſtance of the difference betwixt the poet and the genius, let us go to two ſpeeches upon the very ſame ſubject by thoſe two authors: I mean the two famous ſoliloquies of *Cato* and *Hamlet*. The ſpeech of the firſt is that of a ſcholar, a philoſopher, and a man of virtue: all the ſentiments of ſuch a ſpeech are to be acquired by inſtruction, by reading, by converſation: *Cato* talks the language of the porch and academy. *Hamlet*, on the other hand, ſpeaks that of the human heart, ready to enter upon a deep, a dreadful, a deciſive act. His is the real language of mankind, of its higheſt to its loweſt order; from the king to the cottager; from the philoſopher to the peaſant. It is a language which a man may ſpeak without learning; yet no learning can improve, nor philoſophy mend it. This cannot be ſaid of *Cato*'s ſpeech. It is dictated from the head rather than the heart; by courage rather than nature. It is the ſpeech of pre-determined reſolution, and not of human infirmity: it is the language of uncertainty, not of perturbation; it is the language of doubting; but of ſuch doubts, as the ſpeaker is prepared to cut aſunder if he cannot reſolve them. The words of *Cato* are not like thoſe of *Hamlet*, the emanations of the ſoul; they are therefore improper for a ſoliloquy, where the diſcourſe is ſuppoſed to be held with the heart, that fountain of truth. *Cato* ſeems inſtructed as to all he doubts: while irreſolute he appears determined; and beſpeaks his quarters, while he queſtions whether there is lodging. How different from this is the conduct of *Shakeſpear* on the ſame occaſion!" See *Guthrie*'s *Eſſay on Tragedy*, p. 25, 26. & p. 97. Vol. II.

(21) *Or to*, &c. The critics greatly diſguſted at the impropriety of *Shakeſpear*'s metaphors, and not conceiving what he could mean by taking arms *againſt a ſea*, have either inſerted in their text, or propoſed, *aſſail* or *aſſailing*, and the like: but there is *none ſo frigid a reader* of *Shakeſpear*, as to admit ſuch alterations.

And by oppoſing end them? To die,—to ſleep,—
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That

tions. Propriety in his metaphors, was never one of the concerns of our author: ſo that if we were to correct every place where we find ill-join'd metaphors, we may alter many of his fineſt paſſages: the expreſſion of *taking arms*, ſignifies no more than putting ourſelves in a ſtate of oppoſition and defence; by *a ſea* of troubles, according to the common uſe of the word *ſea*, in the poets and other writers, he expreſſes no more than a *confluence*, a vaſt quantity, *&c.*—beſides, *a ſea of troubles*, is generally uſed to expreſs the approach of human ills, and the misfortunes that flow in upon us, and it was amongſt the *Greeks* a proverbial expreſſion, κακων θαλασσα. Thus we may in a good meaſure juſtify the expreſſion; at leaſt it is plain enough to be underſtood, and I think we may with as much certainty pronounce it *genuine*, as ſome critics pronounce it falſe.

When I read over the *Hippolitus* of *Euripides*, I mark'd a paſſage greatly ſimilar to the following lines; and on reading Mr. *Whalley* on *Shakeſpear*'s learning, found he had likewiſe remark'd it. "We come next, ſays he, to the celebrated ſoliloquy in the 3d act, which ſeems ſo peculiarly the production of *Shakeſpear*, that you would hardly imagine it can be parallel'd in all antiquity. Yet I will produce ſome examples of the ſame kind; one of which at leaſt will ſhew how nearly two great tragedians could think upon the ſame ſubject. A learned gentleman has taken notice of the conformity which there is between a paſſage in *Plato*'s apology for *Socrates*, and the following lines of this ſpeech *. The ſentiment of *Plato* is to this purpoſe; *If*, ſays he, *there be no ſenſation after death, but as when one ſleeps, and ſees no dream, death were then an ineſtimable gain.* And the verſes of the poet are theſe which follow;

——To die! to ſleep!
No more——and by a ſleep, to ſay we end
The heart-ach, *&c.*——
To ſleep! perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub, *&c.*

And the whole has a remarkable ſimilitude with theſe verſes in the *Hippolitus* of *Euripides*;

Πας δ' οδυνηρος βιος ανθρωπων
Κ'ουκ εστι πονων αναπαυσις
Αλλ'ο, τι τις ζην φιλτερον αλλο
Σκοτος αμπισχον κρυπτει νεφελαις.

Δυσερωτες

* Tranſlation of *Tryphiodorus*, p. 76.

That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd, to die,—to ſleep;—
To ſleep? perchance to dream: (22) ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe;—there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life,
(23) For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' op-

Δυσερωτες δη φαινομεθ' οντες
Τωδ', οτι σιλβει τουτο κατα γην,
Δι' απειροσυναν αλλω βιοτω,
Σω αποδειξιν των υπο γαιας.
v. 190, & ſeq.

How full of ſorrow are the days of man,
Of endleſs labour and unceaſing woe!
And what ſucceeds, our hopes but ill preſage,
For clouds conceal, and darkneſs reſts upon it.
Yet ſtill we ſuffer light, averſe to life:
Still bend reluctant to thoſe ills we have,
Thro' dread of others which we know not of,
And fearful of that undiſcovered ſhore.

And in particular,

That undiſcover'd country from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns,

may be very well tranſlated by this of the *Latin* poet.

Nunc it per iter tenebricoſum,
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.
Catull. III. v. 11. See p. 68.

(22) *Ay*, &c. That fear is baſe
Of death, when that death doth but life diſplace
Out of her place of earth: you only dread
The ſtroke, and not what follows when you're dead;
There is the fear indeed.

Theſe lines are from the 2d Act of *Maſſinger*'s *Virgin Martyr*, who plainly took the thought from *Shakeſpear*.

(23) *For*, &c.] The ills of human life are very finely and conciſely enumerated in the 4th Scene of the 1ſt act of the *Two Noble Kinſmen*: and probably the lines are *Shakeſpear*'s, which may render them the more agreeable to the reader:

ſince

Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.

CALUMNY.

(24) Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow,
Thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny.

A noble Mind diſorder'd.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's ſoldier's ſcholar's eye, tongue, ſword,
Th' expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,

> Since I have known frights, fury, friends beheſts,
> Loves provocations, zeal, a miſtreſs' taſk,
> Deſire of liberty, a fever, madneſs,
> Sickneſs in will, or wreſtling ſtrength in reaſon:
> It hath, &c.

See Mr. *Seward*'s note on the paſſage.

For a full explanation of, the *inſolence* of office—ſee *Meaſure for Meaſure*, p. 45.

(24) See *Meaſure for Meaſure*, p. 59, and *Cymbeline*, p. 214.

The

The glaſs of faſhion and the mould of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down;
I am of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey (25) of his muſic vows;
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune, and harſh,
That unmatch'd form and ſtature of blown youth,
Blaſted with extaſie.

SCENE III. Hamlet's *Directions and Advice to the Players.*

Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had ſpoke my lines: and do not ſaw the air too much with your hand thus, but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. O, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious perriwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings; who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb ſhews and noiſe: I would have ſuch a fellow whip'd for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod; pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor; ſuit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'erſtep not the modeſty of nature; for any thing ſo o'erdone, is from the purpoſe of playing;

(25) *The honey*] Here is a ſtriking inſtance of *Shakeſpear*'s impropriety in his uſe of metaphors: the word *extaſie* is uſed in the ſenſe of the *Greek* word whence it comes, which ſignifies—any emotion of the mind, whether it happens, by madneſs, wonder, fear or any other cauſe.

whoſe

whoſe end both at firſt and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to ſhew virtue her feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and preſſure. Now this overdone or come tardy of, though it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the cenſure of one of which muſt in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, (not to ſpeak it prophanely,) that neither having the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether, and let thoſe that play your clowns ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them; for there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too, tho' in the mean time ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſider'd; that's villainous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it.

SCENE IV. *On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.*

Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits
To feed and cloath thee? Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?

Since

Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf: for thou haſt been
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks: and bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well commingled,
(26) That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me the man
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core,—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

SCENE VII. *Midnight.*

(27) 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itſelf breathes out
Contagion to the world! Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſs, as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother—
O, heart, loſe not thy nature! let not ever
The ſoul of Nero enter this firm boſom!
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.

(26) *That*, &c.] *Hamlet*, ſpeaking of himſelf to thoſe who would have ſearch'd into his ſecrets, obſerves, (&c. 7.) Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery, you would ſound me from my loweſt note to the top of my compaſs; and there is much muſick, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak. 'Sdeath, do you think I am eaſier to be play'd on, than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, tho' you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

(27) See 2 *Henry* VI. Act 4. Sc. 1.

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *The King's deſpairing Soliloquy, and* Hamlet's *Reflections on him.*

O, my offence is rank, it ſmells to heaven;
(28) It hath the primal, eldeſt curſe upon't,
A brother's murder! Pray I cannot,
Tho' inclination be as ſharp as will;

My

(28) *It hath*, &c.] This paſſage has greatly perplext all the editors, and is indeed very difficult: it is read,

That of a brother's murder. Pray I cannot, *&c.*

A brother's murder. Pray, *alas*, I cannot,
Tho' inclination be as ſharp as *'twill.*

——Pray, I cannot
Tho' inclination be as ſharp as *th' ill.*

Amidſt this multitude of conjectures, I muſt own myſelf not ſatisfied. I think by one ſlight addition we may greatly clear up the difficulty. The king, conſcious of his own guilt, is deſirous, yet afraid, to repent and pray: is it not natural that he ſhould ſay;

A brother's murder——Pray, I [would, yet] cannot—

Now this ſlight addition will explain the next puzzling line: let us conſider, what we may reaſonably expect him to have ſaid after this: "I *wou'd* pray, but I cannot, tho' my inclination, [my great deſire] to do ſo is no leſs powerful and perſuaſive with me, than the already determin'd reſolution of my mind ſo to do: that is, I am no leſs deſirous to do what I would (namely, pray) and cannot, than I am reſolv'd to do ſo:" the ſeeming want of difference between inclination and will, cauſes all the obſcurity: if the reader attends to that, and obſerves, that by inclination he means, a longing deſire, a diſpoſition to do it with pleaſure; and by will, the determination of the mind, the actual reſolution, I think all will be clear: and the words I have added in the foregoing line, if not genuine, (tho' they ſeem to bid fair for it) at leaſt add to the explaining the poet's thought. The latter fine lines,

Try what repentance can, what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

throw ſome light on theſe in queſtion: he could not pray, for his guilt defeated his intent: here he would try the force of all-pow-

erful

My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heavens
To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt; but oh! what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn; Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law: but 'tis not ſo above,
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature, we ourſelves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults

erful repentance, yet again is check'd by his guilty conſcience: for tho', ſays he, repentance can do all things, yet what can it do, when one cannot really and truly uſe it? when we are indeed deſirous of repenting, but are by our guilt prevented from ſo doing: when we would fly to its aid, and be pardon'd for our offence, and yet retain the offence itſelf, and beg for forgiveneſs, while we ſtill are guilty? the whole ſpeech is a comment on itſelf.

In *Philaſter*, the king is praying to be forgiven, tho' ſtill retaining his offence, as here:

But how can I
Look to be heard of Gods, that muſt be juſt,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O, wretched ſtate! O boſom black as death!
O, limed ſoul! that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make aſſay,
Bow ſtubborn knees, and heart with ſtrings of ſteel
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well. [*The King kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. (29) Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't, and ſo he goes to heaven,
And ſo am I reveng'd?—that would be ſcann'd—
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heav'n! O! this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
He took my father groſly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown as freſh as *May*;
And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him.—Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
Up ſword, and know thou a more horrid bent,
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in a rage,
Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed;
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't.

(29) It has been remarked, there is great want of reſolution in *Hamlet*, for when he had ſo good an opportunity to kill his uncle and revenge his father, as here, he ſhuffles it off with a paltry excuſe, and is afraid to do what he ſo ardently longs for: the obſervation may be confirmed from many other paſſages: in the next page, he himſelf obſerves, *that all occaſions do inform againſt him and ſpur his dull revenge*: but 'tis not my deſign in this work, to enter into exact criticiſm on the characters. See the ſpeech in p. 262.

Then

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
As hell whereto it goes.

SCENE X. *Part of the Scene between* Hamlet *and his Mother.*

Queen. What have I done that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers oaths: Oh, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſoul, and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words.
Queen. Ah me, what act!
Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers;
See what a grace was ſeated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himſelf,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command,
(30) A ſtation like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,

(30) *A Station*, &c.] The poet employs this word in a ſenſe different from what it is generally uſed to ſignify: for it means here, *an attitude, a ſilent poſture, fixt demeanor of perſon*, in oppoſition to an *active behaviour*. Theobald. 'Tis very probable, *Milton* took the firſt hint of the following fine lines from the preſent paſſage:

Like *Maia*'s ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes that heavenly fragance fill'd
The circuit wide. *Par. Loſt*, B. 5. 285.

- To

To give the world aſſurance of a man:
This was your huſband. Look you now what follows;
Here is your huſband, like a (30) mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?

Queen. O, Hamlet, ſpeak no more;
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul.
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards; what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,
That, laſp'd in time and paſſion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, ſay———

Ghoſt. Do not forget; this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But look, amazement on thy mother ſits:
O, ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul!
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works:
Speak to her, *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you, madam?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporeal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep;
And as the ſleeping ſoldiers in th' alarm,

(30) *Mildew'd ear*] Probably he alludes to *Pharaoh*'s dream, *Gen.* xli.

And he dreamed and behold ſeven ears of corn came up on one ſtalk rank and good: and behold ſeven thin ears and *blaſted* with the eaſt wind, ſprang up after them: and the *thin* ears devoured the rank and full ears. See v. 22.

Your

Your bedded hairs, like (31) life in excrements,
Start up and ſtand on end: O, gentle ſon?
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! look you, how pale he glares,
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones
Would make them capable: do not look on me,
Leſt with this piteous action yon convert
My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour, tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?

Ham. Do you ſee nothing there? [*Pointing to the*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is, I ſee. [*Ghoſt.*

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen No, nothing but ourſelves.

Ham. Why, look you there; look how it ſteals * away,

(31) *Like life in excrements*] *Shakeſpear* very frequently calls the hair an excrement, that is, without life or ſenſation, and his meaning here is, *Hamlet*'s ſurprize had ſuch an effect on him, that his hairs, as if there was life in thoſe excrementitious parts, ſtarted up and ſtood an end. So, in *Macbeth*,

And my fell of hair
Wou'd at a diſmal treatiſe rowze and ſtir
As life were in't.

My notes on this play have ſo much ſwelled under my hand, I am oblig'd to lay aſide a deſign I had of giving the reader a tranſlation of the diſcourſe between *Hamlet* and his *mother*, from *Saxo Germanicus*, which is extremely fine, and will be no ſmall amuſement to the reader if he thinks proper to conſult that hiſtorian; from whom *Shakeſpear* has taken the whole of *Hamlet*'s diſguis'd madneſs; the ſcene before us; his friendſhip with *Horatio*; the death of *Polonius*; his baniſhment into *England*; his return from thence, and killing the uſurper.—The ghoſt ſeems to have been his own invention.

* *Steals*—Some are for reading *ſtalks*, and in ſome latter editions I find that word: he uſes this word before, ſpeaking of the ghoſt: however, ſteals, is very juſtifiable.

My

My father in his habit as he liv'd;
Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal.
[*Exit Ghoſt.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodileſs creation extaſy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What extaſy?
My pulſe, as yours, doth temperately keep time:
And makes as healthful muſic: 'tis not madneſs
That I have uttered, bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs ſpeaks;
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen: confeſs yourſelf to heaven,
Repent what's paſt; avoid what is to come.

Queen. O, Hamlet, thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. Then throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night, but go not to my uncle's bed;
Aſſume a virtue if you have it not
That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this,
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſy;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of nature,
And maſter e'en the devil, or throw him out
With wond'rous potency. Once more, good night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'll bleſſing beg of you.

Queen. What ſhall I do?

Ham.

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do;
Let the fond king tempt you to bed again,
Pinch wanton on your cheek: call you his mouſe;
And let him for a pair of reeky kiſſes,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know.
Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.
Ham. I muſt to England, you know that?
Queen. Alack, I had forgot,
'Tis ſo concluded on.
Ham. There's letters ſeal'd, and my two ſchool-fellows,
Whom I will truſt as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate, they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery: let it work,——
For 'tis the ſport to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petar, and 't ſhall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow 'em at the moon.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Hamlet's *Reflections on his own Irreſolution.*

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge? What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to ſleep and feed! a beaſt, no more.
(32) Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looki

(32) *Sure he*, &c.] This, ſays Mr. *Theobald*, is an expreſſi purely *Homeric*;

Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reaſon
To ruſt in us unus'd: now whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
(A thought which quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever three parts coward;) I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do,
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
To do't. Examples groſs as earth exhort me;
Witneſs this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whoſe ſpirit with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event,
Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-ſhell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,

Αμα προσσω κ᾽ οπισσω
Δευσσει———

Turns on all hands its deep diſcerning eyes;
Sees what *befel*, and what may yet *befall*,
Concludes from both, and beſt provides for all.
Pope, B. 3. 150.

And again,

Ο γαρ οιος ορα προσσω κ᾽ οπισσω.

Skill'd to diſcern the *future* by the *paſt*.
Pope, B. 18. 294.

The ſhort ſcholiaſt on the laſt paſſage, gives us a comment, that very aptly explains our author's phraſe: For it is the part of an underſtanding man to connect the reflection of events to come with ſuch as are paſt, and ſo to foreſee what ſhall follow." This is as our author phraſes it, *looking before and after*.

(Excitements of my reaſon and my blood,
And let all ſleep, while to my ſhame I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a phantaſy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the ſlain? O then from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

SCENE V. *Sorrows rarely ſingle.*

(33) O, Gertrude, Gertrude,
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions.

SCENE VI. *The Divinity of Kings.*

Let him go, Gertrude: do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a king
(34) That treaſon can but peep to what it wou'd,
Acts little of its will.

SCENE X. *Deſcription of* Ophelia's *Drowning.*

(35) There is a willow grows aſlant a brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream,

There

(33) *O*, Gertrude, *&c.*] Doctor *Young*, in his *Night Thoughts* (Night the 3d) has plainly borrowed this thought;

Woes cluſter, rare are ſolitary woes:
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.

(34) See *Winter's Tale*, p. 147. So, in the *Maid's Tragedy* it is ſaid;

As you are mere man,
I dare as eaſily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it: but there is
Divinity about you, that ſtrikes dead
My riſing paſſions, as you are my king, *&c.*

See Act 3. in the *Two noble Kinſmen.*

(35) *There is*, &c.] The character of the jailor's daughter is as beautiful and every way comparable to this of *Ophelia*: it may be

There with fantaſtick garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles. daiſies, and long purples,
(That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead mens fingers call)
There on the pendent boughs her coronet-weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herſelf
Fell in the weeping brook: her cloaths ſpread wide,

And

be no diſagreeable entertainment to any reader to compare them together: I ſhall only ſubjoin the following account given of her by her *wooer*;

As I late was angling
In the great lake, that lies behind the palace,
From the fair ſhore thick ſet with reeds and ſedges,
As patiently I was attending ſport,
I heard a voice, a ſhrill one: and attentive
I gave my ear, when I might well perceive
'Twas one that ſung, and by the ſmallneſs of it
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own ſkill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not,
Who made the ſound: the ruſhes and the reeds
Had ſo encompaſt it: I laid me down
And liſten'd to the words ſhe ſung, for then
Thro' a ſmall glade cut by the fiſherman
I ſaw it was your daughter:
She ſung much, but no ſenſe: only I heard her
Repeat this often; *Palamon* is gone,
Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries,
I'll find him out to-morrow.
His ſhackles will betray him, he'll be taken,
And what ſhall I do then? I'll bring a beavy
A hundred black-ey'd maids, that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads, with daffadillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damaſk roſes,
And we'll all dance an antick 'fore the duke,
And beg his pardon: then ſhe talk'd of you, ſir,
That you muſt loſe your head to-morrow morning,
And ſhe muſt gather flowers to bury you,
And ſee the houſe made handſome: then ſhe ſung
Nothing but willow, willow, willow, and between
Ever was *Palamon*, fair *Palamon*,
And *Palamon* was a tall young man. The place
Was knee-deep where ſhe ſate: her careleſs treſſes

And mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hamlet's *Reflection on* Yorick's *Scull.*

Grave. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once: this ſame

A wreath of bull-ruſh rounded: about her ſtuck
Thouſand freſh-water flowers of ſeveral colours:
That methought ſhe appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters: or as *Iris*
Newly dropt down from heaven: rings ſhe made
Of ruſhes that grew by, and to 'em ſpoke
The prettieſt poſies: "Thus our true love's ty'd:
This you may looſe, not me:" and many a one;
And then ſhe wept, and ſung again, and ſigh'd:
And with the ſame breath ſmil'd, and kiſt her hand.
I made in to her:
She ſaw me and ſtraight ſought the flood: I ſav'd her
And ſet her ſafe to land: when preſently
She ſlipt away, and to the city made
With ſuch a cry, and ſwiftneſs, that, believe me,
She left me far behind her: three or four
I ſaw from far off croſs her: one of them
I knew to be your brother, where ſhe ſtaid, *&c.* Act 4.

Mr. *Seward* very juſtly obſerves upon this paſſage, the *Aurora* of *Guido* has not more ſtrokes of the ſame hand which drew his *Bacchus* and *Ariadne*, than the ſweet deſcription of this pretty maiden's love-diſtraction has to the like diſtraction of *Ophelia*, in *Hamlet*; that of *Ophelia*, ending in her death, is like the *Ariadne*, more moving; but the images here, like thoſe in *Aurora*, are more numerous and equally exquiſite in grace and beauty. May we not then pronounce, that either this is *Shakeſpear*'s, or that *Fletcher* has here equall'd him in his very beſt manner? Mr. *Warburton* peremptorily aſſures us, "the firſt act only of the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, was wrote by *Shakeſpear*, but in his worſt manner."

ſkull

ſkull, Sir, was Sir Yorick's ſkull, the king's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Grave. Even that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times, and now how abhorr'd in my imagination is it? my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips that I have kiſs'd, I know not how oft; where be your gibes now, your jeſts, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table in a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chap-faln? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour, to this complexion ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that.

SCENE II. *A ſpotleſs Virgin buried,*

(36) Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring: I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſtring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

MELANCHOLY.

This is meer madneſs,
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon as patient as the female dove,
(37) When firſt her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

(36) *Lay her*, &c.] An ingenious gentleman obſerved to me, he thought it an over-ſight in *Shakeſpear* to rufuſe *Ophelia* all the rights of burial, as if ſhe had drowned herſelf, when it is plain ſhe was drowned by mere accident: the prieſt ſays, "her death was doubtful, and that it would profane the ſervice of the dead to ſing a *requiem* in like manner to her as to *peace-parted ſouls*. *Ophelia* was diſtracted, and not dying a natural death, but ſuch a one as was in *ſome meaſure* doubtful, I think, *Shakeſpear* may be juſtified; it is plain however, *Laertes* thought it a very unfair manner of proceeding with his ſiſter.

(37) *When*, &c.] Golden couplets, means, her *two young* ones,

Providence directs our Actions.

(38) And that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

A Health.

(39) Give me the cup,
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.

ones, for doves ſeldom lay more than two eggs, and the young ones when firſt diſclos'd or hatch'd, are covered with a kind of yellow down: when they are *firſt hatch'd*, the female broods over 'em more carefully and ſedulouſly than ever, as then they require moſt foſtering. This will ſhew the exact beauty of the compariſon.

(38) *And*, &c.] This is a noble ſentiment and worthy of *Shakeſpear*: in the *Maid's Tragedy*, there is the ſame thought, but very meanly expreſt;

But they that are above
Have ends in every thing. Act 5.

(39) *Give me*, &c.] There is in the beginning of the play a paſſage like this:

No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell,
And the kings rowſe the heavens ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder.

Shakeſpear keeps up the characters of the people where his ſcene lies, and therefore dwells much on the *Daniſh* drinking: in another place he tells us;

The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rowſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring up-ſpring reels:
And as he drains his draughts of Reniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

A cuſtom, as *Hamlet* obſerves in the ſubſequent lines, greatly to the diſcredit of their nation, and more honour'd in the breach than the obſervance.

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